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Lives
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LIVES
OF
THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

(The Biographical Magazine.)

VOL. III.

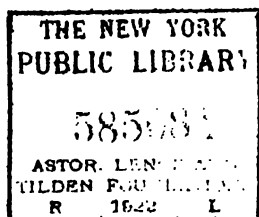
"A true delineation of the smallest man, and his scenes of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man. All men are, to an unspeakable extent, brothers; each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and human portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures, the welcomest on human walls."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

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PREFACE.

It seems but yesterday since the New Year left its compliments and wishes at our door; yet 1853 is fleeting fast away. Like some dissolving view, the past recedes, and scarcely conscious of the stages of transition, we wonder as we gaze upon the varying present. Ever onward! No rest for Nature as she scatters flowers and gathers fruits, smiling or frowning; and none for man in the mart or field, in the camp or senate—ever onward in the race, ever forward in the battle of life! And here are we, at the close of another period of editorial toil, stepping forward once again to make obeisance to our friends. Yes, so it is; we thank them for their kindly company; together we have gazed upon the dead, and mingled with the living, and now we pause in self-gratulation to write our—prologue it should be, but epilogue it is.

How many a one would rejoice, were his pen as rapid in its evolutions as the pinions of Time! We should, to wit; and yet question the propriety of our wish. Some one has said our best thoughts are untold, that the true life of the spirit is hid in solemn silence, its real and grander self unuttered and untraceable: and it may appear “a consummation devoutly to be wished,” that these said ethereal feelings and conceptions should find easy vent from the struggling soul; but the law is written, written around and within—a grand old law—that all things excellent and admirable spring from labour. The big thought is not less big because imprisoned; as it restlessly seeks an outlet, its energy increases, the man’s whole being is aroused, every pulse throbs quickly, every nerve is strained—he is to others

what he could not be without the thought that seeks expression in every act and word. Such a one must be registered among the active of mankind, he *must* be illustrious, and will be so just in proportion to the grandeur of his idea and the vividness of its realization. In him humanity is most nobly developed ; he knows his heritage, and would make it the birthright of the universe. Others there are who seem never to have grasped, but always to aspire to truth and power ; like a torrent they bound from crag to crag in uncertain channel, yet always towards their object ; and they are great because the love of the good and glorious and mighty is within them. But some again remind us of the lake unstirred by current, lit with the rays of heaven, veiling its depths, yet intimating that they are. They win our admiration, but lack the lofty and earnest purpose that of all things most ennobles. What matters it, if "the diamond light up the secret mine," we would see it clothed with its proper brilliance by the glare of day. But we stray too widely ;—only let us add that most of the Illustrious may be referred to one of these three classes. These are the men who mould the times, whose energies it would be well for all to emulate, whose career, nay, the very picture of whose career, if faithfully portrayed, does service to the world. If the brief bright day of the earth has been succeeded by long centuries of night, stars there have been—beautiful and sublime stars, radiant through storm and cloud ; and delightful is the task to watch each one as it culminates and wanes.

It is a proverb no less truthful than common, that "example is better than precept." The latter is compulsive, the former attractive. There can be no question as to which is more powerful, the statue-like principle or its living impersonation ; and here is the advantage of Biography. Few only can be benefited by the actual converse and example of the great and good ; but this may be in part embalmed. In fact, not only does "the evil that men do, live after them," their actions, while remembered, are *all* instinct with influences of some sort or another. In the pages that do honour to their memory, motives may often be revealed, and actions viewed in all their consequences ; in imagination we hold converse with the dead or absent, mark the tenor of their way and breathe the spirit of the time, now stimulated to exertion, and

now, it may be, restrained from wanton injury and wrong. Human sympathies are strong; indeed, there are no mightier agencies in the world than those affections which unite man to man. They have both nurtured and destroyed communities; and individuals tending towards each other or a common centre they have lured together to ruin or success. Biography has corresponding power for good or ill; the portrait has its magic charm, if the friendly grasp boasts its electric fire.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE occupies then a position of, at least, responsibility. It shall be, as it has been, our constant endeavour worthily to execute the objects it professes. What we have accomplished is before our readers. It is theirs to praise or blame. We again thank them for their support, indulging hope of its continuance, as also of a still extending circle of acquaintance. We prefer deeds to promises; yet venture to assure our friends, that no effort shall be omitted to make our next volume acceptable, both in the selection of characters and in the style of our sketches.



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THE BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER.

"I FIND," says a great American essayist, "a provision in nature for the writer;" that is, the acute observer quoted finds, that it is perfectly necessary for the writer to exist, because he purifies, exalts, ennobles, and instructs, the human race; he chronicles the deeds, he notices the chances and changes, he defines and characterises humanity;—and for these last qualities amongst writers, the novelist holds his rank. With these, the name at the head of our article is of no mean value, not only on account of his position as a writer, but as being the very first of American novelists.

Men are only seen in their true greatness by comparison; one compares Virgil to Homer, and Dante to Milton; and, following this out, flatterers call the prosaic Klopstock the German Milton, and, more truly, Béranger the Burns of France, and the subject of the present paper the American Scott. Recently this great man has passed that bourne from which none return, and in the fulness of a fame which few will reach, although to which many will aspire.

James Fennimore Cooper was born on the 15th of September, 1789, and, had he lived but a few hours longer, would have completed his sixty-second year, dying on the 14th of his natal month, 1851. His father was a high dignitary in the American law, and resided at the period of Fennimore's birth at Burlington, New Jersey, at which place, there being, we presume, a sufficient academy, the future novelist commenced his education, which was further eliminated at New Haven and Yale colleges.

One who goes to sea at sixteen, as a midshipman in the American navy, which was the case with Cooper, cannot be expected to be very deeply learned in dead languages and mathematics, and therefore various hip-and-thigh sticklers for school education, should have been more chary of their sneers against the novelist's lack of

these accomplishments. Certain it is that he made a very respectable progress, which he was careful afterwards to improve. For six years, or thereabouts, Cooper's life was bustling and full of activity, various adventures occurring which afforded him excellent *materiel*, hereafter to be worked up in his various novels. He was brought thoroughly into contact with scenes of which he afterwards gave so faithful and glowing a rescript. In one of his latest novels, "Afloat and Ashore," he has embodied many of these scenes. The book is pronounced, by those who best knew him, to be essentially autobiographical, and one of the incidents is an anecdote in which the author figures *in propria persona*. It will not be trespassing to quote it. The hero is in an American vessel, when a hostile French privateer approaches; being in the maintop, he observes the movements of the enemy, and gives notice of them to his captain by dropping a copper wrapped in a piece of paper, on deck, on which was written, "The brig's fore-castle is filled with armed men, hid behind the bulwarks."

"Captain Digges heard the fall of the copper, and looking up—nothing takes an officer's eyes aloft quicker than to find anything coming out of a top—he saw me pointing to the paper. I was rewarded for this liberty by an approving nod. Captain Digges read what I had written, and I soon observed Neb and the cook filling the engine with boiling water. This job was no sooner done than a good place was selected on the quarter-deck for this singular implement of war, and then a hail came from the brig.

"'Vat zat sheep is?' demanded some one from the brig.

"'The Tigris of Philadelphia, from Calcutta home. What brig is that?'

"'La Folie—corsair Français. From vair you come?'

"'From Calcutta. And where are you from?'

"'Gaudaloupe. Vair you go, eh?'

"Philadelphia. Do not luff so near me; some accident may happen."

"Vat you call 'accident' ? Can ne-vair hear, eh ? I will com *tout prés*."

"Give us a wider berth, I tell you ! Here is your jib-boom nearly foul of my mizzen-rigging."

"Vat mean zat bert' vidair, eh ? *Allons, mes enfants ; c'est le moment !*"

"Luff a little, and keep his spar clear," cried our captain. "Squirt away, Neb, and let us see what you can do !"

"The engine made a movement just as the French began to run out on their bowsprit, and, by the time six or eight were on the heel of the jib-boom, they were met by the hissing hot steam, which took them *en echelon*, as it might be, fairly raking the whole line. The effect was instantaneous. Physical nature cannot stand excessive heat, unless particularly well supplied with skin ; and the three leading Frenchmen, finding retreat impossible, dropped incontinently into the sea, preferring cold water to hot—the chances of drowning to the certainty of being scalded. I believe all three were saved by their companions on board, but I will not vouch for the fact. The remainder of the intended boarders, having the bowsprit before them, scrambled back upon the brig's fore-castle as well as they could ; betraying by the random way in which their hands flew about, that they had a perfect consciousness how much they left their rear exposed on the retreat. A hearty laugh was heard in all parts of the Tigris, and the brig, putting her helm hard up, wore round like a top, as if she were scalded herself."

Adventures of this sort he had sufficient during the short time he was at sea, to furnish his memory and to aid his invention.

In 1811 he retired into private life, and he soon after rendered this retirement more agreeable, and riveted more firmly his ties to the shore, by marrying Miss Lancey, a lady of great accomplishments, whose brother is one of the New York bishops. On his marriage Mr. Cooper settled at his patrimonial estate, named Cooper's Town, or in American parlance Cooper's ville.

Horace's rule of keeping one's first production nine years may have well been indulged in by our author, for he

let slip by ten years, in this quiet retirement before he came before the public. When he had once broken the ice, which was in 1821, by publishing a novel called "Precaution," his rise in favour was rapid, although the preliminary work was an unsuccessful one ; but the same year produced "The Spy," "The Pioneers," and "The Pilot." Of the origin of the latter novel Mr. Griswold tells the following anecdote, which at the late meeting in New York, to erect a monument to Cooper, Mr. Bryant, the American poet, repeated:—

"Talking with the late Charles Wilkes, of New York, a man of taste and judgment, our author heard extolled the universal knowledge of Scott, and the sea portions of "The Pirate" cited as a proof. He laughed at the idea, as most seamen would, and the discussion ended by his promising to write a sea story, which could be read by landmen, while seamen should feel its truth.*

From this the "Pilot" resulted, which lifted Cooper at once into celebrity. Sir Walter Scott himself, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth, bore testimony to its truth and excellence. "The novel," he writes, "is a very clever one, and the sea scenes and characters in particular, are admirably drawn. I advise you to read it as soon as possible." The novel was worthy of the panegyric, and a higher still has been bestowed, and worthily, upon it. It became immediately popular, and was eagerly read in England, translated into the various European languages, and, stranger still, to relate, into *Persian*, an honour, as far as we know, as regards novels, reserved for the "Spy" and the "Pilot." "This novel," says a critic, speaking of the "Spy," "was the first which brought Cooper into notice, which gave him his earliest reputation, and which will continue to preserve it."† His descriptions of marine scenery, of the moving, restless ocean, and of the ever varying changes of the sky, were at once seen to be unsurpassed in freshness and truth. They rivalled his word pictures of American woods and savage man; and, as Mr. Prescott truly remarks, are "alive with the breath of poetry." "Witness," says the last-quoted author—

* The Prose Writers of America.

† North American Review, Jan. 1852.

city, "his infinitely-various pictures of the ocean; or still more, of the beautiful spirit which rides upon it—the gallant ship."

The "Pilot" was, for the time, the first favourite of Cooper's novels. That his countrymen should love a novel wherein their own bravery was prominently placed before them, and whereof the heroes were American, none can wonder; and the novel-readers of England let their prejudices succumb to their admiration. But, more than this, it enjoyed a reflected fame, for an English dramatist, a Mr. Fitzball, seizing upon the work, cleverly turned its sting against the Americans, by producing a drama of the same name (the "Pilot,") wherein Long Tom Coffin was personated by Mr. T. P. Cooke, which had an extraordinary long run at the Adelphi Theatre. Sir Walter Scott went, amongst others, to see this piece, and in his diary notices "the quiet effrontery" of the dramatist, in turning the offensive parts of the story against the Yankees. Let us add, that the drama is still popular.

Shortly after these publications, Mr. Cooper visited Europe, where he remained some years, and became one of the literary lions of the day. In England, he was introduced to Sir Walter Scott, then at the zenith of his popularity, who thus notices his fellow author:—

"Nov. 23, 1826.—Visited Princess Galitzin, and also Cooper, the American novelist. This man, who has shown so much genius, has a good deal of the manners (or want of manners) peculiar to his countrymen. He proposed to me a mode of publishing in America, by entering a book as the property of a citizen. I will think of this. Every little helps, &c."

"Nov. 6.—Cooper came to breakfast, but we were *obsides partout*. Such a number of Frenchmen bounced in successively and exploded, or, I should say, discharged their compliments, that I could hardly find an opportunity to speak a word, or to entertain Mr. Cooper at all."*

These, we believe, are the only extracts in which Cooper is noticed by the author of "Waverley," and as they were the cause of much animosity on

the other side of the Channel, when first brought to light, they are worthy of some notice.

In the first place, the "mode of publishing," noticed by Sir Walter, does great honour to Cooper. It was, of course, nothing less than the copyright bill in embryo, which Cooper endeavoured zealously to introduce, and which would have been, if introduced, one of the greatest boons to American literature, and without which that literature is now suffering, and has become dwindled, dwarfish, and imitative.* Sir Walter, who regarded literature—as a late critic has said—as a "mere money-making machine," did not see the patriotism of the proposal, but clutched at the idea of making more; "every little helps," he writes, and, we believe, let the matter drop. Not so Cooper; he wrote at once to Messrs. Carey and Lea, the great American publishers, and, in a manly letter which we have before us, set forth the advantages which such a measure would be to American literature. "The whole range of English literature," he writes, "is thrown open to the American publisher. He chooses his book, after it has gone through the ordeal of a nation of publishers, and offers it to his countrymen, supported by the testimony and praise of reviews. Against this array of names the American writer has to make head, or fail."†

Cooper suggested, as a remedy, the law of copyright; but the booksellers were too strong for him, and they still triumph, and fortunes have been made, and still are being made, out of the works of Dickens, Scott, Bulwer, and Macaulay, for which the English author has never received one penny from the American publisher; English booksellers are now making reprisals upon American authors; but that only aggravates the evil. Cooper did not

* The writer is not ignorant of the many excellent American authors, but is constrained to adopt the opinions expressed, from his own observations, and from the opinions of the Americans themselves. The "North American Review," the first critic of that continent, expressed itself both severely and sorrowfully on the question a few months since.

† "The Knickerbocker,"—New York magazine, April, 1838.

* Diary of Sir Walter Scott, as quoted in "Lockhart's Life."

cease, however, to agitate and to press this important question, both in the various literary journals and elsewhere.

His next works, perhaps not in exactly correct date of appearance, were what is called the "Leather Stocking" novels; that is, a series of five novels, so called from the chief personage or character, which runs throughout the series, which comprises, "The Deer Slayer," "The Pathfinder," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie." Of these the finest is the "Last of the Mohicans," a novel which is held by many, to be the masterpiece of its author. "The book," says a great authority, "has a genuine game flavour; it exhales the odours of the pine woods, and the freshness of the mountain wind. Its dark and rugged scenery rises as distinctly on the eye as the images of the painter's canvass, or rather as the reflections of nature herself. But it is not as the mere rendering of material forms, that these word paintings are most highly to be esteemed, they are instinct with life, with the very spirit of the wilderness; they breathe the sombre poetry of solitude and danger." The Scotch bard, Burns, effected so great a triumph over imagination, that the very window through which Tam O'Shanter *saw* (?) the witches dance, although a creation of the fancy, has been pointed out by the guides; a similar story is told of the author of Waverley's creation of Michael Scott's grave in Melrose Abbey. Nor were American guides behind hand; so vividly had Cooper described each spot, that the scene of the fight of Glenis Falls (a very marked portion of the novel), is pointed out as if this fictitious combat were a scene of history. "Nay," says a narrator, "if the lapse of a few years has not enlightened the guide's understanding, he would as soon doubt of the reality of the battle of Saratoga as that of Hawkeyes' fight with the Mingoes."

These novels made Cooper's fame complete, and together with the nautical ones were his chief triumphs; others, but of less grandeur, were to follow. "The Wept of Wish-ton-wish," a strange story, with a stranger title, is much admired for its melancholy interest. "Lionel Lincoln," bore testimony to his power, accuracy, and spirit, in description of military movements

and detail. The battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill are admirably given. Next come "The Pathfinder," "The Red Rover," "The Water Witch," and "The Two Admirals;" followed quickly "The Jack O'Lantern; or, The Privateer," a novel which Cooper wrote, somewhat out of opposition to his critics, who insisted upon his vein of seafaring novels being exhausted; it is not very successful. The story of Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson, and that cruel murder of Prince Caraccioli, are introduced; and various new characters, one of which is a British tar, figure on the scene. In 1843, "Wyandotté; or, the Hutted's Knoll," a quiet narrative novel of American scenery, followed; and was itself succeeded by "Raven's Nest," introducing three happy characters,—Captain Hugh Littlepage, Uncle Ro and Mistress Opportunity Newcome. In this novel Cooper indulged in some asperities, for he was somewhat like one of our own author-esses,—whose name shall of course not transpire—always in hot water with his critics.

Not only also was this on his own side of the channel, but also upon English ground did the Novelist carry his warfare. One cause of this was Cooper's extreme sensitiveness to adverse criticism, and secondly, the fact that he wrote severely himself of others. Having travelled in Europe, and been lionized in England, a book on the various countries in which he sojourned was as much expected as were the "American Notes" from Dickens. The result in both instances was much the same; the institutions of the country were commented upon freely and severely; our overbearing aristocracy, our lord-loving commoners, and the etiquette which allows a man of superior rank, conferred either by birth or chance, to walk out of a room, or to enter it, and to be announced before the rest of the company, especially before a man of genius, were exposed to the most indignant and searching satire.

There were also other things upon which Fennimore Cooper lectured the English; he would insist, in a few cases, that they mispronounced words, which the Americans had preserved in all their purity. In fine, whilst giving us credit for many admirable institutions, for hospitality, and kindness, he perhaps,

naturally enough insisted, that the younger country, of which he was the native, had progressed, whilst we, the parent one, had fearfully degenerated.

The "Quarterly Review," of which Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, had recently assumed the editorship, took up the cudgels for England, and in a sparkling but spitefully written review of Cooper's book, took a vigorous reprisal upon him. "He has questioned our English," said they; "let us try his." And thereupon the reviewer proved the American author guilty of several sins against the rules of Lindley Murray and Company. Next he directed his shafts against American manners, and gave them a more severe handling than Cooper had our own, and finally dismissed the work as totally unworthy of America, of Cooper, of printer, publisher, buyer, or reader.

The literary circles at New York naturally took the novelist's side of the question, and the magazines of the period will witness on perusal, of how virulent a nature are the "quarrels of authors."

"Tantæne animis celestibus iræ."

We need not lead our readers further into the affray. We may here mention that Lockhart did not write the review in question (of which he was accused, and Sir Walter Scott's diary was brought into the quarrel), and that succeeding quarrels with the literary vehicles of his own country served to erase from Cooper's mind the great fall out with the English and with the Quarterly. One of his productions, characterized by those who have read it as a weak and injudicious tale, quite unworthy of the author's reputation, was the "Monikins," and this was fixed upon by some American journals as a subject of banter and jest; epigram and pasquinade followed each other upon the unfortunate book, and annoyed the sensitive author, who even threatened to relinquish his pen and be silent altogether.

The promise, although hailed with apparent delight by some ill-natured critics, was not kept: in 1848 he was ready with the "Bee Hunter," wherein was again revived, for this time only, the vast prairies and solitudes of his earlier and happier productions. Pale

faces and red men again ask our attention, and ask it, alas! almost in vain; we feel that the potent power is leaving the great magician, and that he had better bury his pen, as Prospero does his magic wand "certain fathoms in the earth;" but a little time, however, and then he will have ceased. In 1849 appeared the "Sea Lions," a novel in which the venue is laid in those "regions of thick ribbed ice," wherein Sir John Franklin and his gallant crews are immured. There is in this last novel originality, force, and a dramatic reality, which will carry the reader through with the book. Last of all, announced as last, positively the last, of a very long list of novels of which we have not mentioned one half, came the "Ways of the Hour," in which the failing power of the author was but too visibly shown. Cooper had written himself out.

Besides the very numerous progeny of novels, some of which we have mentioned above, and to others of which we have alluded, Cooper contributed to the history of his country, that of the "United States Navy;" to biography, "Lives of distinguished Naval Officers;" and to travel, "Sketches of Switzerland," and "Gleanings of Europe."

But not by these or by his later productions will the name of James Fennimore Cooper be handed down to posterity; but by his earlier and fresher productions, by his pictures of humanity in its untamed and savage state, with its heroism, its magnanimity, and its cunning; his prairies stretching out to the eye of the imaginative boy, who first reads his romance, with more than the vastness and grandeur of reality, forming a picture which age scarce dims, or time diminishes: his sailors and squatters, true children of nature under different aspects; his pictures of sea-fight and storm, or of tempests in those vast interminable forests of America, which we children of Europe only dream of. This he was born to introduce and to describe, and he has done it nobly; and amongst praise for great original talent, and undoubted honesty of purpose, let us not forget that he has never written one word or sentence subversive of morality, or one book which is improper for our children to read.

“ Fanatics there are of so severe a cast of mind, that they would ignore all works of fiction; but those who, blessed with a wider expanse of mind, see in descriptions of the wonderful, the curious, and the interesting in

humanity, certain links which, if properly connected, will lead us

“ Through nature, up to nature's God,” will think that good service has been done to his kind by James Fennimore Cooper.

SCHILLER.

Of all the many distinguished poets and philosophers of Germany, the name and works of Schiller are most familiar to the English reader. And this preference is not a mere national liking of our own, arising from any consanguinity which the writings of Schiller have with English modes of thought and feeling. Its explanation is rather to be sought in the fact, that these writings bear on them the stamp of no peculiar nationality. They have had a prompt acceptance with all European nations, and the estimation in which they have been held has been permanent. Among modern authors Schiller is pre-eminently cosmopolitan. The poet of the *Real*, of actual life, of universal human sympathies, it was natural that his impression should be equally as wide as it was deep. Not a little of the hearty welcome with which Schiller has been universally received, may be attributed to the circumstance that the tone and temper of his writings, as also of his own interior nature, was wholly in harmony with the spirit of the age. He had a high estimation of the rights, duties, and privileges of the individual man. His notion of society was that of an ideal democracy. He loved freedom in his inmost heart, and his patriotism was as staunch as that of a Tell. The ardour with which he sympathized in the revolutionary movements of the day, made him worthy, in the eyes of the French nation, of being honoured with a diploma of citizenship.

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, a small town of Würtemberg, situate on the banks of the Neckar. In the circumstances of his birth and parentage, he was rather fortunate than otherwise. Although the pecuniary circumstances of his parents were such as to place many

barriers to the free development of his nature, yet, on the whole, his childhood could not be otherwise than cheerful and happy. His parents were pious, affectionate, honest, true-hearted German folk. His father, stern and severe in demeanour, was fervent in his religious exercises, and warmly attached to his family. His mother was somewhat grave and serious, but her manners were peculiarly gentle and mild. Neither were without intellectual culture, or deficient in sound judgment and information. Surely this were enough to compensate for a thousand disadvantages in their worldly condition. The pliant nature of the boy Friedrich, formed and moulded under these influences, soon began to exhibit the promise of a rich and abundant harvest. He was early a lover of the picturesque, and of everything grand or instinct with life or motion. At eight years old, wandering in the woodlands with a boy about his own age, he exclaimed, “ Oh, Karl, how beautiful is it here! All—all could I give, so that I might not miss this joy!” Another anecdote is told of this period, which is alike graceful and striking:—“ Once, it is said, during a tremendous thunder-storm, his father missed him in the young group within doors; none of his sisters could tell what was become of Fritz, and the old man grew at length so anxious that he was forced to go out in quest of him. Fritz was scarcely past the age of infancy, and knew not the dangers of a scene so awful. His father found him at last in a solitary place of the neighbourhood, perched on the branch of a tree, gazing at the tempestuous face of the sky, and watching the flashes as in succession they spread their lurid gleam over it. To the reprimands of his parent, the whimpering truant pleaded in extenuation, that ‘ the lightning was very beautiful,

and he wished to see where it was coming from!" *

When Friedrich was six years old, his father was sent to Lorch as recruiting officer. Here the boy first learnt the rudiments of education. His teacher was Philip Mozer, the pastor and schoolmaster of the village, and whom Schiller afterwards immortalized in his "Robbers." This person seems to have exercised considerable influence over his pupil. His favourite companion was Karl Mozer, the pastor's son, who was himself destined to become a preacher. His conversation with these, the religious atmosphere in which he had been brought up from the earliest dawn of consciousness, and the warm and deep emotions which were now aroused in the boy's soul by the study of the Hebrew prophets, seem to have united together in determining him to become a clergyman. "A clergyman, indeed, he proved," says Carlyle, "only the church he ministered in was the Catholic—a far more Catholic than that false Romish one!" This determination, as might be supposed, accorded well with the sentiments of his parents, and accordingly, in the public school of Ludwigsburg (whither the family now removed), his studies were regulated with that view. Here, for four successive years, he underwent the annual examination before the Stuttgart Commission, to which candidates for the ecclesiastical vocation were subjected. He had ere this read the classics with some diligence, but with no degree of appreciation. In his ninth year, we are told, he had ("not without rapturous amazement and a lasting remembrance,") seen the splendours of the Ludwigsburg theatre, thus unconsciously casting a dim, far-off glimpse into that world, where afterwards, with genuine inspiration and unfeigned joy, he was to achieve his noblest triumphs.

The Stuttgart examiners marked the young Friedrich in their records as *puer bonæ spei*—"a boy of good hope." This good hope, however, was to be realized in quite another fashion than was accordant with their intentions. Novel and unpleasant circumstances brought about a change in the domestic arrangements of the family. The boy's prospects for the future were to be

completely changed in all too short a time. His life now approaches a period of harshness, oppression, and isolation, in which the blossoms of hope are remorselessly crushed by the hand of Fate;—the boy's spirit bent beneath the weight of an unloving discipline and stern dictatorship, and, under a quite contrary nurture to that which he had hitherto enjoyed, other and greater faculties developed within him. This, however, as will be clearly seen, is not to come and pass away without leaving its residue of good behind—without shedding a strengthening and fertilizing influence over the whole career of our Friedrich. For there lies, in that boy-soul, GENIUS—"that alchemy, which converts all metals into gold—which from suffering educes strength—from error clearer wisdom."

Karl, Grand Duke of Würtemberg, had founded a free-school for certain branches of education, at Solitude, afterwards transferred to Stuttgart. It was called a military seminary, but was not wholly confined to the military profession. The majority of the pupils were the sons of officers, and even privates, in the Würtemberg army, who had a preferable claim to the benefits of the institution. Instructions were, however, given in both law and medicine; and the sons of civilians were consequently admitted. "The father of young Schiller," says one of his biographers, "had recently been promoted by the Grand Duke to the office of Inspector and Layer-out of the Grounds at Solitude, and was subsequently raised to the rank of Major. But these benefits were not cheaply purchased. The Duke, in return, desired to send Friedrich Schiller to his military seminary. This was tantamount to the rejection of the long-cherished scheme of the clerical profession. After much painful embarrassment, the elder Schiller frankly represented to his prince the inclination of himself and his son. The Grand Duke, however, repeated his request, proposed to leave to Friedrich the choice of his studies at the academy, and promised him an appointment in the royal service. There was no resisting a petitioner, whose request was law, and from whose favour was derived the very bread of the family. Friedrich Schiller did not hesitate to sacrifice his own wishes to the interests

of his parents; but this renunciation of his young hopes, and the independence of his free-will, wounded alike his heart and his pride. With grief and resentment equally keen, he, at the age of fourteen, entered the academy as student in Jurisprudence. The studies thus selected were in themselves sufficiently uncongenial; but, to the dulness of the law-lecture was added the austerity of a corporal's drill. The youths were defiled in parade to meals, in parade to bed, in parade to lessons. At the word "March," they paced to breakfast. At the word "Halt," they arrested their steps. And, at the word "Front," they dressed their ranks before the table. In this miniature Sparta, the grand virtue to be instilled was subordination. Whoever has studied the character of Schiller, will allow that its leading passion was for intellectual liberty. Here, mind and body were alike to be machines. Schiller's letters at this time to his friend, Karl Mozer, sufficiently show the fiery tumults and agitation of his mind—sometimes mournful—sometimes indignant. Now sarcastic—now impassioned. Weary disgust and bitter indignation are seen through all. The German works, not included in the school routine, were as contraband articles—the obstacles to obtain them only increased the desire. No barrier can ever interpose between genius and its affections. The love of Man to Woman is less irresistible than the love that binds Intellect to Knowledge. Schiller stole—but with the greater ardour for the secrecy—to the embraces of his mistress—Poetry. Klopstock still charmed him; but newer and truer perceptions of the elements of poetry came to him in the "Goetz Von Berlichingen" of Goethe, with which, indeed, commenced the great literary revolution of Europe, by teaching each nation that the true classical spirit for each must be found in the genius of its own romance. "He who would really imitate Homer, must, in the chronicles of his native land, find out the Heroic Age."

Schiller, at this period, whatever doubts or uncertainties might hover in his mind as to his true destination and reasonable outlook for the future, knew full well that it lay not in Law. This, to him an entirely foreign study, with which the tendencies of his mind had

no sort of keeping, it is natural to suppose came to be regarded by him, as the embodiment of all those evils, and their necessary cause. His dislike of it continues to increase, and he makes no secret of his feelings, once even venturing to give them public expression. "One of the exercises," says his biographer, "yearly prescribed to every scholar was a written delineation of his own character, according to his own views, to be delivered publicly at an appointed time. Schiller, on the first of these exhibitions, ventured to state his persuasion that he was not made to be a jurist, but called rather by his inclination and faculties to the clerical profession. This statement, of course, produced no effect; and he was forced to continue the accustomed course, and his dislike of the law kept fast approaching to absolute disgust." However the time came round (in 1775), when he was at last enabled to free himself from the burden. But it was only that, he might take up another, which, however gladly he might at first make the exchange, he soon found was but one species of slavery substituted for another. He abandoned law for medicine; but neither presented a proper object for the faculties of his mind and the aspirations of his soul. He is gazing earnestly forward into some "far purer and higher region of activity, for which he has as yet no name; which he once fancied to be the church; which at length he discovers to be poetry."

All this is not to be mistaken for boyish wilfulness on the part of Schiller; something very different from that. Loving poetry, with all the vehemence of a first passion; studying secretly the writings of Plutarch and Shakspeare, Klopstock, Lessing, Herder, and Goethe, with the whole galaxy of stars which illumined the dawn of German literature, there were awakened in him longings of future literary glory, which ill-consorted with his present position of mental subjection. He felt with overpowering conviction, that in this direction, and no other, lay the grand purpose of his existence—the true idea of his whole being. A mass of performances published in the periodicals of the time, or preserved among his papers, are sufficient to prove that this idea had taken firm hold of his mind. Schiller was mis-

understood—what else could be expected? Pedagoguy could give no man the key to such a nature as his. Pedagoguy, nevertheless, is for the present the law of his life. "His prudence told him that he must yield to stern necessity—must forsake the balmy climate of Pindus for the Greenland of a barren and dreary science of terms; and he did not hesitate to obey. His professional studies were followed with a rigid though reluctant fidelity; it was only in leisure, gained by superior diligence that he could yield himself to more favorite pursuits. Genius was to serve as the ornament of his inferior qualities, not as an excuse for the want of them.

"Schiller brooded gloomily over the constraints and hardships of his situation. Many plans he formed for deliverance. Sometimes he would escape in secret to catch a glimpse of the free and busy world to him forbidden. Sometimes he laid schemes for utterly abandoning a place which he abhorred, and trusting to fortune for the rest." * Frederick, however, is young, without friends who can help him out of his difficulties, and without other resources. What can he do but calmly endure? "Doubt not, O poet, but persist." "The world," says Emerson, "is full of renunciations and apprenticeships; and this is thine; thou must pass for a fool and a churl for a long season. This is the screen and sheath in which Pan has protected his well-beloved flower; and thou shalt be known to thine own, and they shall console thee with tenderest love. . . . And this is the reward—that the ideal shall be real to thee, and the impression of the actual world shall fall like summer rain, copious, but not troublesome, to thy invulnerable essence. Thou shalt have the whole land for thy park and manor—the sea for thy bath and navigation, without tax and without envy; the woods and the rivers thou shalt own, and thou shalt possess that wherein others are only tenants and boarders. Thou true land-lord! sea-lord! air-lord! Wherever snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly; wherever day and night meet in the twilight; wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds or sown with stars; wherever are forms with transparent boundaries; wherever are outlets into

celestial space, wherever is danger, and awe, and love, there is beauty plenteous as rain, shed for THEE; and though thou should walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune and ignoble."

Such, doubtless, was Schiller's reward; but the time of his complete emancipation had not yet arrived. He knew that, "in order to live poetically, it was first requisite to live," and he could not but feel intensely the severe antagonism between his inward tendencies, and the position in which he was placed. What he wrote many years afterwards, clearly indicates his mental state at this period:—"A singular miscalculation of nature had combined my poetical tendencies with the place of my birth. Any disposition to poetry did violence to the laws of the institution where I was educated, and contradicted the plan of its founder. For eight years my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline; but the passion for poetry is vehement and fiery as a first love. What discipline was meant to extinguish it blew into a flame. To escape from arrangements which tortured me, my heart sought refuge in the world of ideas, when as yet I was unacquainted with the world of realities from which iron bars excluded me."

While ordinary natures would, in all likelihood, have sunk under these oppressive and disheartening vexations, the fiery energy of Schiller's was only concentrated and intensified. Denied external objects, it found a subjective world in his own imaginations, which, in time, proved an abundant compensation. A habit of stern self-reliance was induced. His undirected thoughts found material in the depths of his own consciousness, and his feelings and passions, "unshared by any other heart had been driven back upon his own, where like the volcanic fire that smoulders and fuses in secret, they accumulated till their force grew irresistible."

"Hitherto," says one biographer, "Schiller had passed for an unprofitable, a discontented, and a disobedient boy; but the time was now come when the gyves of school-discipline could no longer cripple and distort the giant might of his nature—he stood forth as a MAN, and wrenched assunder his fetters with a force that was felt at the extremities of Europe. The publica-

* Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."

tion of "The Robbers" forms an era not only in Schiller's history, but in the literature of the world; and there seems no doubt that, but for so mean a cause as the perverted discipline of the Stutgard school, we had never seen this tragedy. Schiller commenced it in his nineteenth year; and the circumstances under which it was composed, are to be traced in all its parts.

"Translations of the work soon appeared in all the languages of Europe, and were read in all of them with a deep interest, compounded of admiration and aversion, according to the relative proportions of sympathy and judgment in the various minds which contemplated the subject. In Germany the enthusiasm which "The Robbers" excited was extreme. The young author had burst upon the world like a meteor; and surprise, for a time, suspended the power of cool and rational criticism. In the ferment produced by the universal discussion of the single topic, the poet was magnified above his natural dimensions, great as they were; and though the general sentence was loudly in his favour, yet he found detractors as well as praisers, and both equally beyond the limits of moderation.

With the publication of "The Robbers, the first period of the life of Schiller is properly closed; but from that fact the immediate results it brought about ought not to be separated; there were many annoyances yet to be borne before his deliverance from the tyrannous yoke, under which his youth had been blighted, could be consummated.

Schiller had finished the original sketch of this drama in 1778, but had kept it secret till 1780, in which year he obtained the post of surgeon in the Würtemberg army. This advancement enabled him to print it at his own expense, not having succeeded in finding any publisher who would undertake the risk. The universal interest which the work at once excited drew attention to the author. This popularity, however dazzling, was not favourable to Schiller's immediate interests. The aversion on the one hand, was as great as the admiration on the other. And, what was unfortunate for our poet, the former was on the side of power and authority. The vehement revolutionary spirit which found so fiery a mouth-

piece in "The Robbers," daunted the superior powers. Its bold, uncompromising defiance of prescriptive despotism angered them. And, what made matters still worse, the ability of the author was unquestionable, and he had the sympathies of the great mass of the people. It was settled that Schiller was a very dangerous servant of His Highness, the Grand Duke of Würtemberg; and forthwith he was summoned before that authority, and commanded to abide by such subjects as befitted his profession; or, at least, to beware of writing any more poetry without submitting it to the inspection of his Prince.

Time wore on, and our poet had to bear all the mortifications and restraints incidental to being a suspected person. "His busy imagination aggravated the evil. He had seen poor Schubart wearing out his tedious eight years of durance in the fortress of Schönberg, because he had been 'a rock of offence to the powers that were.' The fate of this unfortunate author appeared to Schiller a type of his own. His free spirit shrank at the prospect of wasting his strength against the pitiful constraints, the minute and endless persecutions of men who knew him not, yet had his fortune in their hands. . . . With the natural feeling of a young author, he had ventured to go in secret, and witness the first representation of his tragedy, at Mannheim. His incognito did not conceal him; he was put under arrest, during a week, for this offence; and as the punishment did not deter him from again transgressing in a similar manner, he learned that it was in contemplation to try more rigorous measures with him. Dark hints were given to him of some exemplary as well as imminent severity; and Dalberg's aid, the sole hope of averting it by quiet means, was distant and dubious. Schiller saw himself reduced to extremities. Beleaguered with present distresses, and the most horrible forebodings, on every side; roused to the highest pitch of indignation, yet forced to keep silence, and wear the face of patience, he could endure this maddening constraint no longer. He resolved to be free at whatever risk; to abandon advantages which he could not buy at such a price; to quit his step-dame home, and go forth, though friendless

one, to seek his fortune in the market of life.

Grand Duke Paul of Russia, his young princess, niece to the King of Würtemberg, was visiting at Stuttgart. All the city and neighbourhood were astir with the festival. In the midst of these—on the 10th of September—the flight was decided. Among Schiller's friends was a young, generous-hearted musician named Andrew Streicher. This man had become Schiller's confidant, and enthusiastically sharing the views of the poet, accompanied him on his flight; and the vehicle which carried our adventurers rolled away through the darkest of the city gates. At midnight, on the left, about a mile from the road, by the light which streamed from the illuminated windows of the ducal castle, Schiller could perceive the home of his parents. He pressed "*O meine Mutter!*" to his forehead, as he sank back in the carriage. So fled Schiller from the land of Würtemberg, "empty of all and without hope, careless whether he went, so that he got beyond the reach of turnkeys and Grand Dukes, and commanding officers." The gild of thralldom of his youth was now gone; the things of the past—the romance for which he had longed—were completed. Schiller was now in his twenty-third year.

What were the circumstances of Schiller's early life. Through these—who shall say to what extent by the slippage of these?—he grew to be the man he was. And was not that ordeal of undergoing which presented in the end so noble a result?—this purification worth the purchase of all that it brought? Yes, surely; a thousand times, yes!

He ne'er his bread in sorrow ate;—
He ne'er the mournful midnight hours,
Lying upon his bed has sate,—
He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers."

And now, after a childhood nursed in an atmosphere pure, healthy, holy—
an atmosphere of affection, and piety,
joy; after a youth of hardship and
striving;—Schiller is at length a free
—a poet, with God's great universe
before him. This he is now and hence-
forth to the end of his pilgrimage.
"My connections," he wrote in a

little while, "are now dissolved. The public is now all to me; my study, my sovereign, my confidant. To the public I from this time belong; before this, and no other tribunal, will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man."

Our fugitives reached Mannheim in safety. Fearing to remain so near Stuttgart, they pushed on to Frankfort. . . With scarcely means to meet the expenses of the journey on foot, early one morning they set off, over one of the most striking roads in Europe. At last, however, they reached Frankfort, where Streicher received thirty florins from his mother. The two friends now took up their residence at an inn at Oggersheim, sharing one chamber and one bed. Here Schiller wrote "*Cabal and Love*;" and, also, in November, completed his "*Fiesco*," already partly composed. These were both published in 1783, and soon after were represented in the Mannheim Theatre with universal admiration.

While Schiller was residing at Oggersheim, a generous lady, Madame Von Wolzogen, whose sons had been fellow students of his, offered him the shelter of her home at Baurbach. Thither Schiller was but too glad to go. His only sorrow was that he must part from the faithful Streicher. The friends bid each other farewell. "After fifty years," says a German biographer, "the musician was filled with sadness when he recalled the moment in which he left that truly kingly heart—the noblest of the German poets—alone, and in misfortune."

On a December evening, 1782, our homeless poet was received beneath the hospitable roof at Baurbach. The family were from home, but no comfort was wanting to him. Reinwald, the bookseller, who knew his secret, supplied him with books, and occasionally enlivened his solitude with his company. Madame Von Wolzogen soon returned, however, and with her daughter Charlotte. This girl presently found a place in our poet's fancy. There was a kindly feeling on both sides, but it does not seem to have culminated in any abiding attachment.

The success of the dramas "Fiesco" and "Cabal and Love" brought about some change in the estimation in which Schiller was held by his superiors. The Duke relinquished the idea, of further persecuting a man whose writings had gained him the esteem and affection of every true German: and the Count Dalberg perceived that the time had come when he might, at one stroke, second the pretensions of a man whom he still called friend, and give his theatre the advantage of a connection with the most popular dramatist of the day. Schiller was accordingly invited to Mannheim as poet to the theatre. He addressed himself to the duties of this post, with all the ardour and determination of a long-cherished ambition. Here at the house of Meir, he once more beheld Streicher—this time with a joyful countenance and words of hope and congratulation.

Here, at length, he had reached his true distinction. Here was work of which he felt pleasure, and a holy joy in the doing—a furthering impulse, not a harsh restriction, to the free development of his inmost nature. At any rate, Schiller could now *live*, and was even in a fair way of realising the *life poetic*. Surrounded by a circle of friends who honoured him, acknowledged a subject of the Emperor Palatine—thus no longer having any cause to fear the duke, and well satisfied with the moderate income awarded him, Schiller looked forward into the future, with new eyes and a lightened heart.

In Germany the theatre holds a very different place, in relation to society, to what it does in this country. It is there regarded as a moral and educational agent, here simply as an apparatus for amusement. Consequently there its exhibitions are attuned to the tastes of a higher and better cultivated class than here. They talk of it as "a lay pulpit, the worthy ally of the sacred one." Schiller participated in this universal feeling, the bent of his genius laying so completely in that direction. He had high conceptions of the vocation of the poet; and the theatre was to him the proper, the only available medium between the poet and the world. His early longings for the priesthood had never become extinct; they were not now

becoming so, but rather, they had received a new direction, a direction, not the highest, yet that in which there was the greatest liberty and the widest scope. Laying down for himself and others (as we are told he did) the principle that the stage should take its rank with the church and the school among the primary institutions of the state; he felt proud of his own connection with the theatre, and exerted himself to the utmost in promoting its ends.

Here, situated thus pleasantly, and intensely occupied with manifold studies, the image of Charlotte Von Wolzogen ever hovered in his memory. He longed for a perfect union with some being, in whom he could repose all his thoughts and emotions. "To be linked to one," he writes, "who shares with us joy and sorrow; who meets us in our emotions and supplies to our humours; at her breast to release our souls from the thousand distractions, the thousand wild wishes and unruly passions, and drown all the bitterness of fortune in the enjoyment of domestic calm;—ah! such were the true delight of life." For him, he now thought, the chosen one was Charlotte Von Wolzogen. He openly proposed for her to her mother, but without success. The happiness of the girl could not be entrusted to one in whose worldly position there was still much to excite doubts and fears. Convinced at last of the hopelessness of his case, his passion sought a new object, and presently found one in the person of Margaret Schwan, the daughter of the bookseller to whom he had sold "Fiesco" and "Cabal and Love." She was of a cheerful disposition, and beautiful person, "rather devoted," say the German biographers "to the world, to literature, and to art than to the tranquil domestic joys." She was then nineteen years old, and it was about the autumn of 1784 that she first "gained possession of a heart still somewhat too inflammable for constancy." Indeed, it appears that some wilder and less spiritual passion than either Margaret or Charlotte had inspired, had influenced him in the interval. To this he alludes with regret, in one of his letters, some years afterwards.

About this time appeared the first number of the "Reinische Thalia," an

riched by three acts of "Don Carlos." The new journal was principally devoted to dramatic literature, such as theatrical criticism, essays on the drama, poetry, and the details of representation, the history of the theatre, &c. A portion of its pages were open to general literature and poetry. It was continued up to 1794. This periodical, without yielding Schiller any great pecuniary advantage, by no means increased his favour with the actors. The freedom of his strictures was highly displeasing to them; he in turn being greatly offended by the manner in which his verses were mangled on the stage.

At this period, says his biographer, Schiller knew not what it was to be unemployed. Yet the task of composing dramatic varieties, of training players, and deliberating in the theatrical senate, or even of expressing philosophically his opinions on these points could not wholly occupy such a mind as his. There were times when, notwithstanding his own prior habits, and all the vaunting of dramaturgists, he felt that their scenic glories were but an empty show, a lying refuge, where there was no abiding rest for the soul. The "Thalia," besides its dramatic speculations and performances, contains several of his poems, which indicate that his attention, though officially directed elsewhere, was alive to all the common concerns of humanity; that he looked on life not more as a writer than as a man. . . While improving in the art of poetry, in the capability of uttering his thoughts in the form best adapted to express them, he was likewise improving in the more valuable art of thought itself; and applying it not only to the business of the imagination, but also to those profound and solemn inquiries which every reasonable mortal is called to engage with.* "The Philosophic Letters," written about this time, contain evidence enough of the truth of this last statement, and the additional advantage of presenting Schiller's intellectual powers in a somewhat new point of view. To give any account, however, of Schiller's numerous writings, beyond recording the mere fact of their publication, and the peculiar circumstances in which they were

brought forth, is altogether beyond our present design.

The charms of Manheim, once to him so great and alluring, began to fade in the eyes of our poet. Notwithstanding that his amiable nature, his genius, manliness, and virtue, had endeared him to a large circle of friends; notwithstanding that Dalberg was still his warm friend, and that he saw and conversed daily with Schwan and his Margaret, he began to view his situation with less and less content. The theatrical world turned out to be quite other than the paradise he had imagined it to be. He wished for a wider sphere of action, and one in which he should not be dependent on the vicissitudes of the public taste, or subject to the harassing annoyances of inefficient representation. Accordingly he determined to leave Manheim, and an opportunity soon presented itself. The first number of his "Thalia" happened to arrive at the court of Hesse Darmstadt, while the Duke of Sachsen Weimar was there. That prince, being introduced to the genius of Schiller by the perusal of the first acts of "Don Carlos," expressed his delight with the production by transmitting to the author the title of Councillor of the Duchy of Weimar. The honour paid to men of art and literature, at the court of Weimar, excited Schiller's admiration, and gave a new turn to his ambition. His newly acquired dignity strengthened this feeling, and doubtless accelerated his departure from Manheim. At Leipzig resided some of the poet's most substantial friends, and a vast number of ardent admirers. This town, moreover, was the centre of activity both in commerce and literature; it seemed to offer a wide field for the noblest endeavour; and hither, accordingly, he directed his steps. Previous to going he wrote to his friend Huber:—

"This, then, is probably the last letter I shall write to you from Manheim. The time from the 15th March has hung upon my hands, like a trial for life: and, thank heaven! I am now ten whole days nearer you. And now, my good friend, as you have already consented to take my entire confidence upon your shoulder, allow me the pleasure of leading you into the interior of my domestic wishes.

* Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."

"In my new establishment at Leipzig, I purpose to avoid one error, which has plagued me a great deal here at Mannheim. It is this: no longer to conduct my own housekeeping, and also no longer to live alone. The former is not by any means a business I excel in. It costs me less to execute a whole conspiracy, in five acts, than to settle my domestic arrangements for a week; and poetry, you know yourself, is but a dangerous assistant in calculations of economy. My mind is drawn different ways; I fall headlong out of my ideal world, if a holed stocking remind me of the real world.

"As to the other point, I require for my private happiness to have a true, warm friend, that would ever be at hand like my better angel; to whom I could communicate my nascent ideas in the very act of conceiving them, not needing to transmit them as at present, by letters or long visits. Nay, when this friend of mine lives without the four corners of the house, the trifling circumstance that, in order to reach him, I must cross the street, dress myself, and so forth, will of itself destroy the enjoyment of the moment, and the train of my thoughts is torn in pieces before I see him.

"Observe, my good fellow, these are petty matters; but petty matters often bear the weightiest result in the management of life. I know myself better than perhaps a thousand mothers' sons know themselves; I understand how much, and frequently how little, I require to be completely happy. The question, therefore, is, Can I get this wish of my heart fulfilled in Leipzig?

"If it were possible that I could make a lodgement with you, all my cares on that head would be removed. I am no bad neighbour as perhaps you imagine; I have pliancy enough to suit myself to another, and here and there a certain knack, as Yorick says, at helping to make him merrier and better. Failing this, if you could find me any other person who would undertake my small economy, everything would still be well.*

Schiller arrived in Leipzig at the time of holding the world-famed fair. His name got abroad, and the populace eagerly pressed to see the man who

had touched everybody's heart. His feelings respecting this manifestation of his popularity were not all of a pleasant character. Writing to Schwan he says, "It is a peculiar thing to have an author's name. The few men worth and mark, who on this account offer their acquaintance, and whose esteem confers a pleasure, are greatly outweighed by the swarm of like flesh-flies, buzz around the author as a monster, and claim him as a colleague on the strength of a few blotted sheets of paper. Many can get it into their heads that the author of the 'Robbers' should be like another mother's son. They expected least a cross, the boots of a postillion and a hunting whip!†

After some alternations respecting the adoption of some other profession than literature, he determined to complete his 'Carlyle' and continued contributions to the 'Thalia,' among which latter may be mentioned, having been written at this time, 'Hymn to Joy,' the most beautiful and spirited lyrical production he had yet achieved. Meanwhile he had ventured to ask the hand of Margaret Schwan. The letter, freighted with this request, and written in manly and right noble spirit, may be read in 'Carlyle's Life of the Poet Margaret' and he, however, were destined for each other. Whatever Schwan's reply might be—and about this authorities are disagreed—it certain no further steps were taken to bring about the marriage. The friendship existing between all parties concerned continued unabated.

Finding that Leipzig did not answer all his expectations, and perhaps solace himself for the disappointment in which his courtship of Margaret had ended he yielded to many invitations, and took his departure for Dresden towards the close of the summer. Schiller here found warm friends in Körner and his wife Minna Stern who had been lately married. Körner's house was romantically situated on the banks of the Elbe, near Lowitz. A summer-house in the garden surrounded by vineyards by vineyards and pine-woods, became Schiller's favourite place of resort, and was rendered to his use. Here the co-

* "Carlyle's Life of Schiller."

† "Bulwer's Sketch of the Life of Schiller."

of "Don Carlos" was effected. The publication it was received with such enthusiasm. In the closet and on the stage it equally excited the desire and approbation of learned and unlearned.

Amidst all this popularity," says his biographer, "he was still drifting along on the tide of life; he was crowned with laurels but without a crown."

His heart, warm and affectionate, the domestic blessings which were allowed to form no permanent attachment; he felt that he was unconnected, solitary in the world; cut off from the exercise of his soldier sympathies; or if tasting pleasures, 'snatching them rather than partaking of them calmly.' The desire of wealth and station entered his head for an instant; but years were adding to his age, the delights of peace and continuous work were fast becoming more accessible than any other; and he lived with anxiety to have a resting-place amid his wanderings,—to be a member among his fellow men." The chance of realizing these strong wishes, Schiller knew lay in the persevering diligence in the vocation he had chosen. He never plied his tasks with more ardour than when he resided in Weimar; but his enthusiasm was not fretted away on a multiplicity of minor performances than concentrated on any great work. The most characteristic of his lyrical pieces written at this time was the "Free Thinker's Passion." It is said to have been inspired by an attachment to Friederike Albrecht, a young actress whom he had met previously to his visit to Weimar. She was now one of the celebrated actresses of the town. He had visited at her house on familiar terms; and there one evening, after the day was over, another entanglement was thrown across his dubious path.

The poet was introduced to a beautiful, blue-eyed stranger, of exquisite features and fascinating expression of countenance. The girl smiled, blushed, and threw her bouquet, and threw it to him, who, unsuspecting, received it with enthusiasm. "Her mother," says one of his biographers, "was by all accounts an artful and abandoned woman, who did not scruple to put to the test the beauty of her daughter. He saw in the admiration of so dis-

tinguished a poet the means of widening Julia's already lucrative notoriety. Schiller was accordingly lured into an intimacy which occasioned the most serious anxiety to his friends. . . .

"They, however, did their best to dispel his infatuation and tear him from a connection which they considered disgraceful to his name, ruinous to his means, and injurious to his prospects: finally, they succeeded in their appeals. He appears, indeed, to have become aware of the treachery practised on him, and, after many a struggle between reason and passion, at last he tore himself away."* What are these anecdotes worth? what do they illustrate? "Simply," as Carlyle says, "that love could excite even Schiller to madness, as indeed all gods and men."

Having in the interim written the romance of the "Ghost Seer," many pages of which owe their vivid colouring to the fair Julia, he began to think of history. His mind was already tutored to its requirements by the historical studies he had undergone in the composition of his plays; and his tendency to the vocation of the historian was, doubtless, further augmented by the necessity which he increasingly felt for some substantial basis of fact—some external reality—on which he could repose his mind amidst his manifold conflicts and wanderings. "The love of contemplating things as they should be began to yield to the love of knowing things as they are." The poet, therefore, resolved to become a historian. The designs which he meditated in this department of human inquiry were vast and comprehensive,—too great indeed for any one writer to achieve. Many of them, we are told, never reached a describable shape, and very few even partial execution. What he did accomplish worthy of record, we have in the "Revolt of the Netherlands," and the "History of the Thirty Years' War."

To visit Weimar, the Athens of Germany, had long been one of Schiller's earnest wishes. He arrived there in July, 1787. Goethe was not visible (why, will hereafter appear), but Herder and Wieland received him with open arms. With the latter was

* "Bulwer's Sketch of the Life of Schiller."

soon cemented an enduring friendship. Schiller determined to make Weimar his future residence. "You know the men," he writes, "of whom Germany is proud; a Herder, a Wieland, with their brethren; and one wall encloses me and them. What excellencies are in Weimar! In this city, at least in this territory, I mean to settle for life, and at length, once more, get a country." In October Schiller made an excursion to Meiningen, to visit his sister, then just married to Reinwald. Here he met his old friend Madame von Wolzogen, and her son Wilhelm. With them he returned towards Weimar. They halted at Rudolstadt. This halt is a memorable passage in the life of our poet. He here met Charlotte von Lengefeld; and once more, not this time without result, his affections were enchaind. Charlotte was highly prepossessing, and her mind was enriched by true culture. According to her sister, who is the author of a charming biography of Schiller, "The expression of the purest goodness of heart animated her features; and her eye beamed only truth and innocence." On his departure from the home of the Lengefelds, Schiller had already conceived the idea of spending the next summer at Rudolstadt. Fortune favoured this attachment: that very winter Charlotte came to Weimar on a visit to a friend of her family, and Schiller had frequent opportunities of meeting her. He supplied her with his favourite authors; and she undertook to find him a lodging at Rudolstadt for the summer. On her departure this commission gave occasion for an interchange of letters. In this correspondence "there breathes," says one of his biographers, "a noble, mild, discreet inclination, without a trace of passion;" and adds,—"Our love is generally the effigy of the one we love. Schiller's present love was the gold purified from the sensual passion which had mastered him at Dresden."

In May, in the following year, we find Schiller at Rudolstadt. He lodged in a small house in the village of Folkstätt, about half an hour's walk from the town. From his chamber window he overlooked the banks of the Saale, which flowed through the meadows under the shade of noble trees. High above towered the castle of Rudolstadt, and at the foot of the

hill which rose from the opposite lay small villages and the ho the peasantry. The hours here were perhaps the pleasantest somewhat turbulent course of Sch life. His sister, in speaking of says,—"How welcome was i some tedious visit, to see our friend approaching beneath t trees that skirt the banks of the A forest brook, that pours its that river, and was crossed by bridge, was the meeting place a we awaited. When we beheld the twilight coming towards serener, an ideal life entered us; a lofty earnestness, and the ful ease of a mind pure and ever animated Schiller's conve One seemed, as one heard him wander as it were between the table Stars of Heaven, and yet the flowers of earth."

Schiller returned to Wein November, occupying himself literary matters. The letters "Don Carlos," "The Artists," a conclusion of the "Ghost Se dated about this period. The cation of portions of the "Re the Netherlands" in Wieland's cury," now gave rise to th among many of his friends t Schiller appointed to the Profes of History in the University c a chair which was just then vac the departure of Eickhorn. ' desire, seconded by Voigt, the c of the court, Göethe gave the of his influence. Schiller was ingly called to the post. He Jena in 1789. His reception was enthusiastic in the extreme hundred students crowded th and their applause filled the n somewhat reluctant profess confidence.

Schiller's wanderings were no and at last, after a severe pro he could repose securely on th of man's rest and joy—domesti In the February following his ment at Jena, he was united i riage to Charlotte von Lengefe few months after this event, h to a friend as follows:—

"Life is quite a different th the side of a beloved wife, t forsaken and alone, even in s Beautiful, nature! I now for t time fully enjoy it,—live in i

world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. What a life I am leading here! I look with a glad mind around me; my heart finds a perennial contentment without it; my spirit so fine, so refreshing a nourishment. My existence is settled in harmonious composure; not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart; now when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself how it all has happened, so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me; it has, I may say, forced me to the mark. From the future I expect everything. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my spirit; nay, I think my very youth will be renewed; an inward poetic life will give it me again."

Some while ere this, in the house of the Lengefeld's, Schiller, for the first time, had met Goethe. With Schiller's early writings Goethe had little sympathy. The "Robbers" he hated, because, as he said, the very paradoxes, moral and dramatic, from which he was struggling to get liberated, had been laid hold of by a powerful but immature genius, and poured in a boundless vehement flood over the whole land. What exasperated him still more was, that his most intimate friends, those to whom he looked for thorough and unwavering sympathy with his own artistic completeness, seemed in danger of the contagion. "Had it been possible," he wrote, "I would have abandoned the study of creative art, and the practice of poetry entirely; for where was the prospect of surpassing those performances of genial worth and wild form, in the qualities which recommend them?" From this cause, as he thus himself acknowledges, he kept aloof from Schiller. "It happened about this time that Moritz returned from Italy, and staid with me awhile, during which he violently confirmed himself and me in these persuasions. I avoided Schiller, who was now in Weimar, in my neighbourhood. The appearance of "Don Carlos" was not calculated to approximate us; the attempt of our common friends I resisted; and thus we continued to go on our way apart." Nevertheless, as we have seen, the two

antagonistic poets at last met beneath one roof, although, as was not to be wondered at, there was no lavish expenditure of cordiality between them.

Soon after this interview Schiller thus writes:—"On the whole, this personal meeting has not at all diminished the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe; but I doubt whether we shall ever come into any close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. His whole nature is from its very origin, otherwise constructed than mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different. From such a combination, no secure, substantial intimacy can result. Time will try." By degrees, however, as the true character of each unfolded itself to the other, this feeling of mutual antipathy wore away; and there *did* ensue, after all, a "secure, substantial intimacy" between them. They ultimately came to pass much of their time in each others' company, and to co-operate cordially in many literary undertakings; the very contrast of their mental tendencies giving their intercourse a peculiar charm. They soon became necessary to each others' intellectual life; and their friendship, once firmly established, was only interrupted by Schiller's death.

The parallel between these two distinguished men has long formed a tourney ground for all German scholars to break lances on. "Whether is Schiller or Goethe the greater poet?" is a question which has been oftener asked or answered than any other in connection with German literature. It is true that no proper comparison can be instituted between them; their difference being one of kind, and not of degree; and all measurement of the one by the standard of the other being therefore a manifest injustice to both. Nevertheless, the true relationship between these Titans of literature, whose lives were thrown together in one sphere of activity, will always remain an interesting problem for the studios. Perhaps the best solution of it hitherto given to the world, is that by Gervinus, in his "History of German Literature.*"

* Gesck, a Poetischen National-Literatur.

The finest gold has its alloy; and Schiller's newly acquired domestic happiness came to him not without its drawbacks. A fell enemy soon disturbed the welcome repose into which his life had been led. Bodily disease had taken root in a constitution never strong, but which had been rendered weaker by the absence of that prudent carefulness which should have restrained our poet within the limits which nature prescribes, as the proper bounds of all human activity. A disorder in the chest took violent hold of him; and though he recovered from its immediate effects, the ever-vital seeds of disease were left behind,—he never afterwards wholly recovered his strength. Indeed at this period, a report of his death was spread abroad throughout Germany. . . . In Denmark, a circle of the poet's friends had resolved to repair to Hellebeck—there, surrounded by the enchanting beauties of the scenery, to hold a court to his honour, and to chant the *Hymn to Joy*, when the report reached Copenhagen, and changed their joyous festivities in honour of the living poet to a mournful solemnity in celebration of his death. The friends, among whom were the poet Baggesen, the Count Ernest von Schimmelmann, the Prince Christian von Holstein Augustenberg, and his princess, met, as was arranged, on the sea shore, opposite the high rocks of Sweden. Two additional stanzas, in honour of the supposed death, were chanted; musical instruments added to the harmony; an intense feeling of solemnity pervaded the whole assembly; and as the song ceased, all eyes were bathed in tears. Such was the sympathy even amongst the high-born and illustrious of a foreign nation for our worthy poet.

No sooner was the report contradicted, than the mourners hastened to express their admiration of Schiller, by conferring upon him benefits of a more tangible nature. He received from the Count von Schimmelmann, and the Prince von Augustenberg, a letter, written in the terms of the utmost delicacy, requesting his acceptance of an annual gift, for three years, of a thousand dollars. This communication also contained an invitation to Denmark:—"For we are not the only ones here," they write, "who know and love you; and if, after the restoration of

your health, you desire to enter the service of our state, it would be easy for us to gratify such an inclination. Yet," they continue, "think us not so selfish as to make such a change in your residence a condition; we leave our suggestion to your free choice; we desire to preserve to humanity its instructor, and to this desire every other consideration is subordinate. Nothing but Schiller's increasing ill health, and the declaration of his physicians, that the visit to so northern a climate would be fatal, could have prevented him from at once responding to such an invitation. In a letter to Baggesen, the gratitude with which this offer had filled him is expressed in many terms. From it too we gain some glimpses into Schiller's view respecting the vocation which he had chosen for his own, which show how unwilling he was to have it degrade—not in his own case merely, but in any—into the mere brain-drudgery of the bread-scholar.

"From the cradle of my intellect till now, have I struggled with fate; and since I knew how to prize intellectual liberty, I have been condemned to win it. A rash step, ten years since, divided me from any other practical livelihood but that of a writer. I have given myself to this calling, before I had made proof of its demands, or surveyed its difficulties. The necessity for pursuing it befell me before I was fitted for it by knowledge and intellectual maturity. That I felt this—that I did not bound my ideal of an ideal of an author's duty to those narrow limits within which I was confined—I recognise as a favour of Heaven. . . . As unripe and far below that ideal which lived within me, I beheld all which I gave to the world." With feeling and with modesty Schiller proceeded to enlarge upon the conflict between the circumstances and his aspirations. . . . to touch upon the melancholy with which he was saddened by the contemplation of the great masterpieces of art, ripened only to their perfection by that happy leisure denied to him. "What had I not given," he exclaims, "for two or three years; that free from all the toils of an author, I could render myself only to the study, the cultivation of my conception,—the ripening of my ideal." He proceeds to observe that, in the German literary world, &

man could not unite the labour for subsistence with compliance with the demands of lofty art; that, for ten years, he had struggled to unite both; and, that to make the union only in some measure possible, had cost him his health . . . 'In a moment, when life began to display its whole value—when I was about to knit a gentle bond between the reason and the phantasy—when I girded myself to a new enterprise in the service of art, death drew near. The danger indeed passed away; but I waked only to an altered life, to renew, with slackened strength and diminished hopes, my war with fate. So the letter received from Denmark found me! I attain at last the intellectual liberty, so long and so eagerly desired. . . . I win leisure, and through leisure, I may perhaps recover my lost health; if not, at least for the future, the trouble of my mind will not give nourishment to disease. If my lot does not permit me to confer beneficence in the same manner as my benefactors, at least, I will seek it, where alone it is in my power; and make that seed which they scatter unfold itself in me, to a fairer blossom for humanity.' And he did so."

In the intervals of sickness he devoted the leisure which was now accorded him to the study of Kant. To what extent the system of the philosopher of Königsberg moulded his thoughts, and influenced his later writings, is a question we cannot here enter into. He appears to have appropriated his fundamental doctrines; the lofty spiritualism and ethic grandeur of the transcendental philosophy seems to have found a deep response in his inmost heart; and from that period, we are told, "a catholic, all-mild, all-comprehensive religion surrounds his writings as with a lucid atmosphere, and his craving for the serene ideal life loses itself in the Christian's heaven."

In the month of June, 1792, Schiller, accompanied by his wife, went to Dresden, on a visit to Körner. In the course of this journey they met Schiller's mother and his youngest sister, Nannette, whom he had not seen for many years. He determined, if his health and circumstances allowed, to return the following year to his Swabian home. In the summer following the Schillers made an excursion to the poet's fatherland, where they

were warmly welcomed. At Heidelberg, not unmoved, Schiller saw once more the object of his early passion, Margaret Schwan. "Like all noble and manly natures," says Madame Von Wolzogen, "Schiller ever retained an affectionate remembrance of the woman who had inspired him with tender emotion. These recollections moved him always, but he rarely spoke of them." The wanderer was reunited to his long-separated family in August, 1793. Schiller visited Ludwigsburg, and resided for a time in the immediate neighbourhood of his father's house; and it was here that he first became a father.

Having now brought on our narrative to the culminating point of Schiller's life-history—the period at which he obtained the goal of his youth's ardent hope—we must glance rapidly over many passages of interest, and draw near the final close. Those passages are interesting to us more, perhaps, from their own nature than from their forming part of our poet's biography. Schiller's scholarship in the universal school was longer than that of most men; and, indeed, individually, he may be said never to have seen the horizon of his endeavour and of his hope. But to us, who know not the secrets of his inner life, his history henceforth is clothed in a tranquil uniformity. It is not now progress, but rather repose. Schiller's literary labours were continued with interruption. The "Horen," a monthly journal, was commenced, and in this undertaking were associated with his the greatest names of Germany, Goethe, Herder, Jacobi, Matthison, &c. In the "Musen almanach," of which he was appointed chief editor, appeared some of his finest thoughts, either in poetry or prose; and meanwhile "Wallenstein" was progressing. In the midst of these occupations he had the misfortune to lose, both in the same year, his father and youngest sister. Some time after, too, his mother also died. "Ah, dear sister," he wrote, "so both the beloved parents are gone from us, and the oldest bond that fastened us to life is rent! O let us, we three, (including his other sister,) alone surviving of our father's house, let us cling yet closer to each other; forget not that thou hast a loving brother. I remember vividly the

days of our youth, when we were all in all to each other. From that early existence our fate has divided us; but attachment, confidence, remain unchanged—unchangable." About this time (1797) he purchased a garden, a little to the south-west of Jena, on the banks of the beloved Saale. The site commanded a beautiful prospect of the valley and the pine-covered sides of the neighbouring mountains.

"There, deck'd be the fair garden watch-tower; whence

Listening he loved the voice of stars to hear,

Which to the no less ever-living sense

Made music, mystic, yet through mystery clear."*

Here he wrote and studied during the summer months of 1797 and 1798. In the following year "Wallenstein" was brought out. The highest critics spoke and wrote warmly in its praise. "This work," said Tieck, "at once rich and profound, is a monument for all times, of which Germany may be proud; and a national feeling—a native sentiment—is reflected from this pure mirror, yielding us a higher sense of what we are, and what we were;" and Goethe, long after its publication, compared it to "a wine which wins the taste in proportion to its age."

The following years were signalised by the publication of "Marie Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," and "Wilhelm Tell,"—the two latter works in which the poet's highest characteristics are clothed in the noblest forms. Besides these, and sundry minor compositions, Schiller also executed several translations from the French and Italian. But, according to his biographer, his mind was long and earnestly engaged at this period with the most solemn of ideas. "The universe of human thought he had now explored and enjoyed; but he seems to have found no permanent contentment in any of its provinces. Many of his later poems indicate an incessant and increasing longing for some solution of the mystery of life; at times it is a gloomy resignation to the want and the despair of any. His ardent spirit could not satisfy itself with things seen, though gilded with all the glories of intellect and imagination; it soared

away in search of other lands, looking with unutterable desire for some sun and brighter home beyond the horizon of this world. Death he had no reason to regard as probably a new event, but we easily perceive that the awful secrets connected with it had long been familiar to his contemplation. The veil which hid them from his eyes was now shortly, when he looked not for it, to be rent asunder.

At length, in the spring of 1805, after many warnings, Schiller was stricken with his final illness. It was not long after its commencement that it became palpable that his death was near. In vain physicians; in vain the anxious offices of affection; in vain the ardent desire of still prolonged activity—nothing could stay the progress of the disease; no human power averted the fatal blow. The attack commenced on the 28th of April. On the 7th of May he wished to converse with his sister on the subject of his unfinished tragedy of "Demetrius." She begged him not to disturb himself with such thoughts, but to keep quiet. "True," he answered with pathos, "now when no one understands me, and I no more understand myself, it is better that I should be silent." Before this, on the subject of his probable decease, he had said, "Death can be no evil, for it is universal." On the 9th his disorder reached a crisis; he grew insensible and even delirious. This, however, happily did not continue. "The fierce canopy of physical suffering, which had bewildered and blinded his thinking faculties, was drawn aside; and the spirit of Schiller looked forth in its wonted serenity, once again before it passed away for ever. Restore to consciousness, in that hour when the soul is cut off from human help, an man must front the King of Terror on his own strength, Schiller did not faint or fail in this his last and sharpest trial. Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet it as he came him; not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with the quiet unpretending manliness which had marked the tenor of his life. Of his friends and family he took a touching but a tranquil farewell; he ordered that his funeral should be private without pomp or parade. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said "*Calm and calmer*;" simple but memorable

* Goethe. Prologue to the "Lay of the Bell."

ards, expressive of the mild heroism the man."* About six he sank into deep slumber. Awakening for a moment he said, "Now is life so clear! so much is it made clear and plain!" He then sank back into a sleep, which deepened and deepened till it changed to that, from which there is no awakening."

Schiller's death was presently known throughout Weimar, and the news spread over the whole of Germany. The sensation was universal—the grief of thousands deep and sincere. To Goëthe no one at first had the courage to mention the circumstance. He perceived that the people of his time were gloomy and embarrassed, and seemed desirous of avoiding him. He divined somewhat of the truth at last, and said, "I see—Schiller must

be very ill." That night the serene, unimpassioned, ever-collected man was heard to weep. In the morning he said to a friend, "Is it not true that Schiller was very ill yesterday?" The friend sobbed. "He is dead!" said Goëthe. "You have said it." "He is dead!" repeated Goëthe, and covered his face with his hands.

So lived and died Friedrich Schiller—one whose works will never cease to shed a glorious lustre on the literature of his country and of Europe—a man, the very memory of whom "will arise afar off, like a towering landmark in the solitude of the past, when distance shall have dwarfed into invisibility many lesser people, that once encompassed him and hid him from the near beholder."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HE has filled her Northern readers with a delusion." So writes one of her countrymen, on Mrs. Stowe's world-talked-of book. "She has struck a death-blow to slavery," cries one. But the blow will merely rivet the chains," retorts a second; and so on, from one to another; and literally, in the very old phrase, from the cottage to the palace, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is read and talked of; and wherever it is read it appears to be the key to open up the old and foul subject of slavery. One can mistake at whom the shaft has been aimed. It went home too truly to that. Therefore, the defenders of that "peculiar institution," of which the southern states of America are the stronghold, do not attempt to impugn the literary merits of the book, but apply at once a plaster to the sore, and defend slavery. So that any adverse critique, upon Mrs. Stowe has run riot, but naturally to a laboured defence of the "peculiar institution," whilst any encomiastic article on the book verges, on the other hand into a downright attack on slavery.

"A South Carolinian," in one magazine, cannot well deny the truth of Mrs. Stowe's pictures, but declares that they are the exception, and not the

rule; whilst a native of Alabama, in wishing to prove the truth of them, asserts that the early years of the author was passed among them. But, abolitionist and slave advocate have one other question,—“Who is Mrs. Stowe?”

That question we shall endeavour to answer.

She comes of a large family of writers. In a leading paper of that land, where women fulfil more public duties than they at present do here, and where literature has a plentiful company of followers among the softer sex, one may see the name of Mrs. Stowe, and of one of her family placed conspicuously amongst the list of contributors to its columns. This is in the "New York Independent," where occasional little crisp articles, bearing the initials, "H. B. S.," may every now and then be seen.

Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of Mrs. Stowe, and of eleven other children, all celebrated in their way; of whom eight, exclusive of Mrs. Stowe, are authors, was born in New England, in 1774, consequently some years previous to the American revolution. He was the son of a blacksmith, and brought up to the trade of his father. In America, education is more generally spread than in England; and the

* Carlyle's "Life of Schiller."

son of the blacksmith found that his father's occupation was uncongenial to him. Still he continued in it till he could safely venture from the trammels of trade; and he was of a mature age when he entered upon his collegiate studies at Yale, Newhaven; a college which had the honour of partially educating Fennimore Cooper. After a severe course of probation, Dr. Beecher rose in fame as a pulpit orator. His style was simple and plain, but graphic and forcible, and came home to "men's business and bosoms."

He obtained a cure at Litchfield; and having published "Six Sermons on Temperance," became, through them, universally known; for they reached Europe, and were translated into foreign languages; he was called to, and accepted, the charge of the most influential Presbyterian church in the town of Boston; the inhabitants of which town are, by the way, noted for their particular and jealous regard to all matters relating to the pulpit. Over this church Dr. Beecher remained as pastor till the year 1832.

There had been at Boston and elsewhere a peculiar want felt, by the Presbyterian community, of some kind of collegiate institution, wherein to prepare and instruct those young members, who intended to embrace the calling of gospel ministry amongst them.

To meet this want, there had been for a long time antecedent, a project on foot, which, in the year 1832, was carried out by the foundation of the "Lane Theological and Literary Seminary;" and to enable the very poorest of their younger brethren to enter this, and prepare himself for the ministry, a system of manual labour was instituted whereby any young man of determined industry could himself defray a large portion of the expenses, necessarily attendant on his education. The principal of this college must of course be himself a self-educated man of energetic and truly Christian character; and such a one was found in the father of Mrs. Stowe.

To aid him, a large corps of professors, learned, and known in each particular department, were selected, and the doctor removed to the college in the immediate neighbourhood of Cincinnati, taking of course with him his family, and amongst them already known for a certain energy and depth

of character, his daughter Harriet at this time twenty years of age.

Cincinnati is situated on the banks of the Ohio, and is a very busy manufacturing and commercial town, containing at present about 125,000 inhabitants but eighteen years ago, at the time of the first settling of the Lane Seminary not quite a third of the number. On a high hill which overhangs the city on the east, Lane Seminary is situated. Near the buildings consisting of lecture rooms, dining hall, &c., are the houses occupied by the principal and the various professors, and immediately surrounding them, are other houses of greater pretensions, occupied by bankers, rich traders, and men who have made their fortune in the city. The little village is called Walnut Hills; and is esteemed one of the very prettiest in the environs of Cincinnati.

"For several years," says one who writes with authority, and upon whose facts reliance can be placed, "Harriet Beecher continued to teach in connection with her sister. She did so until her marriage with the Reverend Calvin E. Stowe, professor of biblical literature, in the seminary of which her father was president."*

Professor Stowe was, at the time of his marriage, well reported as a biblical scholar. He graduated at Bowdoin College, Maine, took his theological degree at Andover, was appointed Professor at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, and went thence to Lane Seminary. After her marriage with this gentleman her life glided on happily enough, with that soft and gentle pleasure, which adds so calm a glow to the lives of the American clergy.

Mrs. Stowe does not appear to be what is called a "notable housewife," that part of wife-duty falling, it would seem, to the lot of a distant relative who has been her constant friend and guest, whilst the gifted authoress has devoted herself to the more genial occupations of educating her children, and of contributing occasional pieces to the newspapers and magazines. What she writes is marked with a highly religious and moral tone; on the production of an imaginative reli-

* Article in a late number of Fraser's Magazine, from which, amongst other sources, we have derived great assistance and information.

work by her brother, the Rev. James Beecher pastor of Newark, Jersey, Mrs. Stowe was selected to write the introduction: we say selected, for out of the nine authors of the family two of them are ladies, and, indeed, Miss Catherine Beecher, her sister, author of "Truth stranger than fiction," and other tales, was, until the publication of "Uncle Tom," esteemed a better writer of the two.

In this portion of the author's life we find the scenes of various tales called "May Flower," and the "Two ways of spending the Sabbath."

At a great work was preparing for Mrs. Stowe, and her experience became more by degrees. She had long meditated upon slavery, and seen for years the horrors. Escaped slaves came to the house of her husband, received shelter and assistance, in some cases their wounds fresh and backs still raw with the lash; helpless children and orphans of these she herself had educated, with orphan children in default of any other. But not alone in this way she gathering material for her work. Running through Walnut Hills within a few feet of the door of the house, is a road which her tale has made known, and the principal use which was somewhat remarkable, none other than the "underground way" alluded to in "Uncle Tom." On the road, certain Quakers and abolitionists of other sects lived, and had made themselves into an association, for the aid of fugitive slaves who were being. It was done thus. One would get out his waggon, clap a fainting and exhausted fugitive in, cover him with straw or hay, and run as quickly as fast horses could to him to the next abolitionist member of the association, who would go through the same process till the land of liberty was reached.

Very often in the dead of the night, the still and early morning, Mrs. Stowe, happily, watching by some sick or bed-ridden, would hear the rattle of the waggons as they hurried past; close upon them the tramp of the falling quickly on the frozen ground gave token that their pursuers were near. It needed little imagination before to clothe such facts as these, merely the pen of truth. Let us follow its tracings,

"Phineas! is that thee?"

"Yes; what news!—they coming?"

"Right on behind, eight or ten of them, hot with brandy, swearing and foaming like so many wolves!"

"And just as he spoke, a breeze brought the faint sound of galloping horsemen towards them."

"In with you—quick, boys in!" said Phineas. "If you must fight, wait till I get you a piece ahead." And, with the word, both jumped in, and Phineas lashed the horses to a run, the horseman keeping close beside them. The waggon rattled, jumped, almost flew, over the frozen ground; but plainer and still plainer, came the noise of pursuing horsemen behind. The women heard it, and, looking anxiously out, saw, far in the rear, on the brow of a distant hill, a party of men looming up against the red-streaked sky of early dawn. Another hill, and their pursuers had evidently caught sight of their waggon, whose white cloth-covered top made it conspicuous at some distance, and a loud yell of brutal triumph came forward on the wind. Eliza sickened and strained her child closer to her bosom; the old woman prayed and groaned, and George and Jim clenched their pistols with the grasp of despair. The pursuers gained on them fast; the carriage made a sudden turn, and brought them near a ledge of a steep overhanging rock, that rose in an isolated ridge or clump in a large lot, which was, all around it, quite clear and smooth. This isolated pile, or range of rocks, rose up black and heavy against the brightening sky, and seemed to promise shelter and concealment. It was a place well known to Phineas, who had been familiar with the spot in his hunting-days; and it was to gain this point he had been racing his horses.*

With the cruelties which drove them to run so hotly for their liberty, she has grown familiar by hearing, either from the slaves themselves or from others, narrations of which she has given no overcharged picture. Taking one day a collecting tour, her brother James Beecher, now engaged in commerce at Boston, met with a prototype of Legree; a brutal slave-owner, whose great argument with his slaves was a blow from his fist, which would fell an ox.

* Uncle Tom's Cabin.

On hearing this James Beecher felt his abolitionist feelings rise, but knowing his powerlessness, merely opened his eyes wider with a horrified gesture. The planter took it for a movement of discredit. "Feel," said he, as a proof of his truthfulness, "feel my fist, its calloused with knocking the niggers heads about," and he stretched forth, said the narrator, "a heavy clenched hand like a blacksmith's hammer."

Not only personally did she witness these, but her husband—also a deeply-interested abolitionist himself—was collecting statistics against the inhuman trade. So that slavery was, in fact, a very hideous incubus on Mrs. Stowe's life, brooding for ever, poisoning with its noxious life the very gospel truths she read, since Christian professors themselves held and sold slaves. And this is the danger we all run—meeting with men who are above us so very much in profession, so much below us in practice. Going to church or meeting, she would hear, perchance, a minister—as did the Rev. J. C. Postell—declare, "1st, That slavery is a judicial visitation; 2nd, That it is not a moral evil; 3rd, That it is supported by the Bible; 4th, That it has existed in all ages."

"It is not a moral evil," said Mr. Postell. "The fact that slavery is of divine appointment, would be proof enough that it cannot be a moral evil. So far from being a moral evil, it is a merciful visitation.—'It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.'"

Or again, she sees the resolution in plain type and paper—how plain those letters will look upon the judgment-day—of the Harmony Presbytery of South Carolina, "that the existence of slavery itself is not opposed to the will of God, and whosoever has a conscience too tender to recognize the relation as lawful, is 'righteous overmuch,' is 'wise above what is written,' and has submitted his neck to the yoke of men, sacrificed his Christian liberty of conscience, and leaves the infallible Word of God for the doctrines and fancies of men."

Truly thinks mild and gentle Mrs. Stowe, as she hears such a sermon, or reads this real paragraph—"The Devil can quote scripture for his purpose." Other paragraphs there are in this same paper, which have a silent, but a searching and biting commentary, on

the reverend gentleman's sermon, and on that Harmonious Presbyterian resolution. As her eye wanders down the advertisements of the organ of the slave-owners, it meets such as these which curiously confirm her in her heretical opinions, and wed her still more closely to "the doctrines and fancies of men:"—

"Ten dollars reward for my woman Siby, very much scarred about the neck and ears by whipping."

"ROBERT NICOLL, MOBILE, ALABAMA."

"Ran away from the plantation of James Surgette, the following negroes: Randal, has one ear cropped; Bob, has lost an eye; Kentucky Tom, has one jaw broken." Mr. Surgette having, it appears, distributed his favours pretty equally. But we will not prolong the brutal extracts. Now and then her eyes swim, and her heart beats more quickly, when she comes upon a trace of some poor original of Uncle Tom:—

"Ran away, a negro named Arthur; has a considerable scar across his breast and each arm, made by a knife; loves much to talk of the goodness of God."

"J. BISHOP, SOUTH CAROLINA."

These little paragraphs, somehow or other, disturb any nascent belief in Harriet Stowe's breast, in the doctrine of the Rev. J. C. Postell, as to slavery being "a merciful visitation." Disturbed somewhat by such readings, she will perhaps seek to take a walk, and, putting on her bonnet, takes one of her children with her, very likely to make, at the same time, some benevolent visit in Walnut Hills. The sun is hot and glaring, and the logs of wood on the underground railway, on which the waggon of the escaping slaves bounces, and jerks, and rattles so at night, have had the mud baked on them, till it has cracked and partially peeled off in the heat. But even at this time there is a slow, laborious bumping on the logs still heard, and, raising her parasol to see whence it comes, her eyes encounter some such a sight as this:—

"First, a little cart drawn by one horse, in which five or six half-naked black children were tumbled like pigs together. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck, and breasts uncovered, and without shoes or stockings. Next, three men, bareheaded, half-naked, and chained together with an ox-chain. Last of

all, a white man on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as he passes, has the impudence to look at them without blushing. At the house they stop at, they learn that he had bought these miserable beings in Maryland, and was marching them in this manner, to some of the more southern states." *

Truly our authoress cannot quite conform to the slave-owners' doctrines, and so, that in 1833, when the Abolition Society met at Philadelphia, and sent forth its reports to every part of America, which set on foot an agitation which has convulsed, and will convulse, America for years, it found a ready disciple in Mrs. Stowe, and, in fact, in the whole of the inhabitants of Lane Seminary.

Mr. Arthur Tappan, who was the president of the Abolitionist Convention, was at the same time one of the most honoured patrons and liberal donors of Lane Seminary, and as such, forwarded the addresses of the Convention to its principals. The young men, ardent and enthusiastic, and under such humane teachers as Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe, soon caught the abolitionist fever. They had been instructed with the idea of going on foreign missions, and of Christianizing the heathen. They found that at home—nay, in their own immediate neighbourhood, there was a still darker heathenism—a worse than Egyptian blackness.

Their sensibility grew rapidly into enthusiasm. Some amongst them, who were slave-owners," says a credible author, gave liberty to their slaves. Others collected the coloured population of Cincinnati, and preached to them. Some formed Sunday and evening schools, every one felt interested, and acted again to quote our authority, 'as if the abolition of slavery depended upon his individual exertions.' "

To keep this fire still alight, and to prevent such enthusiasm from falling down to a dull and formal protest, there needed some antagonism, and it was soon found. The traders of Cincinnati took the alarm, and, as interest was their tender point, feared for the loss of their southern trade. Throughout the whole of the northern states,

the same feelings raged, with little less excitement. In Boston, the abolitionists' houses and stores were burnt, and one gentleman was hurried with a rope round his neck to be hanged, and only saved from that fate by the interposition of the authorities. In New York, the anti-abolitionists pulled down the houses, and burned an African church. When brought before the magistracy, the feeling of the court and judges was in favour of the rioters, and in most instances they were acquitted. Negro school houses were razed to the ground; now and then came an armed attack on the negro quarters, or the office of the abolitionist press, which would be broken into, the presses broken, and the type scattered. Even woman was warred against. A Miss Prudence Crandall, somewhere in Connecticut, had set up a school, to which she admitted coloured children on terms of equality with her white pupils, in itself not so alarming a matter, but a number of the most pious and distinguished gentlemen of her state and neighbourhood, including a judge of the United States court, took an early opportunity to break up her school, and to send her out of the town. The excitement prevailed everywhere, with about equal violence, as the following quoted from an eye-witness, will testify:—

"From New York I passed on to Philadelphia, and thence to Washington. In every village and town on my way I heard the same execrations vented against the abolitionists, with accounts of new riots, in which they had suffered, or new attempts to subject them to more legal punishments. There seemed to be a general conspiracy against freedom of speech and freedom of the press. A learned judge of Massachusetts, after severely denouncing the abolitionists as incendiaries, proposed to have them indicted at common law as guilty of sedition, if not of treason. The accomplished governor of the same state said ditto to the judge, and added fresh denunciations of his own. Almost the only person in New England of any note, as I understand, who ventured to withstand the popular clamour, or to drop a word of apology for those unfortunate abolitionists, was Dr. Channing, whose writings have made him well known wherever the English language is read; but whose refusal, on this occasion, to

* "Paulding's Letters from the South."

to become, by silence, a participator in the outrages going on around him, had very nearly destroyed, at least for the time, his weight and influence at home."

So that from a little, and at first insignificant body of men, aided by the printing-press, such great consequences had arisen. Small tracts and papers from their press had made slavery the *question du jour*. It was these tracts that had thrown the whole south—planters, politicians, merchants, lawyers, divines, into an agony of terror, a terror with which even the people of the north so far sympathized, as to be ready to trample under foot, for the extinction of these horrible innovations, every safeguard of liberty hitherto esteemed the most sacred. Free speaking and free writing were not to be any longer tolerated. Throughout the United States, so far as related to the subject of slavery, they were to be suppressed by mob violence.

Cincinnati itself had borne, as we have said, a very prominent part in favour of abolition, but the discussion was felt to be dangerous, and though once encouraged by the President of Lane Seminary, he at last felt it incumbent on him to endeavour to put a stop to it. It was too late. The discussion still continued, and the anti-abolitionists increased in number and in violence. Slave owners came over from Kentucky, and urged on the mob to violence, and for some time there was a danger of Lane Seminary, and the houses of Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe, being burned or pulled down. At last the Board of Trustees interfered, and abolitionist discussions were strictly forbidden. To this necessary rule, the students gave a singularly laconic reply, by withdrawing *en masse*. The seminary was deserted, or but a handful of pupils left. The great object of the lives of Professor Stowe and Dr. Beecher entirely overthrown. For several years afterwards these faithful teachers still remained, endeavouring to raise the fallen academy, and to bring back some little of its prosperity; but in 1850, Dr. Beecher retired, and Professor Stowe gave up the fruitless attempt, and accepted the chair of Biblical Literature in the theological seminary at Andover, Massachusetts—"an institution which stands," says a contemporary, "to say the least, as high as any in the United States."

We have now seen that, by period, Mrs. Stowe must have been fully aware of the workings of slavery, and must have known from her maternal feelings how slave-masters felt, when their offspring was from them. She had lost child herself, and in the true spirit of

"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere"

she had gifted the oppressed slave feelings as poignant as her own. was right. Those who have of late cried her book, have presumed that negro's affection is unnaturally blind and that a finer education educates feelings, which, in less civilized nations not exist. Such reasoning is dangerous and false. Relying upon nothing great was ever done. A upon a knowledge to the exact contrary, by appealing to the finer feelings of the *mobile vulgus*, Cicero succumbed and Caesar, addressing the mob touching to the quick that sense, otherwise brutal and revolted, so quells a tumult with two words—*quiritibus*." It is useless to multiply examples: the universal voice has applauded, not condemned; and coming years will endorse in bold characters the opinion of to-day.

Arrived at this point; this 1850 most remarkable portion of the life of the authoress is reached. Here she had revolted at the cruelties she witnessed; and expression was denied her. She had a plain tale to tell—one of suffering and endurance and she told it. The very modesty and quietness of the appeal gave redoubled force; the mute look of the mendicant has more power than the urgent voice; the veiled face of the memnon bespeaks grief more than the falling tear.

So that, when in that year, enough, and preparing for the clearing of the world, the simple character of a simple tale first appeared in "Washington National Era," were ready ears to listen, and were willing to mark its teachings. A successive number added to its strength and fame; but at first that fame came but slowly. It is always so; and quite a mistake to suppose that the work of genius ever bursts suddenly upon the eye. They calculate the appearance of comets now-a-days give shrewd surmises upon the

riers planet. When the weekly issue in the columns of the paper were at an end, there was, however an universal call for its re-appearance before the curtain. And it came. Then came the shout of applause, the clapping of hands, the rising in the pit, the tears, cheers, laughter, and wild excitement; and the book was made. Critics absolutely seem to have lost themselves in reviewing it as much as the ordinary readers. They pronounced it at once "the story of the age," and one declares "that a hundred thousand families were either every day bathed in tears, or moved to laughter by the work."

Such eulogies strike our English ears as peculiarly American and vulgar; and they, moreover, by their extravagance, injure the book. We naturally suspect those wares which are too extravagantly cried up. We fancy the chapman has some extra per centage for being so voluble. The Quarterlies, we know, cannot afford so much praise, and we know also that certain country papers, happily not the whole, keep certain praiseful paragraphs in type, ready upon emergency for any work whatever. So hereon people grew suspicious, but "Uncle Tom's Cabin" stood the storm, and increased in fame, even under such friends; but these puffs excited the hostility of some of the better portion of the press; the writers of which were annoyed in the same way that Hazlitt was by the perpetual talk upon the "Pickwick Club." Even now, when the "row" is subsiding, we can point to more than one literary man of high standing and known ability, who had not read the book, having, by the means we have enumerated, conceived a prejudice against it.

The insinuations of the "Times," and other papers, against "Uncle Tom's Cabin," appear to us to bear an almost interested aspect. There is very little doubt but that the purest motives in the world, were they propounded openly, would find some to deny and impugn them. If the philosophic Pliny could have believed, and have transmitted to us, accusations of so deep a dye against the earlier Christians; if their meetings for the purpose of celebrating our Lord's supper, could be reported to be but a licentious assemblage, for the indulgence of the worst passions which disfigure huma-

nity, how shall we wonder that in our own time we find men too ready to deny what is good, and to credit what is evil in humanity?

Besides this, there is a very great feeling in literary men against the too near approach of what is called evangelical religion. The celebrated John Foster has, in his Essays, noticed this. It has, for instance, a language peculiarly its own. Classical quotation, Dr. Johnson has told us, is the *parole* of literary men, and it is true; no less true is it that biblical quotations and biblical phrases are the *parole* of the lower classes of deep and earnest religionists, and just as much at this time as they were in the time of Cromwell and the elder Puritans. They have no other literature than the sacred pages of the Bible. Their mind has nothing to obliterate its deep and earnest teachings, and the very sympathy they feel with the trials of St. Paul, and the deep contrition of David gives them in the time of their trouble, a language which clothes their ideas in an eastern imagery, which is unsuited to the nature or idiom of our colder tongue. To them no teacher has said:—

"*I nunc et versus, tecum meditare canoros.*"

in bitter allusion to the nonsense of the schools; for them Homer, even as a translation, is a sealed book; nor are they acquainted with the polished sarcasms of Pope, or the glittering heartlessness of Chesterfield or Rochefoucauld. Consequently their language becomes, as we have said, essentially biblical. The hypocrite observes this, and, seeking no further, he adopts this language as a cloak to his villainy, nay, he is so much the more earnest, voluble, and fluent, in such a tongue, in exactly the inverse ratio of his want of real belief and godliness.

Hence such language has become hateful to the world, and those who use it are for the most part condemned at once as hypocrites and knaves; and this is almost enough to excite a feeling of opposition against a work which contains a hero who is a type of the puritanism of which we have spoken. Taking this into consideration, we shall at once see how it is that the chief character of her book has been pronounced "too good," and overdrawn. There is yet another reason.

Great Britain, as a nation of traders, has an immense interest in a perfect peace with America; and when it is known that that republic is our best customer, the simplest intellect will understand why it would be unwise to irritate her. A great part of this trade is confined to the slave-holding states, and in exchange for negro-grown cotton, sugar, and rice; textile and hardware manufactures are sent out in great quantities. Abolish slavery, and for a time at least the supply ceases, and probably the relations of the two nations would become entangled. The "Times," ever far-sighted, saw this, and it is possible that in this way the views of the writer were biassed. Consequently Mrs. Stowe's work was pronounced to be 'extremely exaggerated and mischievous. In her last new preface she has met these general accusations, and, as it is new to the reader, and an answer from the author herself, we print it here:—

"That great mystery which all Christian nations hold in common—the union of God with man, through the humanity of Jesus Christ—invests human existence with an awful sacredness; and in the eye of the true believer in Jesus, he who tramples on the rights of his meanest fellow-man is not only inhuman, but sacrilegious; and the worst form of this sacrilege is the institution of *slavery*.

"It has been said that the representations of this book are exaggerations. Would that this were true!—would this book were indeed a fiction, and not a close-wrought mosaic of fact! But that it is *not* a fiction, the proofs lie bleeding in thousands of hearts—they have been attested by responding voices from almost every slave state, and from slave-owners themselves, with express reference to the representations of this book. If more is wanting, we can point the whole civilised world to the written published slave-code of the southern states, where may be seen a calm, clear, legal crystallization and arrangement of every enormity and every injustice which despotic power can inflict on the soul and body of a fellow-man. Let any man read the *laws*, and he will never doubt the *results*.

"Since so it is, thanks be to God that this mighty cry, this wail of an unutterable anguish, has at last been heard!

"It has been said that the slave-population of America is a degraded race, utterly unprepared for and incapable of freedom, and that such characters as are described in this book are not to be found among them. Whatever may be true of the pure African race, it is a fact that the majority of the slave-population of America are a mixed race, in whose veins is circulating the blood of their oppressors; and characters such as that of George Harris and Eliza are not unfrequently found among them. Lest the character of Uncle Tom be considered merely a creation, with no type in reality, the author places beside it the following description of a favourite slave, from the published will of Judge Upshur, late Secretary of State, under the administration of President Tyler:—

"I hereby emancipate and set free my servant, David Rice, and direct my executors to give him one hundred dollars. I recommend him, in the strongest manner, to the respect, esteem, and confidence, of any community in which he may happen to live. He has been my slave for twenty-four years, during all which time he has been trusted to every extent and in every respect. My confidence in him has been unbounded; his relations to myself and family have always been such as to afford him daily opportunities to deceive and injure us, and yet he has never been detected in any serious fault, or even in an unintentional breach of the decorum of his station. His intelligence is of a high order—his sense of right and propriety correct, and even refined. I feel that he is justly entitled to carry this certificate from me in the new relations which he must now form; it is due to his long and most faithful services, and to the sincere and steady friendship which I bear him; in the uninterrupted and confidential intercourse of twenty-four years, I have never given nor had occasion to give him one unpleasant word. I know no man who has fewer faults or more excellences than he."

"Such a character, of course, is not common, either in fiction or fact; but so much of degradation, obloquy, and of enforced vice, has been heaped upon the head of the unhappy African, that he is in justice entitled to the very fairest representation which may consist with probability and fact."

"It is not in utter despair, but in solemn hope and assurance, that the friends of freedom may regard the struggle that now convulses America. It is the outcry of the demon of slavery, which has heard the voice of a coming Jesus, and is rending the noble form from which at last he will bid it depart.

"It cannot be that so monstrous a solecism can long exist in the bosom of a nation which in all other respects is the best exponent of the principles of universal brotherhood. In America, the Frenchman, the German, the Italian, the Hungarian, the Swede, and the Celt, all mingle on terms of fraternity and equal right. All nations there display their characteristic excellence, and are admitted by her liberal laws to equal privileges; everything there is tending to liberalize, humanize, and elevate; and for that very reason it is that the contest with slavery there grows every year more terrible. The stream of human progress, widening, deepening, strengthening, from the confluent forces of all nations, meets this barrier, behind which is concentrated the ignorance, oppression, and cruelty of the dark ages: it roars and foams, now at its base, but every year it has been steadily rising, till at last, with a rush like Niagara, it will sweep the barrier away.

"In its commencement, slavery overspread every state in the union. The progress of society has already emancipated a majority of the states from its yoke. In Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and Maryland, at different times, strong movements have been made for emancipation, movements enforced by a comparison of the progressive march of the free states, with the poverty and sterility induced by a system which in a few years exhausts the resources of the soil without the power of renewal. The time cannot be distant when these states must emancipate for self-preservation: and if no new slave territory be added, the increase of slave population will enforce measures of emancipation in the remainder.

"Here, then, is the point of the battle. Unless new slave territory is gained, slavery dies—if it is gained, it lives. Around this point political parties fight and manoeuvre, and every year the battle waxes hotter.

"The internal struggles of no other nation in the world can be so interesting to Europeans as those of America; for America is fast filling up from Europe, and every European who lands on her shores has almost immediately his vote in her councils.

"If, therefore, the oppressed of other nations desire to find in America an asylum of permanent freedom, let them come prepared, heart, hand, and vote, against the institution of slavery, for they who enslave others cannot long themselves remain free. True are the great living words of Kossuth—

"No nation can remain free with whom freedom is a privilege and not a principle."

Owing to the still unsettled state of the copyright question, certain London booksellers have a kind of advanced guard established who are on the watch for novelties of value in the book way published on the other side of the water, which are then sent off, (posted wet from the press) and make their appearance over here as a new book, by which pleasant and equitable arrangement, the author gets nothing for his copyright, and the "enterprising publisher" is entirely secured from loss by undertaking only the works of such authors as have undergone the ordeal of publication and approval before another and critical public. It is but fair to state, and we do it in order to prevent our booksellers from getting all the praise due to this generous act, that the Americans were the first to begin, and are those mostly benefited, by such arrangements. Our Quarterlies and best magazines are reprinted by the Harpers (we were about to write *harpies*), as well as the works of our best authors.

Under such existing circumstances, we find it stated in an extraordinary advertisement, of an inflated nature, that Mr. Bogue, of Fleet Street, got the first copy of "Uncle Tom," which went the round of the trade without any purchaser. The reader will probably recollect that "Robinson Crusoe" did the same. "At last," says our authority, "a very reputable printer got hold of it, and sat up half the night reading it; then woke up his wife, who read it too, and was moved to tears thereby, whereon the printer, like Moliere, who judged of his comedies by the effect they had upon

his old nurse, declared it was good, and forthwith published it.

Let not the reader think such anecdotes puerile. Boswell, (or Mrs. Thrale) have carefully packed up, and sent down to posterity the epitaph of the nine years old Johnson on,

"Good Master Duck,
That Samuel Johnson trod on
If he had lived and had been good luck,
For then we'd had an odd 'un."

And some may be curious to know upon how slender a thread, the popularity of a very famous novel depended.

But however veracious the advertisement may have been, certain it is, that the book lay comparatively still for nearly five months, and then the editions multiplied as fast as night-worked compositors and steam-power could make them. We are afraid to say how many there have been. They are of all prices from sixpence to ten and sixpence already, and one is advertised at a guinea. Looked at in a merely utilitarian point of view, the labour and employment, which that single production of a single mind, has created has been immense. The families of printers, type-founders, paper-makers, binders and artists have reason to thank it.

But we cannot go into the history of editions, printed in type as fine as Elzevirs, or as ragged as that of Catnach, with the book we have to do as an emanation from Mrs. Stowe, and as the central point of interest in her biography. The "Times" was astonished at the popularity of the work, and thought it worthy of a critique.

Now the critic or critics of the "Times" have peculiar minds. No one scarcely ever agrees with them, they are not generally clever, but from their position they have a certain weight, and they produce "reverberated thunder" elsewhere. The position that the critic took, in this instance, was a guarded one. The recent Fishery dispute had made the English fear a disturbance of peace between America and England, and the "Times" wrote, therefore, on the safe side of the question. It carried with it the quietists of the country.

"That she will convince the world of the purity of her own motives, and of the hatefulness of the sin she denounces is equally clear; but that she will help in

the slightest degree towards the removal of the gigantic evil that her soul, is a point upon which we express the greatest doubt; no matter upon which, unfortunately we have very little doubt at all, inasmuch as we are certain, that the very way to rivet the fetters of slavery these critical times, is to direct all slaveholders in America, the brio and indignation which works as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' as to excite. . . . The gravest fault book has, however, to be mentioned. Its object is to abolish slavery; effect will be to render slavery difficult than ever of abolition. Its very popularity constitutes its greatest difficulty. It will keep ill-humoured boiling point, and irritate instead of pacifying those, whose proceeding Stowe is anxious to influence on of humanity." The review continues in the following words, "Liberals similar spots on the earth's surface proffer aid to the South, which will be rejected with safety. That it may be accepted with alacrity and heart, let us have no more 'Uncle Tom's Cabins' engendering and keeping up bad blood, and rendering well-disposed, humane, but crippled men their own enemies, and stumbling-blocks to civilization, and the spread of glad tidings from heaven."

So that to reason by analogy is unwise to convince any one of the fulness of sin! lest he should conclude in the "gigantic evil;" nay, "bad blood" being engendered by preaching, go on to worse sins, rivet the fetters of those which hold him. If so, farewell to the ministry, and welcome the *Laissez-faire* system of opposing and denouncing nothing!

The critique, which was considerably softened down by another, on a balance an opposite tendency, is not answering, except in one point. It alludes to the attack upon the character of "Uncle Tom" himself, who appears to have been universally declared "too good." We who never hear the black bishops of Carthage in the early ages of the church, seem surprised to find a negro drawn as a pious Christian, and seem to think it a personal affair, that "Uncle Tom" should be so much better than we ourselves to be. But this, which

take to be her gravest fault, the present writer takes to be her highest merit. She has brought home really evangelical and purely Christian religion to the common vulgar life of slaves, not to degrade but to adorn it. She has been no writer of a penny religious tract, which grows offensive in its morality, and whines in its every appeal to the Deity; but by the force of her genius, she has made the religion which does not choose many noble, or many great, or many wise, but chiefly the ignorant, the humble, and the meek, acceptable to the man of cultivated taste, and of classical learning. She does not only show us Tom a true convert to Christianity, whilst the elegant and refined St. Clair is yet ignorant of its comfort; but she shows us little Eva, the child, a minister unto her father, wise beyond his wisdom, learned in that lore which "to the Greeks was foolishness."

And for this she is condemned. Ah, brother reader, who shall set a bound to the mercy of our common Father? who shall know what wisdom and what thought is clothed in the rugged brow of the porter who carries your trunk, or the beggar who may sweep your crossing? Do not let you and I imagine we alone are wise. Great knowledge we may have, no doubt, and the weariness, which a wise king declared to come from many books, but knowledge alone is acquired, wisdom comes from God. If we believe that the black Adherbal "exsul patriâ, domo, solus et omnium honestarum rerum egens," nearly breaks his heart at Jugurtha's cruelty,* why not credit that the black Uncle Tom has also feelings. If we view naturally, and almost poetically, Touissant L'Ouverture pining in that mountain prison, and dying of a broken heart, away from his beloved family, treacherously imprisoned, after having freed his country, and by his government and laws, given proofs of the highest intellect, why should we deny the same faculties of endurance and affection to Uncle Tom, the field-hand of a Yankee planter? Let us beware how we judge of others as too good; the coward has an innate disbelief in bravery, the thief in honesty.

In regard to the pathos of the work,

few who have read it, more especially the death of Eva, or the part, where Aunt Chloe finds out the death of her husband, can for a moment dispute it; it is as perfect as that of Dickens or Thackeray, and as complete as that of Sterne, without the French tinge of sentiment; whilst the humour and wit have much of that complete and English air which Fielding possesses. The work itself is English in its nature, and we take it as a high compliment, that the author's tendencies are towards the English. Thackeray will not allow Swift, Irish born, to be an Irishman; "he had," he says, "nothing of the Irishman in him." So with Mrs. Stowe, the reader of delicate perception will find no Americanism, in the spirit of the book, although its scenes and characters are of the young republic. But as the reader has already been saturated, ere this, with critique, remark, discussion on, song from, and review upon, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we will mercifully spare him, and return to its author.

Since "Uncle Tom" she has written little, or at least no work of note. She has, however, a work in preparation, which will no doubt realise a large price, she having been offered, and having refused, the sum of ten thousand dollars for the copyright of her celebrated work.

In appearance Mrs. Stowe is described as being of the middle size, is lady-like and prepossessing, decidedly not handsome, the mouth large but expressive, the eyes deep and full of thought and feeling. "These eyes," says an authority, "are of blueish grey, and have an expression of intelligence and wit, which lights them up, and fairly sparkles in them." She has been the mother of a numerous progeny, five of whom are still living. To raise an earnest and deep feeling, which should, perhaps at once and proximately, or perhaps remotely, lead to the abolition of slavery, a deep and earnest soul was needed, which should know and feel the miseries it denounced. In the subject of this biography, such an one has been found, abundantly gifted with those qualities. Living for seventeen years in the midst of these cruelties, she has arisen and denounced them in a voice which rings through Christendom, and yet in no bitter or vengeful spirit, for it is not

* Sallustii Jugurtha xiv.

the least of Mrs. Stowe's merits that, whilst she has endeavoured to give freedom to the slave, she has at the same time brought pure and holy religion, and true Christianity to the

hearts of thousands of her readers who will have abundant cause to bless the day when they took up—perhaps for idle amusement—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

SAMUEL HOPKINS,

THE EARLIEST ABOLITIONIST.

ALL the men who are capable of greatness do not achieve it. Not even all those who are both capable and worthy. Sometimes they devote themselves to the object of the hour, to some war of politics or controversy in theology, and, forgetting the future, ensure that the future shall forget them. Sometimes they see in the small circle of their daily life, things which must be done, if done at all, by earnest, patient men; and they do them, preferring duty to fame. Sometimes, but more seldom, they never find their places in the world, and, missionless and purposeless, wander on their weary way through that existence of which the end is the only thing certain.

"Who knows the name of Samuel Hopkins now? Whose eyes light up, whose heart beats faster, whose blood courses on with a warmer glow, when they read that homely designation? There are names such as are usually found in the pages of biographies, which, allied as they are to the world's history, cause the mind to teem with high associations; but Samuel Hopkins! Who is he? where did he live? what did he do? What acts of his give him a claim to the memory of the world?"

The birth-place of Samuel Hopkins was Wateringbury, in Connecticut; the year, 1721. He appears—for the details on this head seem somewhat scanty—to have been born in the middle class of life, and of religious parents, who looked to placing their son in the ministry as the highest point of their ambition. His special training began in 1736, under the inspection of a neighbouring clergyman. In 1737 he went to college and pursued the ordinary routine of study. Shortly after this time Whitefield, Edwards, and Tennant went through the country, preaching their peculiar doc-

trines in a style which commanded attention. A hearing once gained, they took hold of the strongest minds, and impressed them with a conviction that there must be a revolution in forms of faith. They drew powerful distinctions between doctrinal and vital Christianity. They argued that there must be works, and not a mere barren belief.

Hopkins was now a young man. He was one of those natures which are more truthful than intellectual. His mind was firm rather than pliant. Hard to move, but when moved not soon stayed. More gifted with steadiness and perseverance than activity; and yielding to principle more easily than impulse. A mind of the true old Teutonic mould—sluggish, except under the influence of strong motives; lying little upon the surface, and requiring to be stirred in its depths by some deep-reaching force.

In 1740, the celebrated Whitefield visited the college at New Haven, and preached there. The stagnant water began to move. Whitefield did not in most minds produce conviction. In many he engendered opposition; but he awoke inquiry, and introduced doubt. The most conservative were compelled to destroy before they could rebuild. The next spring, Gilbert Tennant, the New Jersey revivalist, followed Whitefield. If not so subtle he was more energetic, impressive, and powerful; and he produced a greater effect. Men began to rouse themselves as though from a long sleep. They began to feel that knowledge was only one of the qualities required for the vocation of the preacher. Those who had looked to the ministry as a comfortable position, bringing at once respectability and subsistence, saw that to minister truly required patient pains-taking charity; that it was a labour in which they must never wear

and that earnest men, if they would perform it, must sacrifice self in untiring devotion. These reflections glanced into the mind of Samuel Hopkins—that mind which afterwards proved so devoted and bold; and it wavered beneath their force. It was at this time that David Brainard, who was a member of the college, seeing probably the contest that was going on in the heart of the young student, spoke to him plainly and forcibly, and convinced him that he had yet to learn what was the true spirit of Christianity.

Distinct and different as the web of life is in each religious man, as well as in all others, there is always one thread which is woven into it. Of whatever form or phase of creed a man may be, he passes through no easy or pleasant period of life when he changes his faith.

In this state, Samuel Hopkins was now tossed about like a helmless bark upon a raging sea;—and he paints the same old life-picture of agony as his fellows—a picture with dim outlines and faint colours, as though the veil of the eternal mystery were drawn across it—obscure to the senses, but telling upon the imagination with all the force of half concealment. In this condition—as all those of soft and tender natures will—he yearned for a guide through the valley of the shadow. Following Tennant, there came to New Haven the elder Edwards—one of the most powerful theologians America ever produced—and on his strength Hopkins resolved to rely for aid. So, forsaking college and leaving his father's house, he set out on horseback to traverse the eighty miles to Northampton, where Edwards resided. When he arrived the Puritan philosopher was from home; but he had a wife who, to a large share of his intellect, added that softness and tenderness of devotion which is so peculiarly and distinctively the property of woman. She seeing the disturbed state of the young truth-seeker, encouraged him to remain, and soled his gloom and led him on to more cheerful views.

In due time Edwards returned, and for some months the disciple remained under his chosen master, and was then ordained to the university. His first appointment was at Great Barrington (then called Sheffield), in the western portion of the State of Massachusetts.

This was in the year 1743. The scene of his labours was at some distance from the residence of Edwards; and the parting was a sore trial to both of them: but in 1750 Edwards went to Stockbridge, as a missionary to the Indians; and until 1758 they were again in close and constant communication. Then Edwards was again removed to Princetown, and his death, which Hopkins mentions as one of the severest afflictions he ever had, soon after took place.

At Sheffield he remained for sixteen years, and then went to Newport, the second town in point of importance in New England, and in 1770 he became the minister of the first Congregational church founded there. The Congregationalists, it may be remarked, have produced some of the most energetic and able advocates of the abolition of negro slavery; and it is to that sect Mrs. Beecher Stowe and her family belong. Newport was then the great slave-mart of the Northern States of America; and here a new experience came before Hopkins. He had seen slavery as an institution—had been familiar with it from his birth; he had even shared in it himself by owning a slave at New Barrington, and selling him when he left that place; but he had never thought of the origin of the system or of its rightfulness. Here he was brought into contact with it in its very beginning, and in its most fearful form. The sailors who manned the ships talked freely—boastfully, perhaps, of the process of slave-catching. They joked over the horrors of the passages—the crammed hold, out of which day by day black corpses, bearing the marks of suffocation, were dragged—the fever amid the crowd—the dead and dying together, and no escape for the healthy—the baffling calms of the tropics, the scarcity of water, and the pent-up wretches under the burning sky parched to madness, and flung overboard to end their torments. All this Hopkins heard; and time after time he saw the captured slaves emerge from the ship, woe-begone, emaciated skeletons. All this Hopkins saw. A new view of slavery was opened up, before which his heart sank, his spirit faltered, and his soul shrank terror-stricken. What an institution, he thought, for a free country.

From the cruelty to the wrongful-

ness of the practice was but a short step. Could it be right, this outrage on the affections—this buying and selling of human life—this bartering of God's creatures. Brain and heart answered, "No, it is a foul crime against humanity—a dread sin against the faith of the Cross!"

What was he to do? He asked that of his soul—and we must now recall the time and the circumstances in which that one man—a poor man too—put to his inner self that solemn query. There was no movement against slavery. His was one of the first hearts into which the solemn voice had come, denouncing it. The command which he felt to wash his hands of it, sounded as hard as that olden injunction, "If thy right eye offend thee, put it out." The cry of, "Freedom for the slave!" had not yet gone forth. It pealed through him; but where was he to find a responsive echo—where rouse one? In England, there was as yet no movement. In all Christendom, there was no pity for negro suffering and wrong. In all America, the institution was established. He was alone—a weak man before a gigantic evil—face to face with a foe out of all comparison with his apparent strength. Nay more, his own friends were slave-traffickers, so were his own congregation; slave-trading was the commerce of the place—the foundation and the support of its wealth and prosperity. To do his duty, he, isolated as he was, must stand up against all this. Well might he hesitate before the magnitude of the attempt and its dangers. Well might that question, What was he to do? echo through his heart, awaking among its fears solemn thoughts. It was for Hopkins—a life question, and, what was more, he felt it to be so.

Aye, what *was* he to do? In that self-asked question he had raised a spirit which would not be laid. How was he to answer it?

He was to answer it as he ought to answer it—as he did answer it. He had made up his mind that slavery was cruel, wrong, antichristian; and as a Christian man, above all as a Christian minister, he felt not only that he could not countenance it, but was bound to denounce it. He thought long and anxiously over the best course to pursue, and at length he resolved

upon preparing a sermon upon subject. Over that sermon many days and nights were spent at length it was ready. The same: the minister stood face with his flock. Hopkins feared now. The sense of danger not enter his mind. The great which possessed it left no space for smaller or meaner ones. He ready to sacrifice not only his position, his congregation, his church—but himself, so that he might once, only bear testimony against a vast appalling wrong. The sermon and went on, and the preacher searching eyes watched the face of the congregation. He had taken not to say bitter things, in bitter to men, for the first time to be as to a true sense of their own acts spoke "more in sorrow than in anger." He did not strive for eloquence though high truth, unadded to needs, "like perfect music joined noble words," have been eloquence. He did not raise any subtle theological point, but, taking his own doctrine of the sect he founded which has since perished, he insisted that the essence of Christianity consisted in unselfish, disinterested volence, totally inconsistent with an act of reducing human beings to the condition of slaves, and utterly opposed to the cruelties with which slave-trading was accompanied.

Apart from its success or failure, that sermon was one of the finest efforts of moral heroism performed in the world. It was a grand act, bearing all the marks of devotion, all the chivalry of sacrifice. What a lesson to the thousands of men who, filling American pulpits to-day, tolerate, defend, slavery, try to reconcile it with Christianity, for fear of losing their influence. If they were really followers of Christ—truly ministers of his—they know no distinction between bond and free; and if, like Samuel Hopkins, they had the manliness, the truthfulness, the courage, to take the right side, they could not endure for a year.

The congregation did not show indignation. Their first emotion was that of surprise, when they heard which they had till then never dreamed of anything but a righteous, traffic attacked. But as the pre-

with his subject, and gave force to his words, deep at first aroused, and then serious thought. They had a them—those old puritans. And that earnest, down-right which is now so scarce in the world. They had strong energies and a faith, which made them firm, or obstinate, when they were either for good or evil. Among them there was not much of wit or wit; but when they thought or their hearts went with their hands. Many a rich merchant sent his ships to the African—many a wealthy trader, bought slaves by droves, went day from that old Newport with down-cast eyes, and sad and chastened step; and if he sold slaves the next day, and some inward misgivings—stings of conscience, as the old sermon rang in his ears. An American writer has said eloquently and truly, "It well may be whether, on that sabbath day, as of God, in their wide survey of the universe, looked down upon a spectacle than that of the minis-ter of Newport, rising up before his listening congregation, and de-claiming in the name of the Highest, the vengeance of the captive, and the closing of the prison-doors to those who were bound!"

His expression once produced, Hopkins did not the man to let it remain unimproved. Again and again he turned to the attack. He addressed his congregation on behalf of the oppressed, to put an end to the occasion much of suffering; he exhorted them, for their own sakes, to look from that wrong which they found in greater wrong and to retribution—to abandon the course which, through the degradation of others, led down step by step to their own degradation; and he exhorted them, in the name of that God whose minister he was, to come among those who showered upon his creatures. A congregation which could subdue their self-interest such words as these would do more—to heed them; and Hopkins had at last the proud—a glory greater than the triumphs around king's brows—of

carrying with him his church, the members of which passed a notable resolution. Notable, we say, as being the work of one man standing alone and uplifting his voice for "God and the right;" notable as being passed by a body of slaveholders; notable withal as being the first, the key-note of that eternal protest which, sounded in heaven by the hand of divinity, will never cease to echo on earth in human hearts against men being sold by man into bondage.

Here it is:—

"Resolved, That the slave trade and the slavery of the Africans, as it has existed among us, is a gross violation of the righteousness and benevolence which are so much inculcated in the Gospel, and *therefore we will not tolerate it in this church.*"

There spoke out the true God-fearing, man-defying, wealth-deserting, conscience-loving old puritan spirit. That spirit which, in old times, would not submit to be tolerated; which sent men away from house, kindred, and civilization, across the Atlantic, when the ocean was a path of danger; which led them to a desert shore tenanted by savages. Brave old spirit, that which the world would be better for now! Plain enough indeed, "We will not tolerate it." Grammatically considered, somewhat deficient, those bold words of Samuel Hopkins and his puritan church members, but, morally considered, how all-sufficient! What a visible, distinct, line of demarcation it draws between the men who had consciences worth saving for eternity and those who had none of more value than money-bags.

A noble sight it must have been the church meeting at which that resolution was put and carried; a noteworthy debate that as any in "Hansard," but unreported withal. A grand assembly, too, those great-headed, broad-browed, square-faced, strongly-marked elders, with their priest chairman. A few speeches, grave, short, slow, with ponderous words and quaint antique phrases, and then the decision. They did not waste words when their minds were made up, but acted out their thoughts in deeds. Slavery may endure for years; it may sink yet deeper into the corruption of the hot south; it may, if that be possible, aggravate its horrors; but its end is

but a question of time, for that decision, pronounced upon earth and ratified in heaven, sealed its ultimate doom.

Samuel Hopkins did not rest content with that resolution, nor confine his exertions to his own church or locality. He sought out men, both in his own country and in Europe, who held opinions similar to his own, and with them kept up an active correspondence. Among his fellow clergymen too he was unwearied, and he had a practical mode of proceeding well illustrated by the following anecdote, told by an American biographer. Among his clerical friends was one Doctor Bellamy, who had a slave. To him went our abolitionist, and told him of the sin of slave-holding. Dr. Bellamy replied, justifying it by custom, by Bible quotations, and finally, when driven from those points, by the plea that the man was so faithful and attached that he did not want to be free. That brought the argument to a point where theory ceased and fact became possible, and Hopkins seized the turning point.

"Will you," said Hopkins, "consent to his liberation, if he really desires it?"

"Yes, certainly," said Dr. Bellamy.

"Then let us have him up," said his guest.

The slave was at work in an adjoining field, and, at the call of his master, came promptly to receive his commands.

"Have you a good master?" inquired Hopkins.

"O, yes, massa; he berry good."

"But are you happy in your present condition?" queried the Doctor.

"O, yes, massa; berry happy."

Dr. Bellamy here could hardly suppress his exultation at what he supposed was a complete triumph over his anti-slavery brother. But the pertinacious guest continued his queries.

"Would you not be more happy if you were free?"

"O, yes, massa," exclaimed the negro, his dark face glowing with new life; "berry much more happy!"

To the honour of Dr. Bellamy he did not hesitate.

"You have your wish," he said to his servant; "from this moment you are free."

It is evident that Dr. Hopkins looked (as the friends of the slave still look)

to something being done in Africa itself, for he was instrumental in forming a society for the purpose of educating black missionaries for that country; and in 1773, and again in 1776, he and Dr. Ezra Stiles issued an appeal to the Christian community for assistance to carry out the project. One of the black pupils he himself educated. Newport Gardner went from Boston to Africa as a missionary twenty years after his old teacher had died. This Gardner was a native of Africa, and a slave of Captain Gardner of Newport. His own name was taken from the place and the designation of his master. The captain allowed him to work during his overtime for himself, and the negro toiled all the harder because he laid by his earnings to buy himself and his family for himself. Sometimes, by working harder than usual (or was required), he would get a whole day. Still the amount accumulated but slowly, and the poor fellow in his despair resolved to pray. So he gained a day, and instead of labouring, shut himself in his hut and sent up unceasingly to Heaven his petition for freedom. He had communicated his intention to Dr. Hopkins and one or two other friends, and while he was praying the doctor was with his master, entreating him to give his servant his liberty. His persuasions prevailed, and the captain sent for the negro. He was told that the slave had gained that day. "No matter," said the master, "I must see him." And when Gardner, giving up his prayers, came with reluctance, expecting, perhaps, to be scolded or punished for some unconscious fault, the document securing his freedom and that of his family was put into his hands. It seemed to him that his prayer was answered directly from heaven; and though we have on record the human agency of Hopkins, who shall say that the All Just and All Merciful did not lend an ear to the bondsman's supplications.

We have before mentioned, that when at New Barrington, Hopkins owned and sold a slave. When he became aware of the wrong of slavery, he would not retain the price of innocent blood, and devoted the money to the education of some negroes. Often after, he gave for like purposes sums out of all proportion to his limited means.

The War of Independence for some time interrupted the labours of Samuel Hopkins. The island on which he resided was in 1776 taken possession of by the English troops; and he passed the year 1777 preaching at Newburyport. About the time of his going away, he published his "Dialogue concerning the Slavery of the Africans," showing it to be "the duty and interest of the American States to emancipate all their slaves." This was dedicated to the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was re-published and widely distributed by the New York Abolition Society, in 1785. He returned to Newport early in 1780, but found a desert where was once the garden of New England. The hand of war had been laid heavily upon his congregation, which, once wealthy, was now poor and cast down. Worse than all, the scenes they had gone through had changed their natures for the worse. The commerce of the place was gone. His meeting-house had been converted into a barrack, the pews and seats used for fire-wood, and the bell stolen. Here the character of the man showed itself. He was offered appointments at other places which would have given him both influence and competence; but he thought that where there was so much need of him there was his place, and taking up his old position, he lived till the day of his death without regular salary, subsisting upon such voluntary offerings as his flock could afford to bestow. Thus

he preached on till he was eighty-three, one of his habitual hearers being William Ellery Channing, who ever had the deepest reverence for the devout beauty and earnest, sincere strength of his character. Differing as they did as theologians, they both held the same doctrine of unselfish benevolence, being the essential element of Christianity. Hopkins's last sermon was preached on the 10th of October, 1803, and on the 12th of November, "full of years and of honours," he was gathered to his fathers. He ended calmly, or rather joyfully, a life well spent, saying to a friend, "I am feeble, and cannot say much;—I have said all I can say." And adding, "Now I am going to die, and I am glad of it." He was buried in the ground adjoining the meeting-house, and the funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Hart, a life-long friend, nearly as old as himself.

We have taken but little notice of the theologian in this sketch. His works in that character—worthy of attention as they are as the utterances of a sincere, earnest man—are passing into oblivion. But when the religionist shall have been utterly forgotten, many a lover of freedom will venerate the memory of the early opponent of slavery, and call down blessings on him who formed that Newport resolution, which must ever be associated with the name of Samuel Hopkins, the first of the Abolitionists.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE royal message which recalled George Canning from his place of embarkation for India to take the post of Foreign Secretary in the British Cabinet, on the death of Lord Castlereagh (August, 1822), reached him at the house of Sir John Gladstone, a wealthy Liverpool merchant. From the window of Seaforth House, Canning is described by his biographer as looking out upon the sea that he supposed was soon to separate him—perhaps forever—from the Europe whose destinies he was unconsciously about to influence beyond any man of his day; while, sporting on the beach below him,

were the three sons of his host, the youngest of whom, William Ewart Gladstone, is now M.P. for the University of Oxford, Privy Councillor, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

On the rule invariably observed in the BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE, of writing only the public lives of living men, we abstain from saying, and make no pretence of knowing, more of Mr. Gladstone's private history than may be found in the "Parliamentary Companion," or other ephemeral compilation of particulars that might be extracted from the register of the parish in which he was born or married.

and of the schools and colleges he attended. Our information under this head may be given in a couple of lines.—He was born at Liverpool, in the year 1809; was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford; and, having spent a short time in continental travel—after the manner of young gentlemen from time immemorial—he entered Parliament, in 1832, as member for Newark. It is from this latter point that we will pursue his career—as yet short, but eventful and suggestive.

It will be remembered that the general election of 1835 took place on a dissolution of the first reformed Parliament by Sir Robert Peel, on his hurried return from Italy to take the Premiership. It is significant either of the paucity of Sir Robert's materials for the construction of a ministry, or of the early promise of young Mr. Gladstone, that, immediately on his re-election, he was appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies, having the new Premier (the Earl of Aberdeen), for his chief. This able and promising government fell before a hostile majority on the Irish Church question, in May of the same year. Mr. Gladstone, of course, went over with his party to the opposition benches, proved himself one of its most frequent, though not obtrusive, speakers, and was re-elected for Newark on the same interest (the Duke of Newcastle's), at the general election consequent on the death of William the Fourth.

In the following year he distinguished himself by a speech on the Abolition of Negro Apprenticeship, defending the planters from the imputations upon them; but far more by the issue from the press of an octavo volume, "The State in its Relations to the Church." There can be no more satisfactory proof of the ability and influence of this work, than the fact that it was honoured, so early as April 1839—when it had already reached a second edition—with an elaborate notice in the "Edinburgh Review,"—an article immediately recognized as Mr. Macaulay's; included in the authorized collection of his "Historical and Critical Essays;" reprinted, with the article on "Ranke's History of the Popes," in "The Traveller's Library;" and usually considered as the conclusive reply of the party opposed to Mr. Gladstone, to his doctrine and argument.

The judgment of so high an authority as Mr. Macaulay, is so essential to a just estimate of Mr. Gladstone's public character and position, that we will take the trouble to condense and copy the opening passages of the article in question:—

"The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England. But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanour have obtained for him the respect and good will of all parties. His first appearance in the character of an author is therefore an interesting event; and it is natural that the gentle wishes of the public should go with him to his trial.

"We are much pleased, without any reference to the soundness or unsoundness of Mr. Gladstone's theories, to see a grave and elaborate treatise on an important part of the Philosophy of Government proceed from the pen of a young man who is rising to eminence in the House of Commons. There is little danger that people engaged in the conflicts of active life will be too much addicted to general speculation. The opposite vice is that which most easily besets them.

"We therefore hail with pleasure, though assuredly not with unmixed pleasure, the appearance of this work. That a young politician should, in the intervals afforded by his parliamentary avocations, have constructed and propounded, with much study and mental toil, an original theory on a great problem in politics, is a circumstance which, abstracted from all consideration of the soundness or unsoundness of his opinions, must be considered as highly creditable to him. We certainly cannot wish that Mr. Gladstone's doctrines may become fashionable among public men. But we heartily wish that his laudable desire to penetrate beneath the surface of questions, and to arrive, by long and intent meditation, at the knowledge of great general laws, were

more fashionable than we at all
it to become."

Gladstone seems to us to be, in
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ought to be buttresses of adamant,
de out of the flimsy materials
are fit only for perorations. This
s one which no subsequent care
ustry can correct. The more
Mr. Gladstone reasons on his
ss, the more absurd are the con-
s which he brings out; and,
at last his good sense and good

nature recoil from the horrible practi-
cal inferences to which his theory leads,
he is reduced sometimes to take refuge
in arguments inconsistent with his
fundamental doctrines, and sometimes
to escape from the legitimate conse-
quences of his false principles, under
cover of equally false history.

"It would be unjust not to say that
this book, though not a good book,
shows more talent than many good
books. It abounds with eloquent and
ingenious passages. It bears the signs
of much patient thought. It is written
throughout with excellent taste and
excellent temper; nor does it, so far as
we have observed, contain one expres-
sion unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar,
or a Christian. But the doctrines
which are put forth in it appear to us,
after full and calm consideration, to be
false, to be in the highest degree per-
nicious, and to be such as, if followed
out in practice to their legitimate con-
sequences, would inevitably produce
the dissolution of society."

The question with which Mr. Glad-
stone had ventured to deal, was pre-
eminently the practical question of the
day, as it has been one of the loftiest
subjects of speculation, with philoso-
phers and statesmen, in every age.
The problems that Plato had under-
taken to exhibit, in his "Republic," in
a state of solution, so to speak, were
substantially the same which the Dis-
senters of Nottingham and Manchester
discussed in public meeting, and of
which Daniel O'Connell attempted to
compel the settlement, for at least one
branch of the empire, by a thinly dis-
guised display of physical force. In
the debates on the Irish church, com-
menced with, and protracted through,
every session of the Parliaments that
sat from 1832 to 1838, there was in-
volved, to the consciousness of
thoughtful men, a profoundly deeper
and far more difficult question than
was apparent to "the Parliamentary
rabble," or the turbulent agitator, or
the excited public. It was a sense of
this that brought Dr. Chalmers to Lon-
don, to deliver his lectures on church
establishments—perhaps the most elo-
quent and least satisfactory of his
voluminous performances; for they
contained little that had not been ad-
vanced by Hooker, Warburton, or
Paley, and that little had an air of
commercial utilitarianism, which Mr.

Gladstone would probably feel degrading to the theme. The "Student of Christ Church and M.P. for Newark,"—as Mr. Gladstone wrote himself on his title-page—was content neither with the "judicious Hooker's" notion of an ecclesiastical polity, nor with Warburton's theory of a contract; whilst Paley's argument from utility he pronounced to be "tainted by the original vice of false ethical principles," and Dr. Chalmers's refutation of the supply and demand scheme he deemed "questionable." He boldly climbed to the altitude of what he deemed an absolute moral truth, and thought to bring down thence express authorization for established churches—or rather, to lay upon the conscience of rulers the obligation of maintaining that co-relation of naturally opposite systems, known as the alliance of church and state. He thus states his general proposition, which, he thinks, "must surely command universal assent."—

"Wherever there is power in the universe, that power is the property of God, the King of that universe—his property of right, however for a time withheld or abused. Now this property is, as it were realised, is used according to the will of the owner, when it is used for the purposes he has ordained, and in the temper of mercy, justice, truth, and faith which he has taught us. But those principles never can be truly, never can be permanently, entertained in the human breast, except by a continual reference to their source, and the supply of the Divine grace. The powers, therefore, that dwell in individuals acting as a government, as well as those that dwell in individuals acting for themselves, can only be secured for right uses by applying to them a religion."

"The powers that dwell in individuals acting as a government," he elsewhere describes by resembling the magisterial to the parental character. In other places he expressly declares, "The governors are reasoning agents for the nation in their conjoint acts as such;" and denies that the people are entitled to more than a beneficial use of the funds raised by taxation.

In these two sentences we have indicated the prominent characteristic—Mr. Macaulay would say the fundamental errors—of the book;—the con-

founding of individual with corporate functions, and the self-deluding use of analogical, in the place of inductive, reasoning.

It is obligatory on a man that he be religious,—it is therefore obligatory on any body of men that *they* be religious. Such, we believe, is a fair epitome of Mr. Gladstone's "argument for the obligation incumbent on governors as men." Now, if by this be meant, that associations, like individuals, are morally bound to act from the purest motives, and to the highest ends, the assertion is merely a truism. But the proposition, as it stands, is one of those plausible errors—so logical in form, while utterly illogical in spirit—that are best refuted by pushing them into the realms of active life. This is what the Edinburgh Reviewer has done. By a great number of supposititious examples, vividly presented, he shows that society would go to pieces if this rule were attempted to be enforced. But, we think that with any intelligent definition of religion itself, the proposition is incompatible. *A priori*, as well as practical, considerations, are fatal to it. In the atmosphere of common sense, it cannot draw a single breath. Even by a change of expression, the thing intended is instantly destroyed. Put the sentiment, for instance, in this form—Whatever is incumbent on a man in one capacity, is incumbent upon him in any capacity;—and the absurdity of the conclusion sought to be established is evident at once. Yet is there no unfair exchange of phraseology; for it is only because man is a social being, that he has more than one capacity of action. Even in the most rudimentary forms of combination,—in the relation of parent and child, of master and servant, for example—new duties, with their corresponding rights, immediately arise. If religion be a personal obligation—if it be anything more than the practice of unmeaning ceremonies—if it be a certain state of intellect and heart—the father or the employer can have no business to enforce religious observances upon his household; for he thereby invades that private right which is necessarily involved in the private obligation. The influence of example and of solicitation is the only force which he can legitimately put into operation; and he must remember how

easily the solicitations of a social superior come to be regarded as commands. In associations for purposes of industry, commerce, or literature, the principle comes out the more strongly in proportion to the complexity of the combination. Reflection suggests what experience shows, that until men are agreed upon those religious subjects which now divide them, one of two things must be—that either only men of concurrent belief unite, or that they unite on some other basis than a religious one. Thus, then, we may say, without giving an opinion for or against the union of Church and State—that the first of the grounds on which Mr. Gladstone defends that union, is at variance with sound reasoning, and capable of easy reduction to absurdity.

It is by the misplaced employment of useful but delusive analogies, that so able a dialectician as Mr. Gladstone is led to take up these indefensible positions. The paternal character of government is one of those mocking images—"national personality" is another. Ignoring the earliest, but surest, facts of history, and the visible working of existing politics, he persists in representing rulers as divinely invested with power, in a sense somewhat different from that in which it may be said that a man is divinely endowed with understanding or wealth—government as a divine institution, not only as marriage may be said to be so, but as if actual dynasties, like life-unions, were "made in heaven"—society as the offspring, instead of as the author, of the State. The ruler he holds bound to do whatsoever he deemeth best for the people under him. He accepts the natural objection to this, even in its most startling form—"Then, if it be the duty of a Christian government to advance Christianity, it is the duty of a Mahometan government to advance Mahometanism. . . . I do not scruple to affirm, that, if a Mahometan conscientiously believes his religion to come from God, and to teach divine truth, he must believe that truth to be beneficial, and beneficial beyond all other things, to the soul of man; and he must, therefore, and ought to, desire its extension, and to use for its extension all proper and legitimate means. And that if such Mahometan be a prince, he ought to count, among these means, the application of whatever in-

fluence or funds he may lawfully have at his disposal for such purposes." The doctrine of "popular sovereignty" he discards as a "fiction." Political power, he contends, is equally the property and gift of God, "whether it be derived to the governors immediately, or through the people." Having thus deduced from that figure of speech which represents the king as father of his people, the gravest of consequences—namely, that he is responsible for their religious training and exercises—he proceeds to deal, as with "broad facts," with another purely rhetorical entity, and mere poetic influences:—"There is," he says, "a real, and not merely supposititious, personality of nations, which entails likewise its own religious responsibilities. The plainest exposition of national personality is this:—That the nation fulfils the great conditions of a person—namely, that it has unity of acting, and unity of suffering—with the difference, that what is physically single in the one, is joint, or morally single, in the other. National influences form much of our individual character. National rewards and punishments, whether by direct or circuitous visitation, influence and modify the individuals who form the mass. National will and agency are indissolubly one, binding either a dissentient minority, or the subject body, in a manner that nothing but the recognition of the doctrine of national personality can justify. National honour, and national faith, are words in every one's mouth. How do they less imply a personality in nations than the duty towards God, for which we now contend? They are strictly and essentially distinct from the honour and good faith of the individuals composing the nation. France is a person to us, and we to him. A wilful injury done to her is a moral act, and a moral act quite distinct from the acts of all the individuals composing the nation:—"To all which it may be sufficient to reply, that however the language of the Old Testament may justify such expressions as "national sins," and "national judgments," the Christian scriptures teach, in harmony with our own intuitions, that ultimately to his own master will every man stand or fall; that "the duty towards God" contended for, is strictly the rendering of spiritual worship; that "the rewards and punishments" of the

gospel system are infinitely beyond any to which the word "national" can be applied; that, in short, while France and England may harmlessly and conveniently personify each other, it is an unreasonable and incalculably mischievous thing so to personify the moral relation to the Divine Being of any number of his creatures. It is the distinction of Christianity from the Judaism which it came to supersede, and the Paganism which it came to overthrow, that it makes no account of nationalities, in any other sense than as a *congeries* of human beings, individually responsible and spiritually equal. While the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman writers, abound in allusions that show they regarded even Jehovah, or "Jove Best and Greatest," as differently affected towards the people of different countries—no trace of that sentiment can be found in the gospels or epistles, but much that is antagonistic thereto. Again, therefore, we say, without pronouncing any opinion upon the general question,—this division of our author's argument does not exalt our idea of his logical power, nor promise an adequate defence of the institution he undertakes to defend.

More original, but not less lamentably inconclusive, are the arguments by which Mr. Gladstone breaks the force of his own principles; and by limiting the duty of rulers to the *encouragement* of religious faith, seeks to guard the exercise of private judgment and the enjoyment of toleration. It would be an easy explanation of his singularly inconsequential propositions on these points to say, that he is too good a Protestant altogether to deny the great Protestant doctrine, and too amiable a man to approve the naked hideousness of downright persecution;—but this explanation is neither respectful nor sufficient. We prefer to regard the controversial curiosity we are about to exhibit, as the legitimate offspring of an intellect more subtle than powerful, of an understanding which partakes of the nature of a morbid conscience. As respects the right of private judgment, he explicitly denies that the church of England ever taught "that men were free to frame any religion from Scripture which they pleased: or to form a diversity of communions. . . . The act of her reformation," he proceeds, "established the claim of the nation to

be free from the external control of any living power in matters of religion, but not from Catholic consent. It is a strange fiction to say that the English Reformation was grounded on the doctrine of private judgment." He appeals, in proof of this startling assertion, to the Twentieth Article, to the Canon of 1571, and the prelates Cranmer and Jewel. The historical truth of this representation, we are not concerned either to deny or admit. We have only to point out how vital a position it must necessarily hold in a man's churchmanship and statesmanship. With the same object, we must add, that our author admits there is an irreconcilable hostility between his own view of the rule of faith, and the mildest popular idea thereof. He seems to limit the function of reason in religious matters to a scrutiny of the general evidences of Christianity—beyond that, he lays it down, a man "should prefer adopting the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*,"—the utterance of the faithful, in divers times and places—"to his own conclusions from the sacred text."

One would suppose that, in proportion as the sphere of free inquiry is narrowed, pains should be taken to preserve its inviolability. That is to say,—if only concerning the outworks of revelation may we freely investigate and canvass, there should be presented no worldly motive to influence the decision; while it might be proper to reward or punish for obedience or disobedience to an authority once admitted. But the very opposite of this rule is that adopted by Mr. Gladstone. Conformity to the church of England, as the purest embodiment of the Christian religion, is the one and only thing which he requires the state to reward—nonconformity, the summary of offences it is called upon to punish by discouraging. He denies the right of the state to persecute; not, however, because religious freedom—the correlative, according to his own admission, of religious responsibility—is the right of man, as man, but because it has not "pleased God to give to the state or to the church this power." Then comes the most curious feature of this curious piece of argument:—"For it was with regard to chastisement inflicted by the sword for an insult offered to himself, that the Redeemer declared His king-

dom not to be of this world, meaning, apparently, in an especial manner, that it should be otherwise than after this world's fashion in respect to the sanctions by which its laws should be maintained." We must refer the reader to Mr. Macaulay's celebrated essay for an exposure of the erroneousness of this Scriptural exegesis; and a vivid *ad hominem* refutation of the sophism, that disability is not persecution;—for the small remaining portion of our space that can be devoted to this part of our subject, we will occupy with some of the concluding passages of the work—selected as well for their impassioned eloquence, as for the indication they afford of deep and pious earnestness in the writer:—

"Will it be said, 'All this anxiety is very much disproportioned to the case; if you are sincere in your belief, that there is safety within the church as an ark which shall float on the waters when the fountains of the great deep of human Desire are broken up?' It is true that we have nothing to fear for her, who bears a charmed life that no weapon reaches. She pursues her tranquil way of confession, adoration, thanksgiving, intercession, and divine communion, concentrated alike for the present and the future, upon one object of regard—her Lord in heaven. This of the church of Christ. And in the church of England we find all the essential features unimpaired, which declare her to be a fruit-bearing tree in the vineyard of God. The scriptures faithfully guarded, liberally dispensed, universally possessed and read; the ancient bulwarks of the faith, the creeds, and the sound doctrine of Catholic consent, maintained; the apostolical succession transmitting, with demonstration of the Spirit, those vital gifts which effectuate and assure the covenant; the pure worship; the known and acknowledged fertility in that sacred learning which, when faithfully used, is to the truth what the Israelitish arms were to the ark; and the everywhere reviving and extending zeal, courage, love: these are the signs which may well quiet apprehensions for the ultimate fate of the church of England in the breast of the most timid of her sons. But we need not be ashamed, with all this, to feel deeply and anxiously for our country. For that state, which, deriving its best

energies from religion, has adorned the page of history, has extended its renown and its dominion in every quarter of the globe, has harmonized with a noble national character, supporting and supported by it, has sheltered the thicket plants of genius and learning, and has in these last days rallied by gigantic efforts the energies of Christendom against the powers and principles of national infidelity, bating no jot of heart nor hope under repeated failures, but every time renewing its determination and redoubling its exertions, until the object was triumphantly attained. For this State we may feel, and we may tremble at the very thought of the degradation she would undergo, should she in an evil hour repudiate her ancient strength, the principle of a national religion. We do not dream that the pupils of the opposite school will gain their end, and succeed in giving a permanent and secure organization to human society upon the shattered and ill-restored foundations which human selfishness can supply. Sooner might they pluck the sun off his throne in heaven, and the moon from her silver chariot. What man can do without God was fully tried in the histories of Greece and Italy, before the fulness of time was come. We have there seen a largeness and vigour of human nature such as does not appear likely to be surpassed. But it does not comfort us that those opposed to us will fail. They are our fellow-creatures; they are our brethren; they bear with us the sacred name of the Redeemer, and we are washed, for the most part, in the same laver of regeneration. Can we, unmoved, see them rushing to ruin, and dragging others with them, less wilful, but as blind? Can we see the gorgeous buildings of such an earthly Jerusalem, and the doom impending, without tears? Oh, that while there is yet time, casting away every frivolous and narrow prepossession, grasping firmly and ardently at the principles of the truth of God, and striving to realise them in ourselves and in one another, we may at length know the 'things which belong to our peace!'

We have dwelt thus at length upon this book—(of which we may further say, in a parenthesis, that in the British Museum Library is a copy of the first edition, copiously annotated by his

Royal Highness the late Duke of Sussex; and that for the third edition, which appeared in 1841, a great part of the work was re-written, without, however, any modification of the argument)—because it not only lies at the foundation of Mr. Gladstone's reputation as a thinker and writer; and may be supposed to exhibit, if not his final convictions, yet his entire capabilities; but because it has had a serious practical influence on his whole subsequent career as a politician. It was first mentioned in the House of Commons, by Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle) and the late lamented Mr. Charles Buller, in the course of the education debates of 1839. Its author then declared his readiness, as a legislator, to stand by what he had therein written as a private individual; and accordingly expressed a feeling akin to horror at the proposed intermingling of Jewish and Christian children in public seminaries. In 1841, on arguments of a similar character, he led the opposition to Mr. Divett's bill for admitting Jews to municipal offices; and drew from Mr. Macaulay the satirical remark, that if the casuists of Oxford would only impart some of their ingenuity to the Jews, they would doubtless make any declaration required of them. He returned to office with Sir Robert Peel in 1841, in the double capacity of Master of the Mint and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. In January, 1845, he threw up that post; and, at the opening of the session, accounted for so doing in a speech of which the following is the substance:—"I took upon myself some years ago, to state to the world, and that in a form the most detailed and deliberate, the views which I entertained on the subject of the relation of a Christian state in its alliance with a Christian church. Of all subjects which could be raised, this I treated in a manner the most detailed and deliberate. I have never been guilty of the folly which has been charged upon me, of holding that there are any theories which are to be regarded under all circumstances as immutable and unalterable. But I have strong conviction, speaking under ordinary circumstances, and as a general rule, that those who have borne solemn testimony on great constitutional questions, ought not to be parties to material departure from them. Now, my right honourable

friend at the head of the Government, alluded towards the close of last session, to inquiries he was about to make into the possibility of extending academical education in Ireland, and indicated the spirit in which that important matter might be dealt with. I am not in possession of the mature intentions of the Government. In regard to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, I know nothing beyond what my right honourable friend then said. But those intentions were at variance with what I have stated as the best and most salutary principles. I therefore held it to be my duty, whenever such a measure came before the house, to apply my mind to its consideration, free from all biassed or selfish considerations, and with the sole view of arriving at such a conclusion as upon the whole the interests of the country and the circumstances of the case might seem to demand. I feel it at the same time my duty distinctly to declare, that I am not prepared to take part in any religious warfare against the measures of my right honourable friend." Whilst all admired the exquisite conscientiousness of the course thus announced, there were many who felt, with Mr. Plumptre, that its explanation was not very intelligible—and that feeling was strengthened when Mr. Shiel, lamenting that "the statesman should be sacrificed to the author," quoted from Mr. Gladstone's book a passage to the effect, that if the imperial parliament had contracted for the maintenance of Maynooth, the contract should be fulfilled with dignified generosity. Still more inexplicable, upon ordinary rules of action, was Mr. Gladstone's ultimate procedure. In the debate on the first reading of the Maynooth College bill, he took no part, and in the division gave no vote. On the motion for the second reading, he came out as a supporter of the measure. Not, however, upon the hypothesis recalled by Mr. Shiel, and urged by the premier. Repudiating the reasons put forward on either side as inadequate to their object, he defended the increase of the grant upon the ground that the Irish were too poor to provide religious teachers for themselves—that those who paid taxes had a right to share in the benefits of their expenditure—and that to object to it on religious grounds, was to confound the principles on which men should act individually with those on

which they must act in combination :—propositions, every one of which might be refuted, if at all, in his own printed words. Of course, such singular vacillation did not escape sarcastic notice. "It appears," said Mr. Smythe, "as far as can be made out from his (Mr. Gladstone's) own statement, that his 'most cherished convictions' and his votes are at issue. But about the mere vulgarity of votes, the right honourable gentleman cares little; for upon this very question he has voted all ways. He voted first against, then in favour of, the grant. He went out of office because the grant was to be increased. When the measure involving the increased grant came to a first reading, he did not vote at all. Now, at the second reading, he is prepared to vote in favour of it. And is any one sure—is the right honourable gentleman himself quite sure—that upon the third reading he will not find equally good reasons for voting against the measure?" (Laughter and cheers.)

Equally incomprehensible, to vulgar politicians, was Mr. Gladstone's course upon the Jewish disabilities question. Notwithstanding his opposition to Mr. Divett's bill in 1841, he gave his silent support to a similar measure, when proposed and carried by the Government in 1845; and in 1847, just after his election for the University of Oxford, he had the courage to reply to the speech with which his colleague (Sir R. H. Inglis) supported petitions from that venerable body against the admission of Jews to Parliament, as proposed by the then premier (Lord John Russell). The substance of his speech on this occasion Mr. Gladstone has published, and prefixed to it a preface from which we gather clearer notions of his new position than from anything he has elsewhere written or said. It is briefly this :—That whereas it is impossible to hold the state to that close alliance with the Christian church which is involved in the true idea of that union, it is alike unjust to dissenting citizens and impolitic as regards the interests of the church, to endeavour after that impossibility. This proposition is developed with much precision of thought, and beauty of language. After a very forcible exhibition of the "proposition as a matter of fact," that there is "no creed, or body of truth, definite and distinctive," in the present parliamentary profession of Christianity—that it is

neither a bond of union nor a badge of separation,—but merely the symbol of "the preponderance of Christians in the constituencies;" he contends, with equal force of language, if not with equally satisfactory logic, that this fact must be taken, not as the results of the chance triumph of party, but as organic, normal realities; must not be reasoned *upon*, but reasoned *from*. The conclusion to which he labours to bring his fellow-churchmen is this—"that as citizens, and as members of the church, we should contend manfully for her own principles and constitution, and should ask and press without fear for whatever tends to her own healthy development by her own means and resources, material or moral, but should deal amicably and liberally with questions either solely or mainly affecting the civil rights of other portions of the community."

That this recommendation was made with understanding and earnestness is amply evinced by Mr. Gladstone's subsequent conduct as a politician and as a churchman. Thus, in conformity with one half of his counsel, he is found resisting the issue of the Oxford University Commission, and advocating, in parliament and through the press, the restoration of active powers to convocation, the admission of laymen to synods, and the permission of synodal action to colonial bishops. The other half might seem to have been uttered in prophetic anticipation of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. As a High Churchman, and therefore jealous of the titular honours of the English episcopacy—as a son and representative of the University of Oxford, and therefore the natural organ of clerical sentiments—he might naturally have been expected to insist on the prompt and decided repression of what was almost universally considered as at once an insult and an encroachment. And there was nothing in his published writings—if we except the sentence just quoted—to debar him from acting in accordance with these circumstances. On the contrary, however, he was the ablest, and among the most persevering, of the small minority who resisted the Government measure. On the seventh night of the debate on the second reading, he delivered a speech, covering thirty-two columns of "Hansard," which exhibits with rare effectiveness the anomalous character of the arguments by which the bill

was supported, and closes in a strain of pure and lofty eloquence seldom reached in the House of Commons—where sparkling personalities and party hits are more keenly relished than the luminous enunciation of great principles, or touching appeals to noble sentiments. In this speech, the orator showed himself able to excel in the former, but delighting in the latter. After turning upon Lord John Russell one of his lordship's own most effective perorations, Mr. Gladstone proceeded thus: "My conviction is, that the question of religious freedom is not to be dealt with as one of the ordinary matters that you may do to-day and undo to-morrow. This great principle which we (the opposition) have the honour to represent, moves slowly in matters of politics and legislation, but though it moves slowly, it moves steadily. The principle of religious freedom, its adaptation to our modern state, and its compatibility with ancient institutions, was a principle which you did not adopt in haste. It was a principle well tried in struggle and conflict. It was a principle which gained the assent of one public man after another. It was a principle which ultimately triumphed after you had spent upon it half a century of agonizing struggle. And now what are you going to do? You have arrived at the division of the century. Are you going to repeat Penelope's process, but without Penelope's purpose? . . . Show, if you will, the pope of Rome, and his cardinals, and his church, that England as well as Rome has her *semper eulem*; that when she has once adopted the great principle of legislation which is destined to influence her national character and mark her policy for ages to come, and affect the whole nature of her influence among the nations of the world—show that when she has done this, slowly and with hesitation and difficulty, but still deliberately and but once for all, she can no more retrace her steps than the river that bathes this giant city can flow backward to its source. . . . We, the opponents of this bill, are a minority, insignificant in point of numbers. We are more insignificant because we have no ordinary bond of union. But I say that we, minority as we are, are sustained in our path by the consciousness that we serve both a generous Queen and a generous people, and that

the generous people will recognise the truth of the facts we present to them. Above all, we are sustained by the sense of justice which we feel belongs to the cause we are advocating, and because we are determined to follow that bright star of justice beaming from the heavens whithersoever it may lead."

Mr. Gladstone's second important work appeared in 1840, under the title, "Church Principles Considered in their Results." It is virtually the supplement of his former production, developing, and largely arguing, views there only incidentally, if at all expressed; of greater interest to theologians than to politicians. It treats of the institutions or doctrines of the church, as regards their authority and operation—especially of the sacraments and of apostolical succession. The author's views on the first of these two points may be thus summed up in his own words: "In the midst of all the threatening symptoms of tendency towards unbelief and disorganization with which the age abounds, we are led to regard the sacraments as the chief and central fountain of the vital influences of religion when the church is in health and vigour, as their never wholly obstructed source when she is over-spread with the frost of indifference, as their best and innermost fastness, when latent infidelity gnaws and eats away the heart of her creed, and of all her collateral ordinances." On Apostolical Succession he is equally decided. His sense of the value of a question which to many is only one of "vain genealogies," is fairly expressed in the following clause of a sentence, too long for quotation entire:—"It is to us nothing less than a part of our religious obligation to seek the sacraments at the hands of those who have been traditionally empowered to deliver them in their integrity; that is, with the assurance of that spiritual blessing which, although it may be obstructed by our disqualifications in its passage to our souls, forms the inward and chief portions of those solemn rites." Venturing to transfer ourselves from the "dim religious light" of our author's diction, into the clearer atmosphere of popular phraseology, we may say;—he holds that the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper are veritable means of communicating grace, not merely the symbols of its communication; and that

opal ministers, historically con-
l with the apostles, are the only
rised, and therefore effective, admi-
of those ordinances. To trace
Mr. Gladstone's corollaries from
propositions, would be to overstep
ovince of a non-theological maga-
and to impute to him conclusions
he may possibly repudiate, would
imitate one of the worst though
onest vices of controversy

the Maynooth question having been
red out of his way, Mr. Gladstone
ered the ministry in December,
taking the post of Colonial Secre-
vacated by Lord Stanley on ac-
of Sir Robert Peel's resolution
olish the corn laws. In the
g of the previous year he had
red important service to the
policy by the publication of a
hlet, ("Remarks on Recent Com-
al Legislation,") exhibiting in elab-
detail the beneficial working of
riff of 1842. Probably none of
nverts to the free-trade doctrine
a greater sacrifice of personal and
ties than did Mr. Gladstone. Not
vere his father and brothers bi-
protectionists, but the late lord
mber so successfully exerted his
influence over Newark, as to pre-
Mr. Gladstone's re-election; thus
ing the premier of his ablest
nant through the memorable
mentary struggle of 1846. At the
al election of 1847, however, Mr.
tone was compensated for this
rary exclusion from the House
ommons, by the bestowal of an
r two successive statesmen (Can-
and Peel) have prized as nobler
ny in the gift of crown or people,
ave yielded up as the heaviest pe-
of faithfulness to conviction—
y, the representation of Oxford
rsity. How highly he appreciated
onour may be judged from the
tion to his *alma mater* of the
orn of his intellectual progeny, in
words of filial piety and pride:—

Inscribed to
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD;
Tried, and not found wanting,
gh the vicissitudes of a thousand years;
belief that she is providentially designed
to be a
Fountain of blessings,
spiritual, social, and intellectual,
To this and to other countries,
To the present and future times;
the hope that the temper of these pages
may be found
Not alien from her own.

This "hope" was in some danger of
disappointment. The Low-church and
Anti-tractarian parties, elated by several
consecutive triumphs in the University,
vehemently opposed Mr. Gladstone on
account of the sentiments advocated in
this very work, and in that on "Church
Principles." They set up against him,
in conjunction with Sir R. H. Inglis,
Mr. Round; but Mr. Gladstone tri-
umphed by a majority of some two
hundred votes over the latter candidate.
In the course of the late parliament,
he incurred the risk of displeasing
alternately both sections of his sup-
porters—the liberals, by his opposition
to University reform, and his speech
on Mr. Disraeli's motion for the relief
of agricultural distress; the conservatives,
by refusing to take office with Earl
Derby, in February, 1851, and inflicting
on the late Government the only ma-
terial defeat they experienced through
the session of 1852. He was, therefore,
exposed to a determined opposition at
the last general election; when Dr. Bul-
lock Marsham polled more votes than Mr.
Gladstone himself in the previous con-
test. He has just emerged from a still
more vexatious and protracted struggle.
By taking a very prominent part in the
recent free-trade and budget debates—
gaining, indeed, the most signal rheto-
rical success of the whole conflict—and
accepting office in the new coalition
ministry, he at once exasperated his
old opponents, and alienated some of
his warmest supporters.*

We come now to an episode in Mr. Glad-
stone's career which has conferred upon
his name a world-wide reputation,
and gained for him the admiration of
millions. In the winter of 1850, he
went to Naples, actuated only by such
motives as carry thither annually hun-
dreds of our affluent countrymen. He
came in contact, however, with circum-
stances which converted his visit of
pleasure into a "mission" noble as was
ever undertaken by any knight errant
of humanity. Naples had been con-

* The following are the numbers of votes polled
for each of the respective candidates in 1847:—

Sir R. H. Inglis	1700
Mr. Gladstone	999
Mr. Round	824
In 1852:—	
Sir R. H. Inglis	1369
Mr. Gladstone	1108
Dr. Bullock Marsham	758
In 1853:—	
Mr. Gladstone	1022
Mr. Perceval	808

spicuous in the tragic drama of Revolution and Reaction. In January, 1846, a constitution was spontaneously granted to the kingdom of Naples, sworn to by the monarch with every circumstance of solemnity, accepted by the people with universal and peaceful joy. Under this constitution, a Chamber of 164 deputies was elected by about 117,000 votes. On the 15th of May following, a collision took place, or was assumed to have taken place, between the authorities and the citizens. The former were victorious, and made ferocious use of their victory. Nevertheless, the constitution was solemnly ratified, and the King conjured the people to confide in his "good faith," his "sense of religion," and his "sacred and spontaneous oath." On Mr. Gladstone's arrival in Naples, about two years and a half from the date of this address, he heard repeated the assertion of an eminent Neapolitan, that nearly the whole of the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies (the Chamber itself having been abolished) were either in prison or in exile. He deemed this statement a monstrous invention; but was convinced, by the sight of "a list in detail," that it was under the truth—that an absolute majority of the representatives were either suffering imprisonment, or avoiding it by self-expatriation. The knowledge of this terrible fact led him on to the investigation of other and yet more horrible statements—that there were ten, twenty, thirty thousand political prisoners in the kingdom of Naples; that many of these unhappy persons were of eminent station and of unimpeachable loyalty; that few or none of the *detenus* had been legally arrested or held to trial; that, nevertheless, they were suffering intolerable wretchedness—sickness, hunger, suffocation, and irons; that, in short, the government was "the negation of God erected into a system." Having with his own eyes tested as many of these statements as admitted of verification, and found the horribleness of reality to exceed the horribleness of rumour, Mr. Gladstone determined—despite his strong conservative prejudices against interfering in the affairs of other nations, and especially of even seeming to side with republicans—to make an effort for the abatement of such gigantic atrocities. Immediately on his return to England, therefore, he addressed a

written letter to Earl Aberdeen, as ex-Foreign Secretary, reciting what he had witnessed, and suggesting a private remonstrance with the government of Naples. That remonstrance having proved ineffectual, Mr. Gladstone published, in July, 1851, that and a supplementary letter. Never did pamphlet create a more profound sensation. Fifteen or twenty editions sold in less than as many weeks; newspapers multiplied its revelations a million-fold; and Lord Palmerston presented copies to all the continental ambassadors, for transference to their respective governments. Only one English *litterateur*, Mr. Charles Macfarlane, could be found to indite an "Apology" for the power thus formally impeached at the bar of universal opinion; and that performance was justly deemed so unsatisfactory by his clients, that an "Official Reply" was put forth. Mr. Gladstone briefly rejoined; and his facts, by almost unanimous consent, stand equally unimpeachable with his motives.

That he is "a member of the *Conservative* party in one of the great families of European nations," is alleged by Mr. Gladstone as one of his reasons for doing the very thing which has procured for him the sympathetic admiration of English and European liberalism. "Your deviation from the *Conservative* principles of finance will be followed by a late but ineffectual repentance," was his final appeal against the budget of a tory minister. These circumstances are strikingly significant—the explanation of his apparently vacillating career, and of his present anomalous position. He is emphatically a *Conservative-Liberal*—*Conservative* in conviction and sentiment, *Liberal* by the prescience of his intellect and the generosity of his nature. One of the hereditary princes of commerce, he is also one of the elected chiefs of the republic of letters; having early set himself to win distinction in the quiet walks of scholarship, and in the noisy arena of intellectual strife. Content with no less than a triple crown, he would add to the reputation of the schoolman and the philosopher, that of the politician. He enters the senate as the champion of prescriptive power, at the moment when innovation is elate with triumph, and impatient for renewed struggle;—yet in the only decisive struggle which has since occurred, he bled and con-

tered in the rearguard of progress. He asserts the principle of authority in religious faith, and of unity in political institutions, with a rotund positiveness from which even its veteran devotees recoil;—nevertheless, he surrenders one by one every remnant of the times when that principle obtained, with a promptitude shocking to many of its professed opponents. He submits to all and sacrifice to aid in the abolition of a system, for the loss of which he is afterwards not sure those who benefited by it should not be compensated;—yet when that very position is embodied in Government, his is the hand put forth to overturn it, and no one attributes to him an unworthy motive. He avows himself in virtual alliance with the established governments of Europe,—yet has done more to make them hateful, and therefore feeble, than any one of the revolutionary chiefs. He framed a theory of social relations which requires the members of a Government something like a common faith and a corporate conscience; yet takes his seat in the Queen's councils with men whose religious views are the antipodes of his own, and whose conscience has dictated conduct quite the opposite of his, on questions of the highest moment;—and no one calls him unprincipled. Though a man of nicest honour, he belongs to a society in which he is invited by some, and can have little congeniality with any,—because, all are free, he loves the name it bears, and because it represents. Holding, as Mr. Gladstone does, that government is but a human arrangement, necessitated by human imperfection, but a divinely pointed power,—though designed for the general good, not originating in the general will,—he is necessarily a Conservative. Believing, too, that it is the

function of the understanding, not to develop, but only to apply, religious truth—that there is efficacy in outward rites duly administered, deeper than our consciousness, and lasting as our existence—that to a class of men is committed the influences to which it is unspeakably important that all men should be subjected—his sympathies are engaged, beyond the utmost compulsion of the intellect, to that side of public affairs which we are agreed to call the aristocratic. Further, the natural bias of his mind, strengthened by the direction of his studies, is towards an undue reverence for the past. Thus we find, that all his arguments are based, in theology, upon revelation—in politics, upon precedent; all his appeals addressed to the religious prepossessions or historical knowledge of those whom he would persuade. He never takes his stand upon the immutable facts of our nature, the inalienable rights of man—never rises to those prophetic heights whence pictures of social perfection may be discerned. But over against all this must be set that rectitude of intellect which makes him anxious to understand both sides of a controversy,—that keenness of perception, which detects the entrance of a question upon what he calls its “fluent state”—and that delicacy of conscience which will permit him to inflict no known injustice, nor gain for his party any unfair advantages. A philosopher among statesmen, he is also a purist among politicians. It would be most hazardous to predict the career of a man so thoroughly individual; but, reviewing the incidents of a career chequered but unblemished, we may confidently anticipate, that as that future lengthens out it will yield only honour to him, and chiefly service to his country.

W. W.

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

The father of the subject of the present biography, William Macready, was an actor, actor, metropolitan and provincial manager. He was a native of Dublin, where he was bred to the business of an upholsterer, which he detected for the stage, for which during his apprenticeship he had imbibed a taste. After various vicissitudes he

became a stage manager and sometimes got engagements in London; it was during the time he was a member of the Covent Garden company, his celebrated son was born on March 3, 1793, at a house in Charles Street, Fitzroy Square.

His father, it would appear, however successful he might have been himself

upon the stage, did not intend his son for the same profession; but he determined to give him a first-rate education, and some say, intended him for the church, but others with more truth assert that he was brought up with the intention of practising at the bar. For this end he, after having been the usual time at a private academy, was removed to Rugby school in Warwickshire, and received his education under the celebrated Dr. Arnold, an accomplished scholar and gentleman, whose early death must be regretted as a public loss. Certain circumstances (probably his father's failure, the elder Macready having become a bankrupt at the Manchester Theatre in the year 1809,) altered the determination of his after life. The law was abandoned, and before he had attained the age of 17, William Charles Macready made his debut at Birmingham in the year 1810. His success was great, and determined him upon the course he had taken; after fulfilling his engagement at Birmingham, he visited the principal towns in which his father managed, and in 1813 and 1814, performed with undiminished success at Newcastle, Dublin, and Bath, where he immediately became a great favourite. His fame preceded him to the metropolis, and he was solicited by the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre to accept an engagement, this temptation he wisely declined. Most people have probably forgotten that Mr. Macready, not satisfied with following his father as an actor, attempted authorship as well, and produced on May 20, 1814, at Newcastle, a romantic play founded on Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Rokeby," the principal part in which he performed himself. We may add *en passant* that another actor, Mr. George Bennett, has produced a play from the same source called "Retribution." After an engagement at Bath, overtures were made him by the managers of Drury Lane Theatre, amongst whom were Lord Byron and the Hon. Mr. Kinnaid; the theatre being governed by amateurs. This engagement was never concluded, and Mr. Macready remained in the provinces. At last on Monday, the 16th September, 1816, the rising actor had the honour of making his first appearance before a London audience at Covent Garden Theatre, as *Orestes* in Phillips's tragedy of "The Distressed Mother." Hazlitt and other

distinguished theatrical critics pronounced him to be the best actor that had appeared since J. P. Kemble; and "The Theatrical Inquisitor," a journal of the day, thus speaks of him: "Mr. Macready's performance of *Orestes* is in many parts very fine; not being used to a large theatre, allowance must be made for his voice being occasionally too low—some of his tones remind us of Mr. Elliston, who we apprehend has been Mr. Macready's model. Those who recollect Mr. Holman in *Orestes*, will be delighted with the superiority of this young man's performance. His love, his apprehensions, his hope, and his despair, were admirably depicted, and his mad scene was a natural picture of insanity."

On the announcement of Mr. Macready's name for re-appearance it was received with three distinct rounds of applause—the foreign and absurd custom of calling before the curtain being not then in vogue. Mr. Hazlitt, who was then considered the first theatrical critic, thus speaks of him. We quote the passage, as it will serve to give our readers an insight into Macready's powers at the time:

"A Mr. Macready appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday and Friday, in the character of *Orestes*, in 'The Distressed Mother,' a bad play for the display of his powers, in which, however, he succeeded in making a decidedly favourable impression upon the audience. His voice is powerful in the highest degree, and at the same time possesses great harmony and modulation. His face is not equally calculated for the stage. He declaims better than anybody we have lately heard. He is accused of being violent, and of wanting pathos. Neither of these objections is true. His manner of delivering the first speeches of the play was admirable, and the want of increasing interest afterwards was the fault of the author rather than the actor. The fine suppressed tone in which he assented to *Pyrrhus's* command, to convey the message to *Hermione* was a test of his variety of power, and brought down repeated acclamations from the house. We do not lay much stress on his mad scene, though that was very good in its kind; for mad scenes do not occur very often, and when they do, had in general better be omitted. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that Mr. Macready

is by far the best tragic actor that has come out in our remembrance, with the exception of Mr. Kean. We, however, heartily wish him well out of the character of *Orestes*. It is a kind of forlorn hope in tragedy. There is nothing to be made of it on the English stage, beyond experiment. These French plays puzzle an English audience exceedingly. They cannot attend to the actor, for the difficulty they have in understanding the author. We think it wrong in any actor of great merit (which we hold Mr. Macready to be) to come out in an ambiguous character, to save his reputation. An actor is like a man who throws himself from the top of a steeple by a rope. He should choose the highest steeple he can find, that if he does not succeed in coming to the ground, he may break his neck at once, and so put himself and the spectators out of further pain."

After *Orestes*, his most successful character was that of *Gambia*, in "The Slave," in which, by a vivid delineation, he confirmed the most sanguine resages of his talent, and succeeded in gaining a position on the metropolitan boards. He was next cast for *Othello*; Mr. Young sustaining the part of *Iago*: and, at last, in conjunction with Charles Kemble, in *Pescara*, in "The Apostate," to quote the words of an authority, "shone forth as an original genius, and his talent was conceded on all hands."

The late Richard Lalor Shiel had written a powerful tragedy, which was produced at Covent Garden in February, 1819, under the name of "Evadne." In this play the part of *Ludovico*, which Mr. Macready sustained, and on which the whole of the play hinges, appears to have been written for our actor, and being intrusted to his care, was most successful,—the fact that such great actors as Young, Kemble, and Abbott were playing second and third rate to him, goes far to prove that even at that early age he had nearly reached the summit of his art.

It was about this time that the celebrated Scotch Novels, as they were called, issued from the pen of the Great Unknown with amazing rapidity. The incognito of the author, which he was careful to preserve, aiding, rather than otherwise, their popularity; among the most admired was "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," which was dramatised by T.

Dibdin, and first acted at Covent Garden, the 17th of April, 1819; in this play Mr. Macready acted *Geordie Robertson* most effectively, and by it added to its popularity. Mr. Liston was the *Dumbdickes*, and the late Mrs. Charles Kemble the *Madge Wildfire*. The next appearance of our hero was in a tragedy by that extraordinary author, the Rev. Charles Maturin, called "Fredolfo;" but although admirably acted, it was not permitted by the audience to be announced for repetition. *Rob Roy* was also another popular character of Macready, and rendered by him with a deep feeling, and a wild, free, and careless step, and confident bearing, which realizes the admirable portrait drawn by the powerful pen of Sir Walter Scott. It was a conception of the mind both vigorous and poetic, and by it the young actor achieved one of his earliest and greatest triumphs.

As yet, however, our hero had not grappled much of the creations of our elder and better dramatists, and this he determined to do. In January, 1820, he enacted *Coriolanus*, but unsuccessfully. In February, *Othello*, which was brilliantly successful; and in April of the same year, *King Lear*. In the same month, Morton's comedy of "Henri Quatre" was produced at Covent Garden, in which Mr. Macready greatly distinguished himself as the hero. This play came out most opportunely, for at the rival theatre of Drury Lane, Edmund Kean was playing the whole round of his characters previous to his departure for America.

A short time previous to this it is said that Kean had himself suggested to Mr. Sheridan Knowles, that the death of the Roman maid Virginia would form a fit subject for a tragedy. The suggestion, such as it was, could not be much, the old tragedians had already adopted the subject, and "Appius and Virginia," by John Webster, is one of the finest plays in our ancient drama. Mr. Knowles had previously entertained the same idea, and wrote his noble tragedy of "Virginius," which the author (distrusting a London audience) had produced at Glasgow, Mr. John Cooper sustaining the part of the hero. The play was highly successful; shortly afterwards, on the 17th May, 1820, the tragedy was produced at Covent Garden, for the purpose of bringing forwards Mr. Macready as *Virginius*.

The production of this play was a new era in dramatic art; the legitimate drama was at a low ebb; Shakspeare's plays, however fine, and however popular in the country, had been acted so often that a London audience grew tired. To bolster up the sinking theatre wild melodramas and wilder farces had been used in vain; but Knowles's tragedy, caused an echo amongst the noblest feelings of humanity, elevated their sentiments, purified their thoughts, and added life to feelings which had become *blases* and outworn. The great success of this play had such an effect on the Drury Lane visitors that Mr. Kean, instead of sustaining any of his celebrated characters for his benefit, which took place in June, 1820, was compelled to have recourse to novelty, or to play to comparatively empty benches. This upon the eve of his departure for America was somewhat disheartening, and a play of the name of "Admirable Crichton" was got up solely for his benefit, at which Mr. Kean sang, danced and fenced, and was advertised to have played harlequin, which he would have done, had he not sprained his ankle. On the 17th September, he took his farewell of Drury Lane Theatre, and set out for Liverpool, preparatory to his embarkation for New York. Thus on the reopening of both theatres in October, Mr. Macready and the other actors at Covent Garden were left in undisputed possession of the field. Macready took the place of Kean as the first actor of the day, and on the 25th October, only fourteen days after Kean had sailed, he made his appearance as *Richard III.*, a difficult part in which he was most anxious to appear; but in the personation of which he fell somewhat below the scale in which his admirers had anticipated he would have been placed. To appear in this character so shortly after Cooke, Kemble, Kean, and Young, who had engrafted on it their peculiar excellence, was a bold attempt; the result proved that it was not too presumptuous; he did not, indeed, electrify the audience by touches of genius such as Kean showed. Coleridge has well remarked, that Kean's acting was somewhat like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning; by vivid touches Kean was able to throw a sudden light upon the play which revealed the whole part to the imagination of the audience, this was the work

of a genius, perhaps the most brilliant, if the most uneven, which the stage has produced; but in Macready there was none of this; in the scene with *Lady Anne*, which has astonished the readers of Shakspeare, that a woman so devoted to her husband should yield to the solicitation of his murderer, Kean's acting was such that we have heard those who have often wondered at and admired the scene as played by him, declare that they could forgive a woman who yielded to such passionate and intense entreaty. In Macready there was too much bluntness, there was none of that insinuating address which characterized the inimitable performance of Edmund Kean, and made a wife forget all injuries, by the subtle fascinations of the man. The tent scene, on the contrary, was excellently acted, and called forth general approbation. Few examples could surpass this effort, and his portrayal of the terrors which "shook the guilty soul of Richard," was pronounced perfect.

On the 15th of May, 1821, "The Tempest," was revived, as an opera, our hero being the *Prospero*; he exerted himself but slightly, and the opera was a failure. On the 28th of the same month, "Demetrius and Pythias," retouched and adapted by Shiel, was produced. Macready's *Damon* was pronounced to be admirable throughout; he had as yet been seen in no play to more advantage, and his delineation of the character stamped him as the hero of what is called the romantic drama. In this sphere his deep and subtle powers of analysis, and of portraying the mind which pervades a character, were perceived, and acknowledged by the critics with surprise and applause. On the 25th of June, "Henry IV., Part 2," was revived. Mr. Macready in his personation of the aged and dying monarch, imparted great judgment and discrimination to the character. He also played *Hamlet*, *Mirandola*, in Barry Cornwall's tragedy of that name, *Pierre*, and *Romeo*; at the close of the Covent Garden season his engagement terminated, and he proceeded on a tour to the provinces. Whilst playing at his father's theatre in Birmingham, in August, 1823, after leaving the theatre, he, it is said, passed a house in flames, whence, we may record to his honour, that he rescued a child from a most horrible death. The record of this fact, which appeared in the local papers,

greatly contributed to his popularity. In 1823, having slightly quarrelled with Charles Kemble, Mr. Macready quitted Covent Garden, and appeared at Drury Lane; here, he brought out Sheridan Knowles' tragedy of "Caius Gracchus," which was a failure. Mr. Macready also said to have suggested to Mr. Knowles the subject of "William Tell," which was now produced. The play is a smooth and even production, containing many appeals on liberty and other subjects which are telling on an English audience, and in it Macready made a triumphant display of his powers in melodrama. He also, assisted by Mr. Shiel, altered and adapted Massinger's fine play of "The Fatal Dowry."

When the late R. W. Elliston, on May 8th, 1826, made his first appearance as *Sir John Falstaff*, he was supported by Macready as *Prince Hal*. The play was extremely successful and well appreciated. Before the close of the season he successfully assumed the difficult part of *Jacques* in "As You Like It," and failed in the parts of *Delaval* and *Sir Charles Racket*. He now made a visit to America, where he was attended by a far greater success than in England—the Americans had no recollections to bring forward in comparison with his mode of acting, and hailed him as the greatest tragedian of the day. After this outpour of transatlantic applause, he visited Paris in 1828, where he was announced second only to Francis Joseph Talma; and this proud position was granted to him after Kemble, Young, and Kean had been coldly regarded. The truth seems to be, that the mental calibre of Mr. Macready is suited to the Parisians; without any intense feeling, which only nature could create, and which must proceed entirely from the heart, he had always an intellectual conception of a part, which must have charmed his French audience; indeed he seems to be suited to the comedies of Corneille or Racine, grand, bold, and declamatory as they are; but the Parisians themselves are below an appreciation of Shakspeare, so they attributed to Macready, a colder actor than Kean, the pre-eminence over that great master.

In 1830-31 we find him again at Drury Lane Theatre, producing Lord Byron's play of "Werner," wherein he acted the hero; the play to us seems essentially undramatic and false in taste,

but it suited the nature of Macready, and he invested the imperfect outline of the poet with a vitality and power—with an overweening pride and masterly display of power and pathos which arose almost to sublimity; the character has always been a favourite with the actor and the audience. We may, also, remark that the play itself is a shameful plagiarism on one of the "Canterbury Tales" by Miss Lee, whole passages are merely chopped up into deca-syllabic verses of the most ordinary kind. The merits of the play are owing rather to the situations than the skill of the dramatist. At the close of the season of 1832, Mr. Macready absented himself from the metropolis, and formed a long engagement, an engagement in fact for life, with a Miss Kitty Atkins, who had been for some time a member of his father's company, and with whom he has, for more than twenty years, lived happily;—the lady has recently deceased.

Edmund Kean's last appearance took place on the 25th of March, 1833, on which occasion he sustained the character of *Othello*, his son, Charles Kean, playing *Iago*. As the great actor uttered the line,—"*Othello's occupation's gone*," he fell back in his son's arms, totally unable to proceed; he was led off the stage, and the late J. P. Ward was substituted to conclude the part. The great actor died on the 13th of May following, a victim to his passions and to intense dissipation.

On the opening of the season at Drury Lane, October 1st, 1835, Mr. Macready made his appearance as *Macbeth*, on which occasion Miss Ellen Tree attempted the part of *Lady Macbeth*, and failed. On the 17th February following, Mr. Macready had a son and heir born to him, at Elstree, in Devonshire. Soon after this Mr. Macready made himself conspicuous in another character, and figured in the police report of the day, by administering a personal and severe chastisement to the then manager, Mr. Alfred Bunn, for what he considered a series of professional and personal insults. The feeling of the town appears to have been, that Mr. Bunn richly deserved the punishment that he got; and on Mr. Macready quitting his theatre, and appearing at the rival establishment of Covent Garden on the 12th May, 1836, the pit rose *en masse* to receive him, and greeted

him with an enthusiasm which has seldom been equalled or surpassed.

In the spring of 1837, Mr. Macready produced at the Haymarket (where he had formed an engagement with Mr. B. Webster) "The Maid's Tragedy," adapted for representation by Knowles and himself, under the title of "The Bridal;" Mr. Macready enacting the part of *Melantius*, supported by the late Mr. Elton, as *Amintor*; there had not been for some time past anything produced on the boards of the Haymarket half so dramatic as the interviews between *Eadne* and *Melantius*, her brother. They were considered the perfection of histrionic art, and elicited repeated and long-continued plaudits. Mr. Macready next commenced the lease of Covent Garden Theatre, and endeavoured to restore dramatic art to what it should be; to do this, all things before and behind the curtain stood in need of a thorough reformation. Under Mr. Macready's management, to quote the words of Mr. W. J. Fox, "a great change began to be perceived and felt. The art of Stanfield commenced the creation of a noble gallery of paintings. A strong company was collected, including the best talent that could be obtained in London or from the provinces; by frequent and careful rehearsals the mind of the great master was made to pervade the entire performance. Aspiring actors learnt to co-operate, and not to sacrifice the spirit of a scene for individual prominence. The public felt the harmony of the representations thus produced—people went to see a play—theatrical favouritism and partisanship merged in the recognised presence of dramatic poetry."

On the rising of the curtain, Mr. Macready's appearance to speak the opening address was hailed with the most enthusiastic applause. The address was written by Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, and the opening piece was a splendid revival of Shakspeare's play of "The Winter's Tale;" Mr. Macready personating *Leontes*; Mr. Jas. Anderson, *Florizel*; and Miss Taylor, *Perdita*.

But Mr. Macready was not satisfied with making the merely dramatic portion of the theatre perfect. He was determined to cleanse it, and it was an Augean task, from its vice and its licentiousness. Other managers had added to their attractions the stimulus of licentiousness, and with them the

saloon, thronged with characters to base to mention, formed a portion of the theatre. The old Puritans had seen this end, and from Prynne downwards had denounced, and justly, the immorality of the stage. Their accusation cannot be denied, the licence of the theatre had become notorious; in Charles' day the young nobility had regarded it as a vehicle whereby to gratify their lusts. Mistresses were chosen from the actresses, and Nell Gwynne herself, King Charles' favourite, had been taken from the stage. Infected with this vice, the writers, instead of aiding morality, turned their pens to aid the vice which was destroying, and has destroyed, the public love for the drama. The comedies of Congreve, of Wycherly, and Vanburgh, and of Mrs. Centlivre, are notoriously impure that they cannot be read with any pleasure, although they abound in the most striking and glittering wit; at last this shamelessness grew to such a height, that the ladies who frequented the theatre were obliged to go masked, lest something in the representation should be of so immoral a character, of such open indecency that it might even cause their callosities to blush. From the stage itself the sin rose higher, the novels and works of fiction were permeated with the same vice; and books were openly read by matrons and unmarried ladies for which the publishers would now be prosecuted. Sir Walter Scott somewhere relates, that his grandmother hearing that he collected old literature, begged him to bring her a novel which she recollected had been popular in her youth, and which she had heard read publicly in the presence of ladies. He did so with some reluctance. The next time he saw the old lady she returned the book: "Tak' your bonnie book awa'," said she, "and burn them, yet I mind the time when even girls read them." So it was, from open and public licentiousness on the stage, a plague like a thick cloud arose, which cast a more than Egyptian darkness over the whole region of religion and morals. A saloon had become associated with the name, and was deemed essential to the prosperity of the theatre. Privileges and tickets were bestowed to secure the attendance of those whose presence was a bane to all. The most reputable managers believed themselves under the necessity of making this

gross addition to their attractions. But it redounds greatly to Mr. Macready's honour, that he was the first to do entirely away with this license, to purify the theatre, and after a vexatious opposition he succeeded; for this he deserves the praise and the gratitude of all those who desire—and who will be so bold as to say he does not?—the advance and establishment of religion and morals.

On Monday, Nov. 26, 1838, "*Othello*" was produced: *Othello*, Mr. Macready, and *Iago*, Mr. Vandenhoff; and December, "*William Tell*." On the 7th of March following, a successful play by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, called "*Richelieu*," was produced, supported by Mr. Macready, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Anderson, and Miss Faucit, and on June 10th of the following year, Shakspeare's play of "*Henry V.*" was magnificently revived.

The exertions of Mr. Macready in the cause of morality and the drama awakened a determination in the country and amongst the lovers of the drama to present him with a testimonial; the result was a design in silver of the actor studying a drama—the arts and muses grouped around to render him their aid. Bas-reliefs of celebrated scenes surround the base, and the form of Shakspeare crowns the summit—the most illustrious names of the day were among the list of contributors, and the Duke of Cambridge presided at the presentation. Just before this, Mr. Macready's brilliant reign at Covent Garden was terminated in consequence of the Lord Chamberlain not granting him a personal license. Mr. Macready was shortly afterwards engaged by Mr. Webster of the Haymarket, for two seasons. In October 1839, he produced Bulwer's play of "*The Sea Captain*," which was decidedly successful; and after playing a round of his characters, the Haymarket closed on the 15th of January, after having produced 60 different tragedies, comedies, farces, &c. On the 27th of the same month, he was engaged by Mr. Hammond for Drury Lane, and "*Macbeth*" was produced—the cast included Messrs. Bennett and Marston, now of Sadlers' Wells. Mr. Hammond, the lessee, was unsuccessful, and failed to the amount of £8000, Mr. Macready performing gratuitously for a week, out of respect for him. He then returned to the Haymarket where on the 28th May, a new play by Talfourd, called "*Glencoe*," was produced, which was

not successful. During this season Serle's play of "*Master Clarke*," and Sir E. L. Bulwer's comedy of "*Money*," was produced. Mr. Macready's engagement at the Haymarket theatre terminated in May 1841, after which he made a second attempt to revive the drama by taking Drury Lane Theatre, and reopening it on a scale of splendour unknown before. He produced "*Acis and Galatea*" by Handel, and Douglas Jerrold's "*Prisoner of War*," Lord Byron's "*Marino Faliero*," and Mr. Westland Marston's fine play of "*The Patrician's Daughter*." He also produced a new play by Mr. Browning, called "*The Blot on the 'Scutecheon*." The Queen and Prince Albert patronized Drury Lane Theatre and visited it on the 12th June, 1843, and on the following Wednesday, Mr. Macready closed his second season of 183 nights, 93 of which were devoted to the plays of Shakspeare. In his address, he declared that his actual loss during the two seasons amounted to near £10,000; and calculating his salary as an actor and manager, and the abandonment of his provincial engagements, the loss would be little less than £20,000. The theatre closed, and one of Macready's best actors, Mr. Elton, proceeding by sea to a provincial engagement, was drowned. On the 5th of September following, Mr. Macready again sailed for the *New World*, where he pursued a brilliant but troubled career. He then went to Paris, where he performed before Louis Philippe, and on January 19, 1845, that king, out of respect for his genius, presented him with various magnificent gifts, besides three bank notes of 1,000 francs each to defray his travelling expenses. He again appeared in London at the Princess's Theatre; and, at the same theatre June, 1846, he produced Mr. White's play of "*The King of the Commons*." The theatrical career of Mr. Macready was now drawing to a close, and after various small engagements in London at different intervals, he took his farewell of the stage at Drury Lane Theatre on the 26th of February, 1851, in the character of *Macbeth*; the house was crowded, and the sum of £906 was taken at the ordinary prices. At the conclusion of the piece, Mr. Macready came forward and delivered his farewell speech, part of which we quote:—

"My last theatrical part is played, and, in accordance with long-established

usage, I appear once more before you. Even if I were without precedent for the discharge of this act of duty, it is one which my own feelings would irresistibly urge upon me; for as I look back on my professional career, I see in it but one continuous record of indulgence and support extended to me, cheering me in my onward progress, and upholding me in my most trying emergencies. I have therefore been desirous of offering you my parting acknowledgments for the partial kindness with which my humble efforts have uniformly been received, and for a life made happier by your favour. The distance of five-and-thirty years has not dimmed the recollection of the encouragement which gave fresh impulse to the inexperienced essay of my youth, and stimulated me to persevere when struggling hardly for equality of position with the genius and talent of those artists whose superior excellence I ungrudgingly admitted, admired, and honoured. That encouragement helped to place me, in respect to privileges and emolument, on a footing with my distinguished competitors. With the growth of time your favour seemed to grow; and, undisturbed in my hold on your opinion, from year to year I found friends more closely and thickly clustering around me. My ambition to establish a theatre, in regard to decorum and taste, worthy of our country, and to have in it the plays of our divine Shakspeare fitly illustrated, was frustrated by those whose duty it was, in virtue of the trust committed to them, themselves to have undertaken the task. But some good seeds have yet been sown; and in the zeal and creditable productions of certain of our present managers, we have assurance that the corrupt editions and unseemly presentations of past days will never be restored, but that the purity of our great poet's text will henceforward be held on our English stage in the reverence it ever should command. I have little more to say. By some the relation of an actor to his audience is considered slight and transient. I do not feel so. The repeated manifestation, under circumstances personally affecting me, of your favourable sentiments towards me, will live with life among my most grateful memories; and, because I would not willingly abate one jot in your esteem, I retire with the belief of yet unfailing powers,

rather than linger on the scene, to set in contrast the feeble style of age with the more vigorous exertions of my better years. Words—at least such as I can command—are ineffectual to convey my thanks. In offering them, you will believe I feel far more than I give utterance to. With sentiments of the deepest gratitude I take my leave, bidding you, ladies and gentlemen, in my professional capacity, with regret and most respectfully, farewell."

On the Saturday following, March 1st, the farewell dinner was given to him in the Hall of Commerce. There were present,—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. (the chairman), Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., the Marquis of Clanricarde, John Forster, Esq., A. Fonblanque, Esq., Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A., W. J. Fox, Esq., M.P., the Chevalier Bunsen, Sir C. Eastlake, P.R.A., W. M. Thackeray, Esq., Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., C. Landseer, Esq., R.A., Thomas Landseer, Esq., R.A., D. Maclise, Esq., R.A., C. Dickens, Esq., Lord Ward, Charles Kemble, Esq., Lieut-General Sir John Wilson, Captain Sir George Back, R.N., George Robert Rowe, M.D., &c., &c. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, the chairman, made an eloquent speech, the concluding portion of which we give:—

"More than all this, Mr. Macready has sought to rally round him the dramatic writers of the day, and this brought him (the chairman) from the merits of the actor to the merits of the manager. He recurred to that brief but glorious time when the British drama promised to revive under Mr. Macready's management, and gave brighter hopes to the future; when by the exercise of taste, the gorgeous scenery and magnificent appointments, those revivals were attempted which displayed the extraordinary agencies employed by the all-powerful Prospero, or when the Knight of Agincourt exhibited again the pomp of the feudal ages. But not only had Mr. Macready understood the value of representing such gorgeous scenes as those; he had also purified the audiences, and for the first time since the reign of Charles the Second, the father of a family might safely take his children to that gentleman's theatre, where the same decorum was observed as at the residence of a friend—(applause)—and well had that effort been appreciated! It was

for this reason that the late Bishop of Norwich had made the personal acquaintance of Mr. Macready, in order that he might thank him for the benefit he had conferred upon society; and he could not refer to that period without a pang. Had Mr. Macready remained, it would have been proved that there was no want of encouragement for the drama, because he had himself told them that his houses were overcrowded, but that the enormous rent charged, and the exactions to which he was subjected, had made the difference between profit and loss. It was not for him to speak of the state of things which existed in respect to this subject now. It involved considerations with regard to the patents that were given to certain houses for the alleged purpose of maintaining, in this metropolis, the legitimate drama, whilst it tended in reality to obstruct it. (Hear, hear.) He would now speak of Macready as a man. Of those virtues which adorned him, and which were known only in secret, it appeared out of place to speak upon public occasions; yet there were some virtues which were not called "private," and accompany a man everywhere, and formed an essential part of his character. Of these it became them to speak, and as they had met that day to do honour to their guest, to encourage his devotion to pure ends, to acknowledge his high ambition and manly independence, and to testify their appreciation of that honour which had never known a stain. They could not disguise from themselves that a great prejudice existed against actors, but in their noble guest they had a man who had never fallen into the weakness of an actor, who had never stooped to court the patronage of the great, but had obtained the position of an accomplished gentleman—who had never stooped to court any patronage greater than that of the public, nor ever courted the smile which fashion only humiliated when it was extended to the genius which it was intended to protect, and having so comported himself through life, he had placed the profession to which he belonged, in its proper rank amongst the liberal arts; and hence it was that, in glancing over the list of stewards that day, he found it contained every element of rank, genius, and distinction—distinguished ministers of foreign nations, noble peers, the veterans of those professions of

which honour was the life-spring. (Great applause.) Mr. Macready retired in the midst of his triumphs, and though he was about to leave them, it could not be said he had fallen into the 'sear and yellow leaf'—it could not be said that he had that which accompanied old age—he left them honoured and beloved by troops of friends, and, therefore, he trusted that they would postpone, for that night, all selfish regret, and think only of the brightness of the sun which was about to set. He called upon them to drink with full glasses, and fuller hearts, 'health, happiness, and long life to William Macready.' "

In his reply Mr. Macready professed to be overcome by the kindness and honour they had done him, and gave a noble estimate of the position which the intellectual actor should hold.

"I am really too much overpowered, I am really too much overcome, to attempt to detain you long, but with the reflection, and under the conviction that our drama is the noblest in the world, and that it can never lose its place from the stage while the English language shall last, I would venture to express a parting hope that the rising actors would keep the loftiest look, and would hold the most elevated views of the duties of their calling. I would hope that they would struggle to elevate their rank, and with it raise themselves above the level of the player's easy life to public regard and distinction. To effect this creditable purpose they must bring resolution, energy, untiring labour to their work. They must be content to spurn delight, and live laborious days. The oak must sink in the stubborn earth its roots ere it lifts its branches to the skies. This, I am sure, was the doctrine of Siddons and of Talma, and this is the faith which I have ever held as one of their humblest disciples. (Cheers.) I am drawn into a remark or two with reference to the two patent theatres, a subject on which my friend, the chairman, has so kindly dilated. I wish to say, that there is a little preamble of these patents, which recites, as a condition of the grant, that the theatres shall be for the 'promotion of virtue and instruction to the human race.' I think those are the words. I can only say, it was my ambition, to the best of my ability, to obey that injunction; and, believing in the principle that property has its duties as well as its rights,

I conceived that the proprietors should have co-operated with me. They, however, thought otherwise, and I was reluctantly compelled to relinquish, on disadvantageous terms, my half-achieved enterprise. Others may take up that incompleting work, and if inquiry be sought for one best qualified to undertake the task, I should seek him in a theatre which, for eight years, he has raised from its degraded condition—in that theatre which he has raised high in the public estimation, not only as to the intelligence and respectability of the audiences, but by the learned and tasteful spirit of his productions. With a heart more full than the glass which I raise to my lips, I return you my most grateful thanks for the honour you have done me."

It would be unjust to take leave of Mr. Macready, without enumerating the original plays which he has been, either directly or indirectly, instrumental in producing,—and estimating thereby the amount of benefit which the new drama of England has received from his patronage. Earliest on the list is, we believe, the tragedy of 'Mirandola,' by Barry Cornwall,—and next Sheridan Knowles's 'Virginius.' Then comes Haynes's 'Damon and Pythias,' Shiel's 'Huguenot,' Miss Mitford's 'Julian,' Knowles's 'Caius Gracchus' and 'William Tell,' Byron's 'Werner,' Knowles's 'Alfred the Great,' Browning's 'Stafford,' Byron's 'Sardanapalus,' Lovell's 'Provost of Bruges,' Talfourd's 'Ion,' Bulwer's 'Duchess de la Valliere' and 'Lady of Lyons,' Knowles's 'Woman's Wit,' Byron's 'Two Foscari,' Bulwer's 'Richelieu' and 'Sea Captain,' Haynes's 'Mary Stuart,' Talfourd's 'Athenian Captive,' and 'Glencoe,' Serle's 'Master Clarke,' Bulwer's 'Money,' Troughton's 'Nina Sforza,' 'Gisippus,' by the author of 'The Collegians,' Darley's 'Plighted Troth,' Byron's 'Doge of Venice,' Marston's 'Patrician's Daughter,' Knowles's 'Secretary,' Browning's 'Blot on the Scutcheon,' White's 'King of the Commons,' and Taylor's 'Philip Van Artevelde.'

Of these, how many have retained possession of the stage?—'Virginius,' 'Damon and Pythias,' 'William Tell,' 'Werner,' 'Ion,' 'The Lady of Lyons,' 'Richelieu,' 'Money,' and 'The Patrician's Daughter,'—nine out of a list of thirty-three. Of Mr. Macready's own managements at Covent Garden and

Drury Lane, extending over four seasons, only three pieces survive; and indeed, not many more were attempted—spectacular revivals substituting original production. These three plays gave two new authors to the stage, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and Mr. Marston; the first, one who had previously commanded a position on it,—the second, a young and untried poet, who has since amply justified the manager's preference. The only living writer, besides who owes his present dramatic existence to Mr. Macready, is Sir Thomas Talfourd.

We have not mentioned, as almost unworthy of record, the very serious disturbance in America, occasioned by the admirers of Mr. Forrest, offering a violent opposition to Mr. Macready in his performance. But the quarrels of authors have been recorded, and those of actors should have a Parthian glance thrown at them ere we close. Suffice it to say, that in New York, Mr. Macready had such a riotous opposition in the Theatre from the partizans of Forrest, that he was driven from the stage, and obliged to seek safety in flight. Nor did the affray end here. The military were called out, and were obliged to fire upon the mob, occasioning, we believe, loss of life. Mr. Macready in disguise reached his hotel, and immediately sailed from those shores, which had in every other instance proved to him so hospitable.

Mr. Macready's personal appearance is striking; his forehead is broad and high; his eye small, but full of fire: his nose is the most faulty feature of his face; his lips are constantly compressed, giving to his face a determination, which is borne out by an abrupt and somewhat harsh manner. His figure, though tall, is not graceful, and he appears to disadvantage in modern costume.

On the retirement of Mr. Macready from the stage, the newspapers were full of sketches of his life, and of criticisms on his acting. The majority of these papers were laudatory, and perhaps too much so. But on the other hand, some severely commented on his behaviour to his brother actors, and especially on his *hauteur*, and distant and proud bearing towards the younger professors of his art. With this kind of criticism we have nothing to do, but the ablest purely critical paper we insert, recom-

mended as it is, by its acute analysis and poetical appreciation: and moreover by a personal knowledge of the actor, and opportunities which few others could have had.

"A career of thirty-four years admits of many vicissitudes; we can remember the whole of Mr. Macready's, though many years his junior. We have witnessed its entirety as amateur and critic; and may have said in a slight degree to have participated in it. We have seen him on and off the stage; have enacted a Shakesperean part to him; have seen him in the green room; have constantly criticised him in all the new parts, and studied him in the old; and have thus as intimate an acquaintance with his stage life as is well possible for a public writer to have. We have no feud with him, for we never were in a position to quarrel; we have no partiality, for we only know him as an artist. Thus sure, if truth is to be found in criticism, it might be hoped for in this memorial; and we are desirous to record an opinion that, unbiassed by either a base or a generous partizanship, shall give a faithful character of one who has filled so prominent a part in theatrical matters.

"It is now only to consider the oft-mooted question,—is Mr. Macready a Shakesperean actor? Or, in other words, is he an actor of the highest genius? To this we must reply in the negative; and our reason is, that he is essentially a man of great and cultivated talents but has little impulsive genius. To elucidate Shakespeare requires something of the same plasticity of imagination, the same wonderful quality of conception,—a facility minute and keen in its operation, but easy as 'a cheverel glove,' as bounteous, as full of spirits, as graceful, as prodigal in the richness of its fancy, as the poet himself. No actor can study himself into Shakespeare. He must have the lightning flash which reveals all at a glance. There is no reducing his perfect creations to an analytical process. Now, truly, it seems to us that to Mr. Macready is denied plasticity. He has not the essential attribute of an actor. He cannot personate. He has not a particle of the Protean power. Instead of being subdued to the character, he subdues the character to himself. Like Le Brun he can give you certain abstract passions, but of

those only a limited number: grief on its petulant side, rage on its demoniac, pathos and affection, but all modifications of himself, not representations of a person. Thus all his performances are alike; and are only variations of certain general characteristics, such as a straddling totter for age, and a defiant gait for youth. Now this generalizing personification is the mode of the old French tragedies, and of our vague and vapid dramas founded on them. Therein we have the general, but not the particular. In all Shakespeare's characters we have the particular. A perfect man, as true as if we had known him fifty years. No mere tyrant, no mere age, no mere youth. Shakespeare created his style; it was his in its full perfection alone; and probably will so for ever remain.

"It may be said, in answer to the charge of the want of personification, that Mr. Macready has a great deal of reality; that he is logically correct. True; but we want imaginative truth, and not harsh facts. It is true *Macbeth* might find his state of man shaken when he goes to murder *Duncan*, but he is very different from a cowardly burglar. *Lear* is a choleric, barbaric chief, but he would not bully every one he comes near. *Iago* is a designing ruffian, but he is not an exaggeration of deceit. No rationale in the world will supply the want of an entire and perfect imaginative conception. Neither Brown nor Dugald Stewart could supply language nor logic to make *Hamlet* comprehensible to a mere mathematical mind. For these reasons we must say, as Godwin said of James I., Mr. Macready has chosen a wrong trade. It is true he has professionally succeeded; but he has not artistically. He has won his way to a high position; by what means principally, we have shown. He has commanded admirers; and, to a certain extent, deservedly, we do not deny. But it is not for his powers as a personator—as an actor; but for merits and demerits that are the very contrary of those of a great or true actor. He is a capital reciter; he has a vehemence that kindles emotion. He has strong powers of declamation. He appears thoroughly in earnest. He knows how to suddenly introduce a reality of action or tone, that surprises the unreflecting and the unimaginative into admiration. Still it is Mr.

Macready we hear, see, and know under that phase. He has the power of a declaimer, an orator, a rhetorician, but not of an actor. His self-consciousness is of a most robustious kind. His personality is utterly unsubduable. He is a very clever man who has a perfectly logical perception of the author's utterance; but has no power to embody that and lose himself. As, however, the vehement religious enthusiast excites the generality of the audience who hear him, because emotion of whatever kind is contagious, so do all vehement actors. Such expression may not convey the idea intended by the author, but if it call up a strong sensation it will pass for excellence. Most persons like to be mentally excited; and are careless of the means. And those not easily excited are led frequently by a common-place logic, and banishing the idea of illusion, or being impervious to it, make an analysis of the performance, and are satisfied if the facts cohere rationally. Neither of these states answer to that which the appreciator of Shakspeare must be in. To him must be awarded some portion of that plastic imagination belonging to the poet himself. The suggestive power of the dramatist leads him to weave for himself the pictures and the characters before him. He is neither carried away by a spurious enthusiasm, nor misled by the untimely contagion of some abstract emotion; nor is he the slave of a low logic which turns the action of the piece into an arithmetical problem. But the play and the performance is as a fine strain of music; as a noble and a cohering stream. It is never thought of as a reality. The vision is perfect as the creation of magic, and melts away into the same unsubstantiality. It is a thing of the soul and not of the body.

" These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirit, and
Are melted into air, into thin air." . . .

Unless poetry be read and played as such it is incongruous nonsense, or mere prose upon wheels.

"Such being our notions of acting and the drama, we have never been able to see in Mr. Macready the true Shakesperean power. But we have always acknowledged in him strong prosaic talents. Capacity to kindle and move mixed audiences by an abstract expression of some of the passions, considerable acquirements, stage intelligence, and the utmost comprehension of his author that a highly-cultivated understanding could give. But we must conclude, as we began, by saying that his imaginative power is small, and that consequently he lacks entirely the power of personification; and that he is consequently rugged, disjointed, fragmentary, and inharmonious; a forcible declaimer and expounder, but not a poet, and consequently not an actor."

In reviewing the past life of a man who has won so high a position and in so arduous a profession as Mr. Macready, we cannot but be struck with admiration and gratitude when we consider that he has never done anything to degrade but on the contrary everything to elevate his art—he has endeavoured in every way to depress any vicious tendency which exists either on the stage or in the lives of those who are devoted to it; he has shown by his own conduct that an actor has a profession which is elevating, instructive, and moral, and which, if rightly professed, might be brought to the aid of the pulpit itself. Schlegel has well remarked that "the life of an actor is but the record of his art," and if this life presents few romantic incidents, no great contrasts of poverty or wealth, no vivid struggles to emancipate a people, or deep study to reform the laws, it yet shows the earnest devotion of one to a noble, though a misunderstood art, and his continued and unremitting attempts crowned with a partial success, to rescue it from the contempt and degradation to which professors less worthy than himself had reduced it.

H. G.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

THE brilliant meteor which, during its brief but dazzling existence, outshines all the other stars of heaven, and then fades into impenetrable obscurity, is speedily forgotten when its transient radiance has passed away. So is it with the witty conversationalist—the man of clever sayings—the unsalaried jester, whose pleasant sallies have so often “set the table in a roar.” He is remembered while amusement is born with his smiles, while his lightest words are echoed in peals of laughter, and while even the mere rolling of his eye is a provocative of merriment; but when sickness or age have lain their fingers upon his brow, or the tomb has closed upon him, he rarely occupies even the humblest place in the memory of his former admirers. Hook formed no exception to this rule. He was the “comet of a season,” praised, flattered, worshipped; but when he vanished, the momentary inconvenience occasioned by his loss was remedied by less gifted but equally amusing successors. In the mad whirlpool of fashion and pleasure he had been hurrying round year by year, drawing closer to the fatal vortex, and when at last he was engulfed beneath the tide, the waters dashed on as rapidly and as laughingly as before.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK was born in London on the 22nd September, 1788. His father was for many years musical director of Vauxhall Gardens, and composed the music of upwards of 2000 songs for operettas, vaudevilles, and other light dramatic pieces of that day. An elder brother of Theodore was destined for the church, took holy orders, and became Dean of Worcester, but the embryo wit manifested decided symptoms of unfitness to follow in the same course. At a very early age he displayed a talent for practical joking, and scholastic rule, as may be supposed, was one of the first subjects against which it was directed. From an academy in Soho Square, at which he had been placed, he absented himself without permission for a fortnight. An accident revealed this truant conduct of the boy, and parental hands soon punished it. But to eradicate that, which in Hook's case appears to have been inherent, was beyond parental or scho-

lastic power; and on the first night of his entrance into Harrow School—whether he was soon after sent—he gave another illustration of his disposition, by throwing a large piece of turf at the window of a bed-room, in which a lady was retiring to rest. There had been, of course, not the slightest provocation; and it would appear that no malicious spirit influenced the deed. It was merely done, at the suggestion of Lord Byron, then a mischievous inmate of the School. Fortunately, a broken pane of glass was the only damage occasioned by the act. Theodore Hook did not prove an attentive scholar, and obtained no distinction by his studies. He confesses that he had no application; that tasks which could be done quickly he could do well: but that to devote himself assiduously to any study, especially that of languages, he was quite unable. What progress he might ultimately have made, what effect upon his nature the stimulus of rivalry might have exerted, it would be idle now to discuss. Unfortunately the death of his mother, to whom he was deeply attached, prematurely terminated his school life. He went home, his father found relief from sorrow in the lively conversation of his young son, and would not hear of his return to Harrow. Theodore had no desire to revisit that seat of learning. He preferred to remain with his father. Town talk was better than school teaching. The last new song at Vauxhall was worth the whole Latin Dictionary, and we suspect he went little farther into that language than the *exempla minora*. Accordingly Theodore remained at home; but he was not altogether idle. Secretly, and no doubt with some little fear and trembling, he wrote two or three songs, composed the music for them, and one day, to the astonishment and delight of his father, produced these precocious evidences of talent. That day decided Theodore Hook's fate. There could be no more schooling after such a display of genius, and, as author and composer, father and son now entered into partnership. But the young musical bard soon grew ambitious; mere song-writing and song-singing—in both of which arts he had become proficient—did not satisfy those yearnings for applause with which the



extravagant praises of indulgent friends had filled his breast. His pen took a higher flight, and in 1805 his first dramatic effort, "The Soldier's Return," (the music of which was composed by his father,) was produced at Drury Lane Theatre. This piece, flimsy enough in itself, and no doubt borrowed without acknowledgment from some French author—as almost every piece produced at the present day is—met with a highly favourable reception, and Theodore Hook, at the age of sixteen, found himself a successful dramatist. To all those mysterious fascinations generally supposed to exist "behind the scenes," Hook was now admitted. The companion of Liston, Terry, Mathews, and other popular actors, he kept the green room and the entire company of the theatre in a constant state of merriment by his sprightly manners, his witty sayings, and his practical jokes. While passing through this dangerous existence he did not forget to exercise those talents which had thus early received the stamp of public recognition and approval. In rapid succession he contributed several farces, vaudevilles and melodramas, to the Haymarket and Lyceum theatres. Of these pieces scarcely one is now to be met with on the stage. "Tekeli," a violent melodrama, of the transpontine school, is occasionally performed at some of the minor theatres of the metropolis, and "Killing no Murder," Hook's best farce, now and then undergoes reproduction: but despite its real wit, the coarse and meagre character of the plot renders the piece disagreeable to a modern audience. But Hook soon began to be known in another capacity besides that of a successful dramatic writer. As an extempore versifier and composer, he had by turns astonished and delighted a large circle of friends. He would sit down to the piano and pour forth verse after verse of unpremeditated song,—some incident that had occurred during the evening, some peculiarity in the name or appearance of the guests, interwoven with allusions to passing topics and well garnished with puns—generally forming the material of these efforts of improvisation, which, although brilliant, had in them no real merit. His fame spread rapidly. At a dinner given by the actors of Drury Lane, to congratulate Sheridan on the success of his elec-

tioning contest for Westminster, the whole of the company were amazed by the power which Hook displayed. Sheridan was gratified beyond measure with the young author, congratulated him upon the possession of such peculiar and brilliant talent, and afterwards mentioned his name in terms of high eulogy to many aristocratic friends. Thenceforth Hook became a "lion." He was invited to noble houses to display his surprising genius—as professors of parlour legerdemain are introduced into festive parties at Christmas time—and delighted his high-born patrons with an exhibition of wit and cleverness, which quite enchanted them by its novelty. Even royalty became anxious to hear the performances of Mr. Hook, and one evening, at a supper in Manchester Square, the Prince of Wales attended for the express purpose of gratifying his curiosity, gracefully acknowledged the pleasure which the improvisatore had afforded him, and left Hook in a perfect flutter of delight. In fact, it was not surprising, at such an early age, with a mind comparatively unstrengthened by education, and filled with the most extravagant ideas of its own powers, that he should become intoxicated with the incense of flattery and applause which had risen around him. He soon felt a distaste for his dramatic avocations, and looked upon the stage with the most intense contempt. The glimpses he had seen of fashionable life were sufficiently dazzling to render him discontented with a less glittering existence. He began to fancy himself fitted only for that sphere in which he had gained so much distinction. He entered into all the gaieties and amusements of the town, and soon rendered himself famous by the originality and impudence of his exploits. He formed a "Museum of Practical Jokes," in which knockers, sign-boards, barbers' poles, gigantic Highlanders, &c.—the glorious trophies of many a midnight deed—were displayed for the gaze of admiring friends. Hook, therefore, had the miserable distinction of founding, that cruel, thoughtless, and unmanly school of practical jokers, the greatest disciples of which were the Marquis of Waterford, and certain medical students. Foreign nations looked with surprise at an English lord going about attended by a prize-fighter, who, at a sign by his lord-

seized an unconscious policeman and threw him over his head, the (?) consisting probably in the broken bones or perhaps total incapacitation of an inoffensive and useful man. During these attacks, thieves and burglars were left unwatched, and doubt thanked the friendly offices of his lordship. Another of these play-sallies resulted in the death of a man, who had a whole bottle of strong rum given him to drink at aught, for the purpose of earning a sovereign given by this noble (?) man. After his lordship's marriage, his followers dwindled down to students, gnomes, and "gents," of which Mr. Albert Smith is the historian, and one of theirs, which Mr. Smith related in an early number of "Punch," doubtfully for the purpose of creating a laugh, was to obtain a red lamp of a doctor, whose house was near a railway, and by its aid to stop the advance of a mail train. *Proh Pudor!* Well might the French term us *farouches*, to represent on their stage, each lord accompanied by his *boxeur*, and well in future times, possibly reverting to manners and customs of the nineteenth century, presume us to be but civilized. Hook gave rise to the "Tom and Jerry" school, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, gave a strong impulse to it, which lapsed into the hands of young men just mentioned, which is now, by the stringent measures of the magistrates and the ridicule of the satirists, nearly if not quite extinct. But the most daring of jokes (?) was the celebrated Berners Street hoax, and the amount of time and positive labour bestowed upon its arrangement were indeed worthy of a better cause. Six weeks were consumed in preparations. Upwards of 4,000 letters were written, and on a certain day, tradesmen of every description, of every variety of their wares—visitors of every rank, from the Lord Mayor to the Duke of York, from ladies of rank to servants in search of situations, presented themselves at the house of an unfortunate lady in Berners Street, who had in some manner offended Hook and two friends. The scene throughout the day was most exciting. The street was completely blockaded by carts, waggons, and carriages, the traffic in the neighbourhood was suspended, and as the news spread far and

wide, a laughing crowd gathered around the spot, and it was late into the evening before the commotion subsided. There was such an outburst of indignation at this occurrence, that Hook found it prudent to withdraw into the country for a few weeks until the storm of public anger had blown over.

He was now twenty-one years of age. He had determined to write no more for the stage, but he was too restless to allow his pen to remain inactive. He wrote a novel, "The Man of Sorrow," and published it under the pseudonym of Alfred Allendale, expecting no doubt a repetition of that applause which his dramatic pieces had gained for him. He was disappointed; the work, an ornate specimen of the Minerva Press School of fiction, slumbered placidly upon the shelves of the publisher, and but for resuscitation in another form some years afterwards, would have sunk into oblivion. With his expanded prospects new ideas arose. The education begun at Harrow must be finished at Oxford, and to Oxford Hook accordingly went. The frame of mind in which he entered upon his studies is best illustrated by the reply which he made upon being presented for matriculation. When asked by the Vice-Chancellor if he was prepared to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles, "Oh, yes," said the accommodating and unvenerating Theodore, "forty if you please."

It needed all the eloquence of his brother to prevent the wit's expulsion from the university after such a proof of orthodoxy. But the dull routine of college life, though enlivened by amusements permitted or forbidden, was not likely to prove agreeable to one who had tasted so largely the pleasures of the metropolis. Theodore was soon tired with this second version of school-boy days, and after remaining at Oxford during two terms, only was again in London.

His singing and joke-making were not forgotten, but on the contrary, were destined to receive tangible recompense. Inquiries had been made concerning Mr. Hook, his position, his means, his prospects. It was found that he was without any fixed income, and no doubt, the fact was regarded as a sort of national disgrace. Royal intimation was given that something must be done for him; and something *was* done for him

immediately. He was appointed Comptroller of the Exchequer at the Mauritius, with a salary of £2000 per annum, and setting sail from England, entered upon his duties in 1813. Why Theodore Hook was selected to occupy a position for which he was in no degree qualified by habits or education, appears rather surprising. His knowledge of accounts must have been small. His familiarity with the intricacies of colonial finance could not have been extensive. Even his intimacy with practical arithmetic might have been open to dispute. But no thoughts of his own unfitness disturbed his mind. He evidently went out under the impression that his labours would consist in seeing somebody else perform his duties; in killing time as he best might, in receiving his salary by quarterly payments. Of course, he led an easy untroubled life. The stern realities of office were but as shadows which scarcely for a moment flitted across his path, and dimmed the light which streamed upon it. "We breakfast," said he in a letter to Mathews, "we breakfast at eight. Always up by gun-fire. Five o'clock bathe and ride before breakfast. After breakfast lounge about. At one have a regular meal except a tiffin, hot meat, vegetables, &c., and at this we generally sit through the heat of the day, drinking our wine, and munching our fruit; at five, or half-past, the carriages come to the door, and we go either in them, or in palanquins to dress; which operation performed, we drive out to the race ground and the *Champs de Mars*, the Hyde Park Lane, till half-past six; come into town, and at seven dine, where we remain until ten, and then join the French parties, as there is regularly a ball somewhere or other every night. These things *blended with business* make out the day and evening."

The only business which Hook is recorded to have performed, consisted of occasionally signing his name in the account books, playing off most unofficial jokes upon visitors, and receiving his salary at the intervals before alluded to. But this butterfly life was destined to meet with a harsh interruption. In 1817, a new governor was appointed to the island, and some formal investigations into the state of the Exchequer were made. The accounts were pronounced correct, the examination satisfactory. Scarcely, however, had these

announcements been made when a serious charge of misappropriation of public money, to the extent of 37,111 dollars, was brought against Hook. One of his subordinates who a few days afterwards committed suicide. Although it was proved that the man was insane the accusation was of too grave a nature to be entirely passed over. Another scrutiny of the books was commenced. Accounts which only a few weeks before had been examined and passed were now found to be teeming with errors. A deficit of 62,717 dollars was discovered. Hook was arrested at midnight; placed in confinement; the whole of his property sold by the Crown, and he himself, shortly afterwards, sent prisoner to England. The voyage was a long and trying one. Nine months at sea, and during a portion of the time, with bad provisions doled out in small quantities, Hook, despite the buoyancy of spirit which he continually exhibited, must have spent many weary hours reflecting upon his carelessness. That he was guiltless of everything except extreme inattention, has been placed beyond all doubt; indeed on his arrival in England, he was at once acquitted of any criminal act, and set at liberty. But the mystery of the deficit had yet to be explained, and Hook, summoned before the Colonial Audit Board, underwent many disagreeable and perplexing examinations. It was to but little purpose. He could explain nothing. His signature, the supposed guarantee for correctness, was appended to accounts of the most confused and irregular description. Some mistakes were evident almost at a glance; others were discovered only after a long and wearisome examination, but mistakes there were in abundance. Amounts entered on the debtor side of the page instead of the creditor—bills confused with notes—dollars with rupees, and altogether such an incoherent jumble of figures that the experienced accountants of the Audit Board became as thoroughly confused as even Hook himself.

The ex-Comptroller of the Mauritius Exchequer found himself compelled to begin the world anew. He had arrived in England penniless, and he now commenced working hard for existence, by contributing to magazines and other periodicals. It was at this time, and when residing in a small house in the outskirts of London, that he formed a

unhappy acquaintance with a young girl. She bore him children. She loved with him. She loved him fondly. He was all to him that woman can be to a man in the days of sorrow and misfortune. But though he felt and acknowledged the warmth of her affection, though his own heart yearned towards her, he shrunk with trembling from a marriage that might fetter him when brighter days arrived. He loved her too much to cast her off, but loved her too little to make her his wife. There is not one fact in the record of his life which is more painful to dwell upon than this; not one that shows the innate weakness of his character in a more pitiable light.

The stage, so much despised in the first flush of his prosperity, was not now thought unworthy of attention, and a farce, "Exchange no Robbery," for which he received £60, soon sprang from his pen. With the exception of an attempt which he made to establish a periodical, called *The Arcadian*, and which lived through only two numbers, Hook did nothing worthy of special mention until the commencement of the *John Bull* newspaper in December, 1820.

It has been asserted that the *John Bull* was called into existence by a royal suggestion, and that a royal purse supplied funds for the undertaking; but these statements, although far from improbable, have never risen above the rank of the *on dit*. The object of the paper was to crush the supporters of Queen Caroline, the Brandenburgh-house party, by merciless ridicule and bitter sarcasm. Hook was editor, and he devoted himself to the task with an eagerness, stimulated no doubt by his circumstances and hopes. His favourite axiom was, "that in every family there is some weak point, some secret cancer, the lightest touch upon which is torture." Upon this belief he acted, and with such effect, that "it seemed," to quote the language of the *Quarterly Review*, "as if a legion of sarcastic evils had brooded in synod over the elements of withering derision." The success of the paper was without precedent. Every copy of the first number was sold in a few hours, and the circulation increased week by week. The adherents of the Queen were in dismay, their opponents were in raptures. Extraordinary pains were taken

to discover the writers, but all in vain. A well-arranged system between publisher and editor effectually prevented detection. The Queen's death, in 1821, fortunately put an end to the fierceness of the *John Bull*. Its tone changed, and although the circulation decreased, yet as editor and part-proprietor, the paper yielded Hook for some time a yearly income of £2000.

The alteration in his prospects consequent upon the success of the *John Bull* must have been of the most gratifying nature; but Hook was soon reminded that former carelessness had yet to be atoned for. In 1823 he was arrested for the Mauritius debt, and his effects were seized by the Crown. Believing that his efforts in the *John Bull* had given him some claim to royal favour, he remained for nine months in a dirty sponging-house in Shire Lane, in almost daily expectation that he would be set at liberty, and the claim of the Colonial Audit Board be discharged by funds from the privy purse. At the expiration of this term, his health beginning to suffer by confinement, he removed to more commodious lodgings in Temple Place, within the rules of the King's Bench Prison. It was not until nearly two years after his arrest that he was finally set at liberty. The Audit Board then settled their claim at £12,000. All further proceedings were to be stayed, but it was distinctly announced that he was to be still held liable for the amount. Instead of making any attempt to pay even a portion of it—as an earnest of his desire—thoroughly to clear himself in the eyes of all men, Hook still clung to the belief that the Crown would release him from his responsibility. Had he offered to pay even a small sum, it would no doubt have worked interest in his behalf. He was in a position to make a considerable payment. His income was large, and in the preceding year it had been increased by the production of a series of tales, under the title of "Sayings and Doings," for which he received £750; but he looked upon himself as a martyr to the cause of colonial finance, and made no effort to shake off the bonds of debt by which he was surrounded. A second series of the "Sayings and Doings" yielded their author £1,000; and then, in 1827, the quiet little villa at Putney, to which he had removed on regaining his liberty,

was given up, and a large and fashionable house in Cleveland Row engaged in its stead. In 1820 he produced the third series of his "Sayings and Doings;" and in the following year "Maxwell," a novel. For each of these works he received £1,000. Now was the time, it might have been thought, for Hook to prove that early experience had not been lost upon him; that past recklessness had taught him lessons of prudence; but his mind seemed to scorn the teachings it had received. He had plunged into a whirl of excitement and gaiety. He had again become a lion of fashionable society. He was again welcomed to great men's houses. He was again that "dear Theodore," who years before had sung himself into the hearts of the beauties of May Fair. Notwithstanding the large income he was now making, his reckless mode of life and his profuse expenditure soon began to make serious inroads upon his finances. Salary was anticipated; money borrowed at any rate of interest; but debts accumulated with fearful rapidity, and after struggling on until 1831, the fashionable house was at last given up, and suburban seclusion once more sought.

The necessity now for working hard with the pen, in order to battle against the debts which attacked him on every side, stimulated Hook to great exertion. He was not an indolent man, and he now first began to show it. In 1832 he produced "The life of Sir David Baird," in two large 8vo. volumes. In the following year he wrote six volumes: "The Parson's Daughter," three vols., and "Love and Pride," three vols. In 1836 appeared "Jack Brag," in three vols. In the same year he commenced editing "The New Monthly Magazine," with a salary of £400 a year, exclusive of sums to be paid for original compositions. In the pages of this periodical "Gilbert Gurney" appeared, and afterwards "Gurney Married." In 1839 he wrote "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," for which he received £600; although the book scarcely paid expenses. But his labours were but of little use. He worked hard, and received large sums, but they were almost immediately squandered away. He was still to be seen, night after night, in the houses of his aristocratic admirers, amusing the heartless circle by the variety and excellence of his amusing powers, and early dawn too often found him engaged

in the maddening excitement of the gaming table. Such a fevered life could be sustained only by artificial aid. Powerful stimulants were resorted to. The remembrance of the previous night's losses had to be effaced by ardent spirits in the morning. Preparations for the evening demanded a renewal of the same assistance. His constitution, naturally strong, now began to give way. His mental energies felt the shock. Years of excitement and dissipation were leaving their marks upon the mind; writing their tale of triumph upon the tablets of the brain, and crushing the moral and material man in one common ruin. The pen trembled within the shaking hand. The ideas that might have given it strength and firmness trembled also. Hook wrote but little more. In 1840 he published a series of papers, under the title of "Precepts and Practice." A portion of "Peregrine Bunce" followed. He projected a History of the House of Hanover, and a life of his friend, the comedian Matthews; but owing to some misunderstanding, did not commence the former work, and finished only the first chapter of the latter. He was rapidly going down the hill of life, and becoming unfit for any mental exertion. "Ah, I see I look as I am," said he, at a fashionable party at Brompton, while surveying himself in a mirror, "done up in purse, in mind, and in body too, at last." He was right. In a few days he was compelled to take to his bed, and on the 24th August, 1841, after a short but painful illness, Theodore Hook, in the fifty-third year of his age, was numbered with the dead. He was buried in the church-yard of Fulham.

The long dormant claim of the Crown was now enforced, and all the personal property which Hook had left was seized and sold. His children and their mother were not suffered to remain in want. A subscription was immediately raised, and although but few of the wit's titled friends contributed to it, a considerable sum was obtained without their assistance. To the honour of a very high dignitary of the Church of England, a bishop, not unknown, and not without this detractor, it may be mentioned, that he was the last at the bedside of the dying wit, and the only one of the titled friends who did not desert him. Through the influence of this bishop, the children and

their mother received the proceeds of a subscription, made larger by the benevolent prelate himself.

Much of the fame which Hook gained in his lifetime perished with him. As a brilliant wit and wonderful improvisatore he was probably never surpassed; but a large amount of the talent he displayed was of that nature which finds a ready recognition from contemporaries, but which another generation scarcely acknowledges. His dramatic productions, those precocious evidences of ability, were written for the hour, and with the hour have passed away. It is in his novels, therefore, that we must look for the evidences of his genius. And here we think contemporary criticism has judged him too favourably. His works, thrown off hurriedly without allowing sufficient time to restrain that exuberance of spirit which tempted him into all kinds of extravagance, are, at the best, but sketches; overlaid in many instances with a profusion of colouring, intended to conceal the poverty of the original design. "Cousin William," and "Martha, the Gipsy," contain many forcible passages—but a melo-dramatic vein runs throughout, which mars, by its unreality, much that is otherwise genuine. He had a low idea of the place and position of an author, and seems never to have dreamt of teaching anything high or moral, or, indeed, of anything else, than mere filagree sketches of fashionable and, we regret to say, vicious life. Probably the novel of "Maxwell" is his best and most even production, although by no means the brightest or most startling. What he did, with one exception, "The Life of Kelly," was done for money, and money was his reward. After serving great men, without any conscientious scruples about the dirty work he did, when that work was done, he got deservedly neglected. He was admired and invited to amuse, and with the amusement the connection ceased.

In reviewing the life of Hook, the reader cannot but be struck with the lesson and the moral which it teaches, that the most brilliant talents and success are often but meteors which allure those who too eagerly follow them, to destruction. The flattering notice of a prince rendered his home but dull in comparison to the society of the aristocracy, and these received him merely

to amuse them, never for a moment regarding him as an equal. Yet he strove hard for his position, and rendered the most essential services to his party. His early success in obtaining a sinecure place, which he probably once looked upon as the most fortunate circumstance in the world, turned out to be the very rock upon which he split,—the very fact of his living with a government debt hanging, like the sword of Damocles, continually over his head, served but to make him the more careless and the more inconsiderate. He had also a moral wrong at his back, and no man prospers with that. Each child that was born to him he injured, for he marked it with the stigma of illegitimacy. The lady whom he lived with as his wife, seduced by himself, had with him as her portion a continual shame, and must have sat at the head of his table with a heart oppressed with the most painful feelings. Yet through this Hook lived on, the professed diner-out, the man who pleased all, without whom a dinner party was not complete, for invitations were expressly given "to meet Mr. Hook." It is this part of his life which is the most painful; these are the facts, which make not only the moralist but the man, judge him as a coward, and condemn him as a knave. His life is indeed a sad one, but he had nursed the scorpions which stung him, and he, alas! was not the only one to suffer.

In his humour broad farce preponderates. We are rarely taken out of sight of the foot-lights. His best scenes savour of the stage: and we almost unconsciously invest his characters with the peculiarities of a Liston or Mathews, as being essential to the complete realization of the author's conception, and thus one of his best characters, *Hulls*, in "Gilbert Gurney," becomes far more amusing when we know all about old Mr. Hill, who sat for the portrait. There is a dash, a hastiness about Hook's novels—an evident want of concentrated thought and systematic arrangement, which, redeemed as it is by much spirited wit, and by many highly wrought scenes of passion, leaves an imperfect impression upon the mind. The constant excitement in which he lived breathed its spirit into his pages, but the flush which it gave them was not, we fear, the sign of life, but rather of quick decay.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

At a time when the relations between England and America are looked at with interest, and when that vast and increasing country is regarded as our natural ally, in the event of a combination of the despotic powers against us, it was not unnatural that the death of one of her greatest statesmen, and of one who was brought immediately into contact with our government in the important settlement of the Oregon question, should be looked at with interest, and the events of his life should be inquired after with some curiosity.

On the other side of the Atlantic ocean his loss was felt as national. The whole of the press teemed with memorials and reviews of his life; and what was more honourable to him, even those most opposed to him politically, —and America it must be remembered is a country wherein party spirit runs high,—were the first to offer their testimony to his talent, his integrity, and his thorough political honesty.

A man who could so interest a vast country, so pervade the hearts of his fellow men, must needs be remarkable; and such indeed was DANIEL WEBSTER. In tracing his life, we shall find how unvarying an accompaniment is success to industry and determination, and we shall read some useful lessons, in the history of one who commenced life as a schoolmaster, and rose to Secretary of state, to our own too exclusive and aristocratic government.

One of the very first settlers in New Hampshire was Thomas Webster, who had himself come originally from Scotland, and whose character, earnest, stern and unbending, seems to have fallen upon his descendants. From this same Thomas proceeded in the direct male line, Ebenezer Webster, an old revolutionary soldier, serving as a captain under Major-General Henk, and who finally died whilst performing the duties of the judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in New Hampshire; leaving by his second wife, Abigail Eastman, a lady of a Welsh family, five children, three daughters and two boys, Ezekiel and Daniel Webster.

The younger of these, and the subject of this paper, was born on the 18th of January, 1782, in the town of Salisbury, Merrimac county, New Hamp-

shire. In a speech delivered by him in 1840, at Saratoga, Mr. Webster himself alluded, with evident pride, to his birthplace, a very humble farm-house, and to the lowly condition of his family at the time:

"It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early as that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a better condition than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind."*

His earlier youth appears to have been entirely spent under the guidance of his mother, who, on account of his weakness, herself superintended his education at that period. His father, like many other American gentlemen, turned, it would appear, every possible source of income to account, being himself but a poor man: a fact, which made him also take out his son to help him in his business, when he should have been at school. But by this Webster lost little, as the following anecdote will testify:

"Near his birthplace and in the bed of a little brook are the remains of an

* Webster's Speeches, 6 vols. Boston.

old mill which once stood in a dark glen, and was then surrounded by a majestic forest which covered the neighbouring hills. The mill was a source of income to Ebenezer Webster, and he kept it in operation. To that mill, Daniel, though a small boy, went daily to assist his father in sawing boards. He was apt in learning anything useful, and soon became so expert in doing everything required, that his services, as an assistant, were valuable. But his time was not mispent or misapplied. After setting the saw and 'hoisting the gate,' and while the saw was passing through the log from end to end, which occupied from ten to fifteen minutes for each board, Daniel was usually seen reading attentively the books in the way of history and biography which he was permitted to take from the house.

"There, in that old saw-mill, surrounded by forests, in the midst of the great noise which such a mill makes, and this, too, without materially neglecting his task, he made himself familiar with the most remarkable events recorded by the pen of history, and with the lives and characters of the most celebrated persons who had lived in the olden time. He has never forgotten what he read there. So tenacious is his memory, that it is said by those who know, he could recite long passages from, and state with accuracy the contents of, pages in the old books which he read there and had scarcely looked at since."*

Even at so early an age, there seemed with the future statesman, a perfect consciousness of the value of life, and, what seems stranger possibly to us than to his own countrymen, where boyish foresight is not uncommon, a complete knowledge of the ways by which that life was to be made rich, honourable, and successful; for he himself has told us, that when a mere boy, the motto which prompted all his conduct was: "*Since I know nothing, and have nothing, I must learn and earn.*"

His education was, it would seem, the average education of an American citizen, the difference consisting, as it in truth does with most of us, in the use made of the time occupied in education. After being under various masters, of whom perhaps the most known was Joseph S. Buckminster, he went to college. Of the puerile and intensely

dull stories told of him at this period in the "Personal Memorials," published at Philadelphia, we relate nothing, the book having nothing curious about it but its benighting dullness.

In 1797 the future statesman entered Dartmouth College as a freshman. The students of that day were very different from the smart and dandified youths of our time. Daniel set out in a suit entirely of domestic manufacture, mounted upon the least valuable of his father's horses, the one which could best be spared from the farm, and the whole of his wardrobe and library deposited in two saddle-bags. Through rain and storm the student proceeded on his slow-paced nag, unmindful of the weather, being obliged to join at the commencement of term, and arrived at last in a very piteous condition. He joined his class the next day, and at once took his position, as a first-rate man, a position which he has since held in the intellectual world.

He went through college in a manner creditable to himself, and gratifying to his friends. He graduated in 1801, and it was thought that he would receive the additional honour of the Valedictory; but this honour was bestowed upon some other, less distinguished in after life than his less fortunate rival. He received, however, a diploma, which "common-place compliment," to quote from one who knew him well, only displeased him. This authority indeed adds a story of his assembling his class-mates on the college green, and tearing up the honorary document with the exclamation, "My industry may make me a great man, but this miserable parchment cannot;" an act which, if true, redounds by the way, very little to his credit.

On his return from college, his leading wish seems to have been that his brother Ezekiel (a great love appears ever to have subsisted between the brothers) should have the benefit of a collegiate education as well as himself. But his father's circumstances were too poor to admit of this; and to accomplish it, Daniel accepted the situation of schoolmaster, with the determination of devoting part of his earnings towards the expenses of his brother's education.

The place where Mr. Webster spent the most of his time as a schoolmaster was Freyburg, in the state of Maine. He had been invited thither by a friend

* Personal Memorials of Daniel Webster.

of his father, who was acquainted with the circumstances of the family. His school was quite large, and his salary \$50 dollars, to which he added a considerable sum by devoting his evenings to copying deeds in the office of the county recorder, at twenty-five cents per deed. He also found time during this period to go through with his first reading of Blackstone's Commentaries, and other substantial works, which have been so good a foundation to his after fame. At the drudgery of engrossing he laboured a great part of the night, and there now exist in his handwriting two large folios as proofs of his labours and industry. By economy at the end of the first year he was enabled to pay 100 dollars to support his brother at college. To add to this, Ezekiel taught an evening school for sailors at Boston as well as a private school.

In the year 1805, and of course in the twenty-third year of his age, Mr. Webster was tendered the vacant clerkship of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Hillsborough, New Hampshire. His father was one of the judges of court, and the appointment had been bestowed upon his son by his colleagues as a token of personal regard. The office was worth some 1500 dollars, which in those days and that section of country, was equal to the salary of secretary of state of the present day.

That son was then a student in the office of Mr. Gore, in Boston. He received the news with sensations of gladness that he had never before experienced. With a throbbing heart he announced the tidings to his legal counsellor and friend, and to his utter astonishment that far-seeing and sagacious man expressed his utter disapprobation of the proposed change in his pursuits. "But my father is poor, and I wish to make him comfortable in his old age," replied the student.

"That may all be," continued Mr. Gore, "but you should think of the future more than of the present. Become once a clerk and you will always be a clerk, with no prospect of attaining a higher position. Go on and finish your legal studies; you are indeed poor, but there are greater evils than poverty; live on no man's favour; what bread you do eat, let it be the bread of independence; pursue your profession; make yourself useful to the world and

formidable to your enemies, and you will have nothing to fear."

The student listened attentively to these sound arguments, and had the good sense to appreciate them. His determination was immediately made; and now came the dreaded business of advising his father as to his intended course. He at once sought him and finding him alone spoke gaily about the office; expressed his great obligation to their honours, and his intention to write them a most respectful letter; if he could have consented to record anybody's judgments, he should have been proud to have recorded their honours', &c., &c. He proceeded in this strain till his father exhibited signs of amazement, it having occurred to him, finally, that his son might all the while be serious. "Do you intend to decline this office?" he said at length. "Most certainly," replied his son. "I cannot think of doing otherwise. I mean to use my tongue in the courts, not my pen; to be an actor, not a registrar of other men's actions."

"For a moment Judge Webster seemed angry. He rocked his chair slightly, a flash went over his eye, softened by age, but even then black as jet, but it soon disappeared, and his countenance regained its usual serenity. 'Well, my son,' said Judge Webster finally, 'your mother always said that you would come to something or nothing, become a somebody or a nobody; it is now settled that you are to be a nobody.' In a few days the student returned to Boston, and the subject was never afterwards mentioned in the family."*

Not long after this, and in a surprisingly short time to a European mind, who do not consider how rapidly things are carried forward in a new country like America, we find Mr. Webster accumulating sufficient money from his legal practice to pay the debts of his father; and after another short interval we find him in possession of a large practice at Portsmouth, "doing the heaviest law business of any man in New Hampshire," retained in all the important causes, and but seldom appearing as a junior counsel. His powers as an advocate were at once conceded; but his manners at the bar were by some thought to be a little too severe and sharp, but there was no question

* Marsh's Reminiscences of Congress.

as to his popularity and as to his ability. "The South," said a contemporary of him, "has not his superior, nor the North his equal." In March, 1805, Mr. Webster was admitted to practise in the Suffolk Court of Common Pleas; in May, 1807, he was attorney and counsel of the Superior Court of New Hampshire. In 1808, he married Miss Grace Fletcher, daughter of a New Hampshire clergyman, and by whom he had four children, Grace, Fletcher, Julia and Edward; only one of these survives him, Fletcher, a naval officer.

The time was now fast approaching when Webster was to distinguish himself in a larger sphere than that of a barrister, however well known, and however large his fees, and these latter were very heavy; he had, in fact, become so much sought after that his assistance was difficult to be obtained, and his power of oratory was so well acknowledged that counsel dreaded to have him against them.

At the age of thirty, in May 1813, he took his seat as representative in Congress, and soon distinguished himself. At the adjournment of Congress he left his residence in Portsmouth, and established himself in Boston. Towards the close of the year 1822, the inhabitants of Boston determined to be represented by one who should reflect a credit on their city, and they so strongly urged this upon Webster that he allowed himself to be put in nomination, and was elected, after being absent from the National Legislature for a term of six years. In 1823, he delivered perhaps the most powerful speech he had yet made, in a proposition looking to an early recognition of Greek independence. A part of this speech, which we shall quote, will let the reader partly into the secret of Webster's success in oratory. He calls to men's minds the ancient glories of the country of Plato and Alcibiades, of Xenophon and Praxiteles, of Poetry and Art, and connects this reverential regard with the present life and feelings of his audience by the familiar illustration of the interior of the house in which they sat, the house of representatives, which is of exceeding beauty, a beauty which, as he said, it owes to the arts of Greece. He wishes to raise a sympathy with a people struggling for freedom, and he does so by pointing to the polished marble column which their forefathers taught

us to raise, in our endeavours to imitate the magnificent structures which they have left us.

"A spot," he said, "so distinguished, so connected with interesting memorials as Greece, may naturally create some warmth and enthusiasm. . . . We must, indeed, fly beyond the civilized world, we must pass the dominion of law and the boundaries of knowledge, we must more especially withdraw ourselves from this place, and the scenes and objects which here surround us, if we would separate ourselves entirely from the influence of all those memorials which ancient Greece has transmitted for the admiration and benefit of mankind. This free form of government, this popular assembly, the common council held for the common good, where have we contemplated its earliest models? This practice of free debate and public discussion, the contest of mind with mind, and that popular eloquence, which, if it were now here on a subject like this, would move the stones of the capitol—whose was the language in which all these were first exhibited? Even the edifice in which we now assemble, these proportioned columns, this ornamented architecture, all remind us that Greece has existed, and that we, like the rest of mankind, are her debtors." Not contented, however, with an illustration, at once so beautiful and so appropriate, the orator, warming as he proceeded, showed his audience that the Greeks claimed a sympathy above even that of a grateful pupil to its teachers, the sympathy of one Christian nation to another. "The Greeks address the civilized world with a pathos not easy to be resisted, they invoke our favour by more moving considerations than can well belong to the condition of any other people. They stretch their arms to the *Christian* communities of the earth, beseeching them, by a generous recollection of their ancestors, by the consideration of their own desolated and ruined cities and villages, by their wives and children sold into an accursed slavery, by their own blood which they seem willing to pour out like water, by the common faith, and in that Name which unites all Christians, that they would extend to them at least some token of compassionate regard."

The American Press circulated this powerful speech—part of which, by the

way, might well have been applied to certain wives and children sold in slavery in their own free land—throughout their vast continent, and in the glow of admiration excited by it Webster was said to equal Burke, and superior to Chatham. In the same year he consistently favoured the acknowledgment of South American independence; and in 1824 made what is called his great Free-trade speech, which was deemed the ablest ever delivered on the subject.

In the same year, John Quincy Adams was put forward by the New Englanders for President. To this election Webster, although it was known that he was no admirer of Mr. Adams, gave his unflinching support, from the belief that Mr. Adams would do well for the country. Daniel Webster and John Randolph were tellers on the occasion, and Quincy Adams was elected by the vote of thirteen States to eleven; Webster became one of the ablest supporters of the administration of Adams and Clay. In 1826 he was chosen a Senator of the United States, and took his seat in the Upper House. Towards the close of 1827 his first wife died, whilst he was on his way to Washington to take his seat in the Senate. The next year, 1828, was signalized by the defeat of John Quincy Adams, and the accession of General Jackson to the Presidency.

During the session of 1829-30, occurred the memorable debate on Foote's resolution respecting the Public Lands, wherein Mr. Webster, in replying to Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina, vindicated his right to rank first among living debaters. It is hardly too much to say of his great and lesser speech on that occasion, that they rescued the Federal Constitution from a construction fast becoming popular, which, once established as correct, must have proved its destruction. The constitutional right of any State of the Union to nullify an act of Congress, whether by its ordinary legislature, or by a convention specially called, once admitted as legal, would strip the federal authority of all just claim to be considered a government, and throw us back upon the inefficiency and semi-anarchy of the old Continental Confederation. Yet that doctrine of nullification, so frankly propounded and ably defended by Colonel Hayne, in a debate with Webster, claimed, with much

plausibility to be based upon, and clearly deducible from, the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and 1799, which are known to have been drafted respectively by Jefferson and Madison, and repeatedly reaffirmed as containing the democratic creed respecting the powers of the Federal Government, and their rightful limitations. Mr. Webster inexorably demonstrated the incompatibility of this doctrine with any real power or force in the federal government, and, admitting fully the right of revolution as superior to all governments, showed that a state could not remain in the Union and assume to nullify acts of Congress upheld by the supreme court; that the contrary assumption was condemned by the Constitution itself, and utterly at war with the public tranquillity and safety. Mr. Webster's speeches arrested the Jackson party on the brink of committing itself irretrievably to the doctrine of nullification—a committal which would have proved an act of suicide.

In the Senate he also advocated the recharter of the second United States Bank, opposing the re-election of General Jackson, and supporting Mr. Clay in opposition to him; vigorously opposing nullification when attempted to be put in practice in 1833; opposing the tariff compromise of that year, the removal of deposits, &c. He was candidate for the Presidency in 1836, but received the 12 votes of Massachusetts only. In 1839 he visited Europe, where, with the exception of some weeks spent on the Continent, he passed his time in England, where he was received by our statesmen, and by all with the greatest attention and civility.

He continued in the senate warmly advocating General Harrison's election, and upon that event taking place was called to fill the place of Secretary of State, or head of the Cabinet. This he continued to fill after Harrison's lamented and untimely death, and remained in it till 1843. During his administration the relations of England and America seemed likely to become embroiled through a disputed line of boundary. This dispute was known here as the Oregon question. Oregon extends from 42 deg. to 54 deg. 4 min. north lat., and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The terri-

tory, vast and valuable from its products and furs, north of the Columbia River, and south of the parallel of 49 deg. N. lat., is that which was in dispute between the governments of Great Britain and the United States. The first negotiation that took place about this much-disputed territory was in 1844, when the discussion was left open. America, it would seem, claimed more than that for which her claim was valid. In 1818 a convention was made which threw open for a term of ten years the debateable land to the subjects of both nations; America, on this, tried to populate the territory as quickly as possible, so as to make her claim national. In 1826 Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson proposed that a boundary line should be drawn along the 49th parallel of latitude from the Rocky Mountains to the north eastern branch of the Columbia River. America refused to agree to this, and made a proposal by which Britain would have been cut off from the Columbia River, the navigation of which was indispensable to her commerce. This was rejected. In 1827 the convention was renewed for an indefinite period. Throughout the whole of this time the claims of America seem to have grown larger and advanced with time. In 1827 the claim advanced to the 49th deg. N.; and in 1843 the President enlarged his claim again, on this occasion embracing the whole territory up to the 54th parallel; the cry being throughout the States, "all or none." In England some were for calling in the sword for arbitration, but, fortunately, in Lord Ashburton and in Daniel Webster more efficient arbitrators were found. America, under her wise and conciliatory adviser, withdrew her exorbitant claims without losing her honour, and on the 13th of June, 1846, it was finally settled by convention that the boundary should be continued westwards along the 49th parallel to the middle of the channel which separates America from Vancouver's Island, and thence south through the middle of the said channel and the Fuca Strait to the Pacific Ocean.

Before this, which was to us in England the most noticeable action of his life, during Webster's administration as Secretary of State, Lord Ashburton, Minister Extraordinary of Great Britain at Washington, had settled the eastern boundaries of Maine, New

Brunswick, and Canada. The treaty being signed in 1842, and terminating a dispute which, through a Mr. Macleod setting fire to an American vessel, had threatened the worst consequences to the two nations. On March the 7th, 1850, while the country and congress were agitated by questions connected with the organization of territories recently acquired from Mexico, and the proposed interdiction of slavery therein, Mr. Webster made a very eloquent speech, taking stand in favour of a compromise respecting the territories and against any act or proviso by congress aiming to exclude slavery therefrom. He argued that such an act was wholly uncalled-for; that the law of God had interdicted slavery therein, and needed no re-enactment by man. Previously to this he had been opposed to the Mexican war on the principle that the acquisition of so vast a territory would weaken rather than strengthen the United States. When he found that he was in the minority in regard to the invasion, he did not withhold his support from the government in voting sufficient supplies, thinking that the war, if carried on at all, should be carried on efficiently. In American parlance, Mr. Webster "invested a son" in this war, who was appointed Major in the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers; but the fatigue, coupled with the enervating and distressing climate, proved fatal to the promising young officer.

Upon the accession of President Fillmore, Mr. Webster again became Secretary of State, in which office he continued till his death. At the Baltimore convention, to elect in the room of Fillmore, he was nominated to the Presidency, but the delegates gave him but 33 out of 293 votes. This, and it is said having personally to congratulate the President elect, killed the ambitious man. It became evident that his life was drawing to a close. He himself was aware of this, and had the male members of his family and his only surviving son, Fletcher Webster, sent for. He desired them to remain near his room, and more than once enjoined on those present, who were not of his immediate family, not to leave Marshfield till his death had taken place. Reassured by all that his every wish would be religiously regarded, he then addressed himself to his physicians, making minute inquiries as to his own con-

dition, and the probable termination of his life. Conversing with great exactness, he seemed to be anxious to be able to mark to himself the final period of his dissolution. He was answered that it might occur in one, two, or three hours, but that the time could not be definitely calculated. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I suppose I must lie here quietly till it comes." The retching and vomiting now recurred again. Dr. Jeffries offered to Mr. Webster something which he hoped might give him ease. "Something more, Doctor—more; I want restoration." Speaking to an old friend, Mr. Peter Harvey, he said, "I am not so sick, Harvey, but I know you, and love you, and call down heaven's blessing upon you and yours. Harvey, don't leave me till I am dead—don't leave Marshfield till I am a dead man." Then, as if speaking to himself, he said: "On the 24th of October, all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more." He now prayed in his natural, usual voice—strong, full, and clear—ending with "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus."

At half-past seven o'clock, Dr. J. M. Warren arrived from Boston to relieve Dr. Jeffries, as the immediate medical attendant. Shortly after, he conversed with Dr. Jeffries, who said he could do nothing more for him than to administer occasionally a sedative potion. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I am to be here patiently till the end. If it be so, may it come soon!"

Between ten and eleven o'clock, he repeated somewhat distinctly the words, "Poet, poetry, Gray, Gray." Mr. Fletcher Webster repeated the first line of the elegy: "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." "That's it, that's it," said Mr. Webster, and the book was brought and some stanzas read to him, which seemed to give him pleasure. From twelve o'clock till two, there was much restlessness, but not much suffering. The physicians were quite confident that there was no actual pain. A faintness occurred, which led him to think that his death was at hand. While in this condition, some expressions fell from him indicating the hope that his mind would remain to him completely until the last. He spoke of the difficulty of the process of dying, when Dr. Jeffries repeated the verse: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow

of death, I fear no evil, for Thou art me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they fort me."

Mr. Webster said immediately fact, the fact. That is what I Thy rod, Thy rod—Thy staff staff."

A lethargy followed, from which soon after aroused, his count animated, and his eye flashing usual brilliancy. He exclaimed still live," and immediately sank tranquil unconsciousness. Then the last words of the world—rest Daniel Webster. His breathing became fainter, and his strength entirely gone. He lingered in this condition until twenty minutes before o'clock, when his spirit returned.

So died, after a long and useful Daniel Webster, who, if we believe the eulogies of the journalists published immediately after his death the greatest, or almost the greatest statesman ever produced by America. Their leading journal contained the day after his death these words:

"Who is there left behind to place? Who shall venture to that lofty intellectual eminence? of the mightiest lights of the age gone out; a light whose radiance seen and admired, not only in New World, but the Old—everywhere throughout the earth where Civilization has planted her altars, and erected shrines, and where liberty, and and oratory, and eloquence are and appreciated. The name of Webster and his fame are indeed wide."

And a poetess of no mean power dressed him in the following lofty of hyperbole:

"The honeyed words of Plato still
Float on the echoing air;
The thunders of Demosthenes
Aegean waters bear;
And the pilgrim in the Forum hears
The voice of Tully there.

And thus thy memory shall live,
And thus thy fame resound,
While far off future ages roll
Their solemn cycle round;
And make this wide, this fair New World
An ancient classic ground.

Then with thy country's glorious name
Thine own shall be entwined;
Within the Senate's pillared hall
Thine image shall be shrined;
And on the nation's law shall gleam
Light from thy giant mind."

Furthermore she would prognosticate

that in the total ruin of America the name of Webster would survive! Surely these praises are tinctured with that exaggeration which frequently is the pardonable fault of a generous nation! Rather let us take the estimate of that power of Europe, which, wearing no crown upon its head, and employing no army, nay, nor weapon save the pen, and dealing not in titles or princely ministers, yet sways more willing subjects than the greatest, by its talent, its moderation, and its wisdom. We quote from the *English Times*: "He is spoken of in America almost as Peel was spoken of in England. The journals of the States appear in mourning for the departed statesman; writers of all denominations concur in eulogistic biographies, and the reception of the intelligence in every town of the Union is chronicled with uniform testimony to the popularity of the subject."

The writer then goes on with a searching, deep, and wise analysis, to show us the grounds of this reverential favour. The passage is marked by a great knowledge of the people of America. "In him they saw an American who had not only carried American elections and guided the discussions of Congress, but who had met the diplomats of Europe, on fair grounds without discredit, and who enjoyed in the capitals of the Old World a distinction which in other cases was limited to the towns of the Union." But in spite of all this lavish praise and love, "It cannot be denied that the questions of the Bay Fisheries and the Lobos Islands (in which he had only looked to the immediate profit of America, not to her honour) placed the departed statesman in no favourable light either as a minister or a civilian. In his earlier views of foreign policy he was both more successful and correct. At various times it became his duty to assist at, or to conduct some of the most important negotiations in which the government of the Union was ever engaged. The north-eastern boundary, the provisions of mutual extradition, the right of search on the high seas, and the Oregon frontier, constituted successive questions of policy involving the highest interests of more than one State, and in all these discussions the influence of Mr. Webster's authority was both powerfully and meritoriously wielded. On points, too, of more ex-

clusively local interest, such as the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, the reception of new states into the union, and the compromise of slavery disputes, his voice was heard on the side of moderation and equity, indeed, when not biassed by the temptations of party, or swayed by the pressure of a political crisis, he was far too sagacious to be seduced into error or excess, and his support might be confidently anticipated by the supporters of right and reason."*

But possibly the greatest renown and worship was won for Daniel Webster by his oratory, and this was greatly aided by his personal appearance. All who saw him on his visit to England were struck with his intellectual appearance and his manly and somewhat English carriage. He had about him a certain "presence which was not to be put by," and this in the exaggerated expression of the Americans was termed godlike. His features were dark, so dark as to be almost swarthy in some lights, but yet delicately chiselled, although extremely large. His thin lip was ever firmly closed when the orator was not speaking; and his large, dark brilliant eyes, deeply set in his head, were surmounted by a towering and broad forehead which gave much nobility to his expression.

He had the good fortune before he went to Congress, to have established for himself a first-rate reputation as an orator at the Bar, or before literary and popular assemblies; and hence from the first he was listened to in the senate with attention. His style was peculiar to himself, and to his country. Cool, well-arranged, and clear; perfectly intelligible, seldom warm in the beginning, but frequently rising into the highest poetry in the peroration, his speeches took the listener captive by their strong and manly sense, then convinced the reason, finally also to enamour the imagination. Hence with those who had heard him the impression was lasting. He reminds us frequently also of the philosophical deduction of Burke, but his style is more pure and not so involved and glittering, yet there is scarcely a paragraph but which contains some truth; and the greatest praise should be awarded them from the fact of their never rambling, but always being addressed to the point in consi-

* Article in "*Times*," Nov. 1852.



deration, and on that full, perfect, and exhausting. In the few specimens which we give, and the reader must remember that the whole of his speeches fill six octavo volumes, there will be yet enough to judge of the effect of the oratory of Daniel Webster. Sorry enough must be the chronicler of his life, to find that this oratory was time-serving, and used both for and against, that traffic which is the curse of America. In 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock he declaimed as follows:

"I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt,—I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon: and in sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this trade; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visage of those who by stealth and at midnight labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England.

Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it."

But yet on the 7th of March, 1850 thirty years afterwards, a space of time which should have made so great a man wiser and more humane, he could reverse all this, and plead for the Fugitive Slave Bill. Well can we sympathise with the indignation of Theodor Parker on such a theme.

"You know the Fugitive Slave Bill too well. It is bad enough now; then it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America became a legal kidnapper by that bill. He pledged our Massachusetts to support it, and that with alacrity. My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March—you know how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news. They could not believe the lightning; you know how the Whig party and the Democratic party, and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, then in high office, declared that Mr. Webster 'seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect.' You know the indignation men felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic intellect that, eighteen days after his speech, 983 men of Boston sent him a letter telling him that he had 'pointed out the path of duty, convinced the understanding, and touched the conscience of the nation;' and they expressed to him their 'entire coincidence in the sentiments of that speech,' and their 'heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation of the Union."

More than this, he declared that "discussion on slavery ought to be suppressed," and at a dinner after the toast, and sentiment (?) of "*The Fugitive Slave Law*—on its execution depends the perpetuity of the Union," Mr. Webster said distinctly, "You of the South have as much right to secure your fugitive slaves, as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce." The audience answered this with six-and-twenty cheers!!! This

speech luckily for his fame, is not printed in the six volume collection. As we are upon this fugitive slave question, we may as well quote, from a powerful authority, the reason of this total abandonment of principle in Webster. We do it the more readily, as it is from the pen of an enthusiastic admirer and one of his own countrymen:

"Here is the reason. He wanted to be President. That was all of it. He must conciliate the South. This was his bid for the Presidency—50,000 square miles of territory and 10,000,000 of dollars to Texas; four new Slave States; slavery in California and New Mexico; the Fugitive Slave Bill; and 200,000,000 of dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of colour to Africa.

"He never so laboured before, and he was always a hard-working man. What speeches he made at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Anapolis! What letters he wrote! His intellect was never so active before, nor gave such proofs of such Herculean power. The fountains of his great deep were broken up—he rained forty days and forty nights, and brought a flood of Slavery over this whole land; it covered the market, and the factory, and court-house, and warehouse, and the college, and rose high up over the tops of the tallest steeples! But the ark of freedom went on the face of the waters—above the market, above the court-house, above the factory, over the college, higher than the tops of the tallest steeples, it floated secure—for it bore the religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts had shut it in."

But the time came when this venal but great man should be punished for his venality, when the misery which he had been the powerful instrument to bring to the homes of the coloured population of America, should be brought to himself. The "juggling fiend" that "paltered to the sense," like other fiends of unholy ambition, broke it to the promise, all his vaulting ambition had overreached itself, and he fell indeed.

"But what was the recompense? Ask Massachusetts—ask the North. Let the Baltimore convention tell. He was the greatest candidate before it. General Scott is a little man when the feathers are gone. Fillmore, you know him. Both of these, for greatness of intellect,

compared to Webster, were as a single maggot measured by an eagle. Look at his speeches; look at his forehead; look at his face. The 293 delegates came together and voted. They gave him thirty-three votes, and that only once! Where were the men of the 'lower law,' who made denial of God the first principle of their politics—where were they who in Faneuil Hall scoffed and jeered at the 'higher law?'—or at Capron Springs who 'laughed' when he scoffed at the law higher than the Virginian Hills? Where were the kidnappers? The 'lower law' men, and the kidnappers, strained themselves to the utmost, and he had thirty-three votes. Where was the South? Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot, and the South never gave him a vote. No. Not one! Northern friends—I honour their affection for the great man, there was nothing else left in them for me to honour—went round to the South and begged for the poor and paltry pittance of a seeming vote in order to break the bitterness of the fall! They went with tears in their eyes, and in mercy's name asked that crumb from the Southern Board. But the cruel South—treacherous to him she beguiled to treason against God—she answered, 'Not a vote!'

We turn from such a humiliating lesson, deeper from the contrast, to a speech on the Presidential Protest, delivered in 1837, which is replete with a manly good sense which does honour to the statesman, and which contains a lesson to the ultra reformers of any country or time.

"Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretence of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest, limited monarchies; but all republics, all governments of law, must impose numerous limitations and qualifications of authority, and give many positive and qualified rights. In other words they must be subject to rule and regulation,—this is the very essence of free political institutions. The spirit of liberty is indeed a bold and fearless spirit; but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit; it is a cautious, sagacious, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. . . . It looks before and after, and building on the experience of ages which are past, it labours dili-



gently for the benefit of ages to come. This is the nature of constitutional liberty; and this is our liberty if we will rightly understand and preserve it. Every free government is naturally complicated, because all such governments establish restraints as well on the power of government itself as on that of individuals. If we will abolish the distinction of branches and have but one branch; if we abolish jury trials and leave all to the judge; if we then ordain that the legislator himself be that judge; and if we place the executive power in the same hands, we may readily simplify government. We may easily bring it to the simplest of all possible forms, a pure despotism."

In the same speech there is a figure which has often been quoted, but which is so beautiful that we shall lay it before our readers. It is, the reader will perceive, an expansion of a well-known expression, but more beautiful than the original; Webster is speaking of England as "a power to which Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military hosts, *whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.*"

It was such passages as this which caused men to hang delighted on the lips of Webster, and another cause was his thorough nationality, which, like that of Shakspeare, seemed ever to pervade his words, for America, the one whole and undivided nation, he would have perilled everything,—how well he could declaim on the beauties of union, the following, from a speech at a dinner given to him in 1851, and at which Sir H. Bulwer was present, will testify:

"The support of the Union is a great practical subject, involving the prospects and glory of the whole country, and affecting the prosperity of every individual in it. We ought to take a large and comprehensive view of it; to look to its vast results, and to the consequences which would flow from its overthrow. It is not a mere topic for ingenuous disquisition, or theoretical or fanatical criticism. Those who assail the Union at the present day seem to be persons of one idea only, and many of them but half an idea. They plant

their batteries on some useless abstraction, some false dogma, or some gratuitous assumption. Or, perhaps, it may be more proper to say, that they look at it with microscopic eyes, seeking for some spot, or speck, or blot, or blemish and if they find anything of this kind they are at once for overturning the whole fabric. And, when nothing else will answer, they invoke religion and speak of a higher law. Gentlemen this North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still; the Alleghany higher than either; and yet this higher law ranges farther than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghany. No common vision can discern it; no conscience, not transcendental and ecstatic, can feel it; the hearing of common men never listens to its high behests; and therefore one should think it not a safe law to be acted on, in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code, however, of the fanatical and factious abolitionists of the North.

"The secessionists of the South take a different course of remark. They are learned and eloquent; they are animated and full of spirit; they are high-minded and chivalrous; they state their supposed injuries and causes of complaint in elegant phrases and exalted tones of speech. But these complaints are all vague and general. I confess to you, gentlemen, that I know no hydrostatic pressure strong enough to bring them into any solid form, in which they could be seen or felt. They think otherwise, doubtless. But, for one, I can discern nothing real or well-grounded in their complaints. If I may be allowed to be a little professional, I would say that all their complaints and alleged grievances are like a very insufficient plea in the law; they are had on general demurrer for want of substance. But I am not disposed to reproach these gentlemen, or to speak of them with disrespect. I prefer to leave them to their own reflections. I make no arguments against resolutions, conventions, secession speeches, or proclamations. Let these things go on. The whole matter, it is to be hoped, will blow over, and men will return to a sounder mode of thinking. But one thing, gentlemen, be assured of, the first step taken in the programme of secession, which shall be an actual infringement of the Con-

stitution or the Laws, will be promptly met. And I would not remain an hour in any administration that should not immediately meet any such violation of the Constitution and the Law effectually, and at once."

The speech quoted, however, savours of slavery, which was the rock upon which Webster split. He seems to have been a man supremely suited to his age and country. An age which worships intellect more than any other age, and which also counts upon riches as the greatest good. To lead it and conquer its vanity and to guide it to a higher aim, the great man should be gifted above all, with a fine conscience, and a great heart, great in affection, and greatest in all in his religion, and his dependence on his God. Daniel Webster seems to have been in his last days little else than intellect, and intellect of the most busy and bustling kind without God, bending to expediency, he forgot the eternal law of right; truckling for the Presidential chair, he gave an absolute negation to his nobler speeches, and sought to aggrandize himself by the misery of his fellows. These are grave faults; but even those more base in the eyes of the world, are laid to his charge. "A senator of the United States," says Theodore Parker, "he was pensioned by the manufacturers of Boston. Their gifts in his hands, how could he dare be just? His later speeches smelt of bribes." Alas! the student of history is not comforted by recalling the rapaciousness of Raleigh, and the venality of Francis Bacon, or the blot which a bribe has fixed upon the name of Sidney. Webster is one more fallen from bright hopes and brilliant beginnings, one more example that the heaven which "lies about us in our infancy," and still glows in our youth and honest manhood, grows dark and sullen as we near the grave.

Weighing well these facts, we shall concur in the estimate given by one who has no interest to praise or blame. He presents a marked resemblance to Daniel O'Connell, but he enjoys this superiority of the great Agitator, that he never seriously designed to lead his countrymen astray. . . . He was beyond all doubt an acute lawyer, an accomplished scholar, an experienced diplomatist and a great statesman. . . . It must be remembered that ministers are

adjusted to states, and a minister who can secure the permanent approbation of his own countrymen with as fair a renown abroad as was enjoyed by Daniel Webster, has achieved as much glory as even the best politicians are likely to obtain.

The disappointment of defeat was poignant, and Webster lived not long after it, he went home to Marshfield to die, and died better in good honest truth, than latterly he had lived. We have not touched upon his private vices, nor will we; his neighbours loved him for his farmerlike manners and kindly presence and voice, and there are few more touching scenes than that which follows:

"He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and honourably fought his way alone. He was a farmer, and took a countryman's delight in country things—in loads of hay, in trees, turnips and the noble Indian corn, in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch's love of sheep—choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows—short-horned Durhams, Herefordshires, Ayrshires, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth, too ill to visit them, his oxen, lowing, came to see their sick lord, and as he stood in his door his great cattle were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad generous faces that were never false to him."

We have told how he died, broken and worn with storms of state and wrecked ambition, and after his death all his backslidings were forgotten, and the people mourned for him as they might for a great and mighty voice which henceforth was to be silent amongst them. They showed respect in every possible way, the ships lowered their flags half-mast high, the papers went in mourning.

Before the interment took place, the body was removed to a lawn in front of the mansion, and placed on a bier beneath one of the large poplar trees, and from nine to half-past one the assembled multitudes took a last look. The countenance was serene and life-like. Two garlands of acorns and oak leaves, and two bouquets of flowers were placed on the coffin. Many shed tears and grieved



for the loss, as for a departed father or dear friend. The funeral procession contained no carriages, nor were there any ladies, but to such a length did it extend, that the corpse had reached the grave before scarcely two-thirds had left the house. The burial took place exactly at half-past two o'clock, and an eloquent prayer was offered up by the Rev. Mr. Olden, the parish minister. The funeral was attended by upwards of 10,000 persons; among whom were (Gen. Franklin Peirce, (now President,) Governor Massey, the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, the Hon. Edward Everett, the Hon. Charles Ashman, Chancellor Jones, &c. The whole of the proceedings were solemn, appropriate, and affecting. Mr. Webster was buried on his own grounds, by the side of his children. At New York a general feel-

ing of mourning was perceptible; the ships of all nations lying along the course of the north and east rivers displayed their flags at half mast, and minute guns were fired throughout the day. And so passed away from among his people Daniel Webster, bearing once the proud title of "Expounder and Defender of his Nation's Laws and if accomplishing little, yet revered as he was for his intellectual power, leaving a great name which will long be heard of in America.

Hurl'd into fragments by the tempest blast
The Rhodian monster lies; the obelisk
That with sharp line divided the broad disk
Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast:
And where these stood, no remnant trophy stand
And even the art is lost by which they rose
Thus with the monuments of other lands,
The place that knew them, now no longer know
Yet triumph not, O Time; strong towers decay,
But a great name shall never pass away!

THE CARICATURISTS.

It is much to be regretted that to many minds certain objects which excite mirth, should be looked upon as weak, frivolous, and beneath notice, as if Heraclitus were the true philosopher, and Democritus none. Books which are amusing have been too often set down as the very reverse of instructive, and dry uninteresting treatises have been deemed the proper garb of science. Yet few dogmas have less of truth in them than the foregoing; Horace perceived this long ago, and boldly asks,

"Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"

and some bold spirits in our own day have absolutely made knowledge interesting, and planted flowers along the dusty high way of the schools. At first they were laughed at; one who amused his readers was declared not to be profound, just as Wordsworth, when he called a bird a nightingale, and not "Philomel," and left off styling the sun "Bright Phoebus," or "Apollo's golden fire," was thought by many to be very unpoetical. A fault which he quadrupled by writing, poetically, of "the Cumberland Beggar," "the Idiot Boy," and "the Female Vagrant." How could an idiot, a vagrant and a beggar, things essentially unpoetical in themselves, be

written about poetically? asked the scoffers; and so they scoffed down Wordsworth, whilst they allowed poetry to a pirate as in "Iara," or a rake as "Don Juan." But Wordsworth won the battle which he fought, and brought poetry to the humblest hearth, and we are rapidly winning ours. The truth is that wisdom is sometimes clothed in the jester's motley, and as deep morality and meaning lies in the gibes of the gravedigger, or the jests of Yorick, as in the melancholy of Hamlet.

These remarks will perhaps be found necessary to introduce an article upon "Caricature" in a work intended for the student and the closet; we shall find that many grave affairs have been brought about by the pencil of a Gilray, and many a lesson taught by the etching point of a Cruikshank, whilst to the Historian, such notices illustrating as they do a very important portion of our history, will not be found uninteresting.

But, whilst thus insisting upon the dignity of our paper, we must not be thought to countenance in any way undue, stupid and frivolous levity. A wit of our own day has endeavoured to render history comic. The grand legends of Rome have been made the vehicle for word-play and pun; and the

noble achievements of our fathers, their hard-won liberties, their blood-shedding and battles; their martyrdom and imprisonments, have been made the vehicles of the smart sentence and the inane jest. Nothing could be more odious to the writer, or more hurtful to the young than such a proceeding; how could they reverence past ages, their early acquaintance with which began with laughter? how could they worship a hero whose deeds had been a subject of jest? No; *such* is not the purpose of this paper; too much dulness is indeed a grave fault; but unbounded levity, often, as in the case of a modern revolution, the concomitant of impiety and cruelty, is a sin.

But to our subject.

Caricature seems to be derived from an Italian word, *caricare*, to overload, and therefore a caricature has been well defined as a loaded, overcharged representation. Caricature in painting, bears an affinity to Burlesque in poetry, and a finely drawn caricature would bear the same analogy to Raphael's picture of the Last Judgment, as Butler's Hudibras does to Paradise Lost as an epic poem. Addison defines caricature, as pictures "where the art consists in preserving amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person." Such, indeed, is the style of caricature which was prevalent in his day, but we have arrived to a much more refined state of the art, and have been gradually progressing towards, perhaps, a perfection which the elder caricaturists little dreamt of.

The application of pictures of a satirical kind to politics, which constitutes the great body of the caricatures with which we shall have to deal, is, it has been well observed, no new thing, and can be traced among every people with whom, historically, we have any acquaintance. In the very centre of the pyramids, upon Egyptian tombs, caricatures have been found; and many an old manuscript or sculptured piece of wood tells us that our most remote ancestors enlivened the darkness of the middle ages with pictorial satire. But in those days the artists laboured under immense disadvantages. Engraving was indeed understood, but the art of multiplying the impressions from the plate, and spreading them before the eyes of the Many was unknown. The

discovery of the printing press carried its boon to the caricaturist as to every one else; by it impressions could be multiplied indefinitely; and it was therefore during the latter part of the 16th and more than ever during the 17th centuries that caricatures became the potent weapons which they are in political warfare, and formidable instruments in working upon the feelings of the populace.

But the reader must not fall into the common mistake of regarding this art as entirely comic. Nothing can be farther from the truth. In their earliest period they were seldom, if ever, pictures merely to provoke a laugh, but were serious affairs, frequently of a very savage nature, and made subservient to the political warfare which was then going on, the character of which they, of course, partook. The chief of our English caricatures were imported from Holland, and they first came into extensive circulation and notoriety after the revolution of 1688, which happily placed the third William upon an English throne. No doubt, this arose from the fact of England possessing no artists of sufficient skill to enable them to produce the plates rapidly and effectively. The caricatures, of which there were plenty which satirized the Protector Cromwell, were executed chiefly by the Dutch; and in the flood of this kind of pictures, which that stirring time of speculation, the days of the South Sea Bubble gave rise to, the large majority came from the Dutch. Their character was totally different to what we now understand by the same term. They were chiefly emblematical, and in a folio volume of them, all relating to the speculating mania, which prevailed both in Holland and France at the time of Law and his Mississippi scheme, and which was published under the title of "*Her groote Tafereel de Devaasheid*," (The great Picture of Folly,) some of them are so difficult to divine, and have so very little point, that an authority* on the subject has suggested that the great sale of caricatures made the booksellers look up old plates published upon totally different subjects, and after adding new inscriptions and new explanations publish them as caricatures on the Bubble.

* Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., "History of the House of Hanover."



This dulness and emblematical character seemed for a long time to pervade the artists of the day, and even Hogarth, when he turned his skilful pencil to this kind of art, seems to have been unable to disengage himself from the prevailing fault. In his second scene of the election, the "Canvass," the British Lion is represented as swallowing a golden fleur-de-lis, an emblem, we take it, of French gold being used plentifully as a means of bribery; and in the third plate, the "Polling," the carriage of Britannia is represented as overturning, whilst the coachman and footman on the box are playing at cards; another emblematic representation of the gaming propensities of the ministers, a madness shared by the whole aristocracy. But these are mild and favourable instances. Two celebrated publications of this artist, which are undoubted caricatures, "The Times," and drew upon the designer much odium, contain more glaring examples of this fault than those we have quoted.

After Hogarth, the art of modern caricature appears to have taken its rise from the pencils of a number of known and unknown amateur artists, (amongst whom we may mention the notorious George Townshend,) who were actively engaged in the political intrigues of George II. These carried on the attack and defence for some time; in the earlier years of his successor, the rage for this kind of pictures became great, and then for a while died out to grow brighter, stronger, and more popular than ever, under the pencil, and by the conceptions of the fertile Gilray. This artist was succeeded by others who have not let the art die, and who have carried down the chain of caricaturists to our own day. So that all of their works collected and arranged with accompanying explanations would form a better and more copious political history of the time than any we have at present.

In writing the biographies of a class of men who have produced, or rather who have greatly assisted in producing such memorable events as have the caricaturists, it would be an omission not to include the name of WILLIAM HOGARTH, but it would also be an injustice to assume that he was nothing more than a mere caricaturist, for although he dealt largely in that spe-

cies of humorous composition finer works are so far removed from that they should rather be held in and deep satires upon humanity, moreover partaking more largely of Tragedy than of Comedy. "Reflection," says Charles Lamb, "the manner in which his prints (the lot's and Rake's Progresses) alone, has often made me wonder I have heard Hogarth described more comic painter, as one whose ambition was to raise a laugh. That there are throughout the pictures have mentioned, circumstances induced of a laughable tendency, be to run counter to the commissions of mankind; but to suppose in their ruling character they chiefly to the risible faculty, as first and foremost to the very human, its best and most serious feature would be to mistake no less than their aim and purpose. A severer satires (for they are not much comedies, which they have likened to, as they are strong and culine satires,) less mingled with thing of mere fun, were never written upon paper or graven upon stone. They resemble Juvenal, or the touches in Timon of Athens."*

Bearing the foregoing in mind will proceed.

WILLIAM HOGARTH was born 19th of December, 1697, in the street of St. Bartholomew, London. He descended from a Westmoreland family which had borne the name of Hogarth; his father being the youngest of three brothers, the eldest of which lived and died as a yeoman, the second as a farmer, whilst the third, Hogarth, came up to London, being, perhaps, more educated and having learning than the two eldest, and

* Swift, who might just as well be set down as a merely comic (i. e. that which is understood by the modern and somewhat peevish word writer, as Hogarth solely as a caricaturist, seemed to have entertained the same idea.

"How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art!
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted;
You should try your graving tools
On this odious group of fools;
Draw the beasts as I describe them
From their features while I give them
Draw them like for I assure-a
You'll need no caricature,
Draw them so that we may trace
All the soul in every face."

A Character, &c., of the "Legion Club," 1

a precarious living as a corrector for the press. He married one whose name or kindred no one has mentioned; kept a small school in Ship Court, Old Bailey, and having in vain sought distinction as an author, sank under disappointed hope and incessant labour, and died in 1721, leaving one son and two daughters, Ann and Mary.

As soon as William could be properly called master of his name, he, like the poet Malloch, who called himself Mallet, and the author Foe, who insisted on the "De" before his name, determined to improve its euphony by adding the final "h." The troubles of his father had an effect upon the boy which we cannot regret. The father was a scholar and a man of varied acquirements, but the son refused to make these his own. "I saw," he says, "the difficulties under which my father laboured; the many inconveniences he endured from his dependence, living chiefly on his pen; and the cruel treatment he met with from booksellers and printers . . . it was therefore conformable to my own wishes that I was taken from school, and served a long apprenticeship to a silver plate engraver." He was apprenticed to Ellis Tansley, a silversmith, in Cranbourne Alley, Leicester Square. The place has disappeared in the recent improvements, but one side of Cranbourne Street marks the spot where it stood. The profession which he embraced consists not only in engraving spoons and forks with crests or cyphers, but also in ornamenting the larger and more costly articles of plate, and in engraving thereon the armorial bearings of the possessors. It includes, therefore, it should include, a knowledge of heraldry, and, indeed, the silver engravers of that day were also the heraldic engravers. Hugh Clark, the author of the best small introduction to heraldry which we have, was a silver engraver, and the book-plates of the nobility were done by artists on silver. Many of these done by Hogarth himself are now in the portfolios of collectors, regarded as objects of great value and curiosity. The taste which led Hogarth to choose such an occupation was manifested at a very early age, even when a mere child he was employed at every possible opportunity in making drawings. He learnt not to write, but to "draw the alphabet with great correctness," and

he adds, "my exercises at school were more remarkable for the ornaments which adorned them than for the exercise itself. In the former I soon found that blockheads, with better memories, would soon surpass me; but for the latter I was particularly distinguished."

With such an intuition the choice he made was a happy one. Demi-lions, griffins, hydras, cockatrices, and sea-lions, and all the fabulous monsters of heraldry exercised his young hand, and gave it facility and precision. Before his apprenticeship, the long term of seven years, had expired, he had gone beyond these things, and had conceived the great ambition of being an engraver on copper-plate. "Engraving on copper was at twenty years of age my utmost ambition. To attain this it was necessary that I should learn to draw something like nature." To arrive at this desired end, he scouted the common path of continually copying other men's works, which he considered was like pouring wine out of one vessel into another; he therefore early practised himself in acquiring and retaining in his memory, we use his own words, perfect ideas of the things he meant to draw, considering that he "who could do so would have as clear a knowledge of the figure as he who can write freely hath of the twenty-five letters of the alphabet, and their infinite combinations." Filled with this, he began to turn every opportunity to account, and to sketch almost everything he had seen, carrying the idea away in his retentive memory. If, however, a very singular face struck him, he would, rather than lose its expression, copy it on the nail of his thumb, and carry it home to enlarge upon at leisure. Like the present *Præ-Raphaelites* he went at once to nature. "Instead of burdening the memory with musty rules, or tiring the eye with copying dry or damaged pictures, I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of obtaining knowledge in my art." We quote these sentences, and linger thus upon the threshold of his life, in the hopes that they may perhaps inspire some young devotee of art with a determination of following out so good a plan, and may strengthen a preconceived determination to go to the fountain of originality and excellence, Nature herself.

Keeping strictly to this determination,

Hogarth did not let slip any opportunity of exercising his art, under the tutorship of nature. On one occasion, he, in company with Hayman, the painter, strolled into a low pot-house, where two loose women were drunk, and quarrelling. One of them filled her mouth with brandy, and dexterously spirted it into the eyes of her antagonist. "See! see!" cried Hogarth, and taking out his note-book, sketched her. This figure afterwards was put to use, and forms a principal one in his "Modern Midnight Conversation." Such an anecdote as this offends many, as it did Horace Walpole, who from it has presumed that the painter was a man of loose habits and low conversation, an idea very far from the truth; but the conscientious biographer must chronicle a fact which throws a light upon the *modus operandi* of the artist.

After his apprenticeship was served, Hogarth had some difficulty in maintaining himself. "Owing," he says, "to my desire for qualifying myself for engraving upon copper, &c., I could do little more than maintain myself till I was near thirty;" and he adds a sentence which does him honour: "but even then I was a punctual paymaster. . . . I remember the time when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling, but as soon as I have obtained ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied forth again with all the confidence of a man who has thousands in his pockets." So it ever is with rising talent; at first hard to be distinguished, it wins for its owner a scant and precarious existence; but when acknowledged it reaps, as it should do, the harvest which it deserves. The nature of Hogarth was too confident and bold to sink under difficulties which would have daunted others. Richard Wilson repined and grew melancholy under the pressure of misfortune, and in another walk of art, young Chatterton destroyed himself; but Hogarth, confident in the future, bore his disappointments manfully, and finally triumphed over them.

The first work of much merit which appeared from his graver, was called "The Taste of the Town," published in 1724. This was a legitimate caricature, and the prevalent follies were terribly lashed. Young satirists are always severe. The print is now termed "Bur-

lington Gate." Those vicious amusements, then very prevalent, masques, are held up to ridicule; multi- tudes are represented as crowding to those assemblies, led by a figure, appropriately tricked out with cap and On the summit of the gate, the *elegantiarum* of the day, William F an architect and artist, much in is brandishing his pencils, with M Angelo and Raphael for his supp But a more important person, less than Alexander Pope, also from the artist's satire. The p introduced as "A. P.—pe, pla whitewashing and bespattering;" as a deformed dwarf, Pope is mo on a scaffolding, whitewashing the whilst, by his awkwardness, he a shower of dirt on a coach below with his foot he is overturning and spilling the contents on a pas beneath, who is explained as "a that comes in his way." This allusion to the very free way in that great poet placed any on offended him in his satires.

Soon after the appearance of the plates the booksellers began to e him as an illustrator, and draught of embellishments and frontis He illustrated Moutraye's "Tr Apuleius' "Golden Ass," and B "Military Punishments." He eng moreover, subjects very foreign power, viz.: his illustrations t ton's "Paradise Lost." In 1726, employed to illustrate Butler's "dibras;" little of the genius of t seems to have descended upon lustrator. The plates are co enough to this day, but the figu certainly clumsy and awkward this time Hogarth was in such ferent circumstances, that he e Bowles, the print-seller, some just then completed by weight, rate of *half-a-crown a pound, a pois*. He next published a p curious nature, the trial of Bam the jailor of Newgate. This m tried and found guilty of cruelty prisoners, of extortion, and bre trust. The figure of Bambrid,

* Kent's judgment was considered pa in all things. Walpole relates that "so ous was fashion, that two great ladies p on him to design their birthday gown one he dressed in a petticoat decorat columns of the five orders of architectu other like a bronze, in a copper-colour with ornaments of gold."

been highly praised by Horace Walpole for the expression of villany, fear, and the working of conscience it contains. "If this was a portrait," says Walpole, "it is the most striking ever painted—if it was not, it is still finer." Another caricature of his old enemy—Kent, procured Hogarth the friendship of Sir J. Thornhill, who regarded Kent as an opponent, and in 1829, on the 23rd of March, our artist, then in his 32nd year, married Jane, the only daughter of Sir James. This match, not an imprudent one on the part of the lady, who had passed the bloom of youth, was undertaken without the consent of her parents, and her father was offended. At the time Hogarth was scarcely considered a painter, and Sir James was serjeant and history-painter to the king, he therefore considered the match beneath his daughter's rank. Two years, however, and Hogarth's increasing fame, served to appease Thornhill's anger. The entreaties of his wife, the submission of his daughter, and the rising reputation of his son-in-law, were the arguments which prevailed. Hogarth laid aside his satiric designs, took a house in Leicester Fields, and commenced the profession of portrait painter—an art in which, to say the truth, he was not qualified to succeed largely, wanting grace and prettiness in his portraits, and being "a man whose talent was certainly not flattering, nor his talent adapted to look on humanity without a sneer." His facility of catching likenesses, however, drew him a considerable quantity of business for some time, and he also added novelty to his art by painting small conversational pictures, which he says succeeded for a few years, but even this he says, was "but a less kind of rudgery, and as I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory, to be carried on by the help of back-grounds and drapery painters, it was not sufficiently profitable to pay the expenses my family required." The best of the portraits he painted at this time, is perhaps, that of Captain Coram, the philanthropic founder of the Foundling Hospital.

Captain Coram, as represented in Hogarth's portrait, has a dignity and sweet benevolence in his face, which we hear from contemporary authority was not in the original; yet the portrait

is wonderfully like. This excellent man having laid out his entire fortune in acts of benevolence, was reduced to great poverty in his old age. To the honour of the nation, an annuity of one hundred pounds was purchased and presented to him. On receiving it he said, "I did not waste the wealth which I possessed in self-indulgence or vain expense, and in my old age, I am not ashamed to own that I am poor." A second portrait of remark is that of Fielding, the novelist, painted from recollection, from a paper cutting, and from the mimicry of Garrick dressed in the departed author's clothes. So runs the story. Fielding himself, a rare instance among men of any celebrity, never sat for his portrait. A third portrait brings us closely home to our subject, and is that of the notorious John Wilkes. It has been styled a caricature, but is in fact so little so that Wilkes himself owned the likeness. "I am growing," he writes, "every day more and more like my portrait by Hogarth." The portrait is the work of a genius, and speaks for itself. The notorious author of the "Essays on Woman," the chairman of the "H—l-fire Club," and one of the most profane, yet able men of the day, is seated in an easy and not ungraceful attitude, with a wand in his hand, at the top of which is a Phrygian cap, bearing that word which was by the mob so often coupled with his own name, "Wilkes and Liberty." The portrait is correct, but the touch of the artist has preserved scarcely anything human in the face, which reveals only the sensualist and the fiend. The sinister eyes, the slightly open mouth, the wig, with its curls so placed as to look like horns, all proclaim sensuality and hypocrisy, and the demon stands confessed. Wilkes has lately had his champions, and there is little doubt that he was not so deeply sunk in every vice as some have represented him, but that he was a profligate and abandoned man there is little doubt, and the portrait by Hogarth will, to use the words of Pope, transmit him to posterity,

"Damned to everlasting fame."

The last portrait which can be mentioned here is that of "Garrick as Richard III." After working for some time at these, he designed and etched the first portion of the "Harlot's Progress,"

so much to the gratification of Lady Thornhill, that she advised her daughter to place it one morning in Thornhill's dining room. Mrs. Hogarth did so, the *ruse* succeeded. "Very well! very well, indeed," cried Sir James, "the man who can do these, does not need a portion with a daughter." There, was perhaps, a touch of avarice in this speech, but they were soon afterwards completely reconciled, and Sir James soon afterwards became generous to his son-in-law and daughter.

The "Harlot's Progress" was commenced in 1731, and appeared in a series of six plates in 1734. The public received it with general approbation, and the money which it produced relieved Hogarth from any fear of troubling his father-in-law. No one can look upon the plates without being struck with their boldness, force, and originality. They are full of truth, and are very far indeed from being overloaded or caricatures. Yet in them many living characters are severely satirised. Colonel Chartres, of whom Pope had written that a good man might wonder that

"Some old temple nodding to its fall"

did not

"For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall."

Parson Ford, Kate Hackabout, and Mother Needham have therein their portraits preserved. The success of this series of plates was so great, that the proceeds lifted the painter from the slough of mean condition in which he was, till then, plunged. He took a house for a summer residence in Lambeth Walk, and the vine which he is said to have planted is still shown there. About this time, he had the temerity to attempt subjects which were far, very far out of his style: on the great staircase of Bartholomew's Hospital, he painted two Scripture stories, — the "Pool of Bethesda," and the "Good Samaritan," with figures seven feet high. "These," he writes in some MS. notes left by him, "I presented to the charity, and thought they might serve as a specimen to show, that were there any inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting of them more easily attainable than is generally imagined." An inscription which adjoins these pictures tells us they were painted and presented by the artist in 1736;

but the pictures themselves will by no means suit the advanced taste of our own day. Hogarth himself writes of them very complacently, but no man is a judge of his own works. Milton preferred "Paradise Regained" to the greater and earlier poem, and the fact of Hogarth frequently recurring to the classical style, leaves us but little space to doubt but that he, in his own opinion, fancied that he could equal the old masters; for it must be recollected that his genius was of a most self-confident nature. But his keen sense of character and the very power which made him what he was prevented this. "He was ambitious," writes Horace Walpole, "of distinguishing himself as a painter of History, but the burlesque turn of his mind mixed itself with the most serious subjects. In his 'Danaë,' the old nurse tries a coin of the golden shower with her teeth; in the 'Pool of Bethesda' the servant of a rich ulcerated lady beats back a poor man who has sought the same celestial remedy."

The first of these incidents is a step beyond truth, and although very ludicrous is without thought. Surely when we believe the shower to be *divine*, we would not test the gold; the second contains a severe satire upon humanity, a satire no less true, than it is severe. Hogarth had by the "Harlot's Progress" won the good will of those whose opinion was worth winning. Somerville dedicated a work upon rural sports to him, and Fielding continually reverts to him in terms of the highest praise, both in his paper of the "Covent Garden Journal" which he then edited, and in the admirable novel of "Tom Jones."

In 1734, he lost his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, to whom he had been ever kind and attentive, and whom he appears really to have looked to with admiration. Hogarth wrote the obituary of Sir James in the "Gentleman's Magazine." In the following year he lost his mother, who lived near Cecil Court in the Strand. Mrs. Hogarth had lived to see her son famous, he had always been to her tender and respectful, and had aided her in every way he could, this aid was now to be extended to his sisters who were both unmarried, and who were left with little to support them, but luckily in trade in a ready-made clothes-shop in Little Britain.

The "Harlot's Progress" had been so successful, that the next work of the

painter appears to have been intended as a pendant to it. The second production by far surpassed the first. It was the "Rake's Progress," a work so notorious and admired, that grave divines preached upon its lessons from the pulpit; whilst at the same time the stage, for once, in those days, coming to the aid of morality, produced the story of dissipation and guilt, and its concomitant and wholesome moral, with all the power of scenic effect, and living tableaux to startle the eyes and wring the hearts of many of the audience, who were engaged in that same wild race, which ends in the prison or the grave. Fan-mounts, printed in red ink were also sold, bearing small copies of the subjects, three on one side and three on the other, so that the grave and satiric touches of the painter, permeated the whole mass of society, from the duchess who read its lesson upon her gilt and feathered fan, to the frequenter of the sixpenny gallery, who wept perhaps at its pathos, in Drury Lane Theatre. Hogarth had indeed read a great moral lesson; he was in this no caricaturist; there is no false sympathy, no overloading in the pictures which he has given us. In the first series, a young and innocent woman coming to town, is beguiled by one of the basest of her own sex, and led through six scenes of false and fleeting splendour and guilt, to punishment and misery, finally to end her life amidst beings as depraved and as wretched as herself. In the second series of engravings, the heir of a sordid old miser steps suddenly from a state of abject dependence upon another's will, to abundant wealth. At the moment in which fortune lavishes her favours upon him, he proves his baseness by deserting a poor creature whom he had seduced, and who before his accession to wealth, he had promised to make his wife. In the next scene we find him already on the high road to ruin, sharpers, gamblers, and bullies surround the young man and hurry him to dissipation. The foreign master of dancing, and foreign singer share with English parasites his stupid admiration, and the bully and fighting man show that others are ready to defend his cowardice whilst they share his gold. But these scenes are soon followed by retribution: whilst going in a gay dress to court, the Rake is

seized by the bailiffs, and owes his temporary liberty to the goodness of the very woman whom he had betrayed and cast off, and at last comes the fruit of all this riotous living, this "blazing out of life," as Johnson in his "Life of Rochester," has forcibly called it. The prodigal has no father or home to return to. His friends, all save one, have left him, and he dies mad in Bedlam, a victim to his own vice, extravagance and folly.

The fame of the painter now attracted certain pirates of prints, which kind of property was in those days unprotected by copyright. The whole of the eight prints of the "Rake's Progress" were pirated by Boitard, and printed on one large sheet, and issued a whole fortnight before the originals appeared. To do this, Boitard must have had some understanding with the printer who took proofs of Hogarth's engravings, and must have obtained surreptitiously the very proofs, which were worked off the artist's plates. The whole affair reveals to us a system of rascality which certainly does not place the honesty of the "good old times" in a very favourable light. The eight plates of the "Rake's Progress" were not, on the whole, so favourably received as their predecessors had been, and this, coupled with the pirating, stirred on Hogarth very naturally, to endeavour to turn the whole of the profits to himself. To do this he applied to parliament, and obtained an act, "for recognising a legal copyright in designs and engravings, and for restraining copies of such works from being made without the consent of the owners." This was in 1735. To commemorate this act, the artist drew and etched an allegorical plate, wherein a royal crown sheds rays upon bishops' mitres and lords' coronets, upon the mace, the speaker's hat, and the great seal; by which loyal symbols he typified the united wisdom of "lords and commons assembled," and the gracious sovereign, under whom they guided the nation. Underneath the subject are words no less loyal than the plate itself, whereby Hogarth, not faintly but strongly, lauds the Imperial Parliament for the measure which they had taken to secure him his rights.

In the next year, that is in 1736, the industrious artist again amused the town with a plate which, though full of most cutting and truthful satire, yet

borders in its quaintness upon caricature. It is called "The Sleeping Congregation," and represents a very monotonous and heavy parson promoting to the utmost of a very large ability, the happy endeavours of a singular audience to sleep. The very church itself seemed steeped in slumber, reminding one of the metamorphosis of the cottage of Baucis and Philemon into a church, the very pews are sleepy. The artist must have had Swift's lines in his mind:

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load;
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The only person in the congregation at all awake is the clerk, "a sleek and oily man," who has one eye kept open, by glancing in too worldly a manner upon a very fine young servant maid who is most pertinaciously asleep on his left hand. The clerk is in that ridiculous state when a person is conscious of going to sleep, but endeavours very vainly to keep himself awake. The effect is ludicrous in the extreme. The author of the "Philosophy of Drunkenness," Mr. Macnish, has also written an able treatise on the "Philosophy of Sleep;" in one chapter he has treated very scientifically, upon the strong temptation which all are subject to of sleeping in church. He might have illustrated his subject by an allusion to Hogarth's print.

In or about the same year, (for the plate is without a date,) Hogarth published another, called "Southwark Fair." It has the usual busy scene of such a subject, and is no doubt a very faithful transcript of those who thronged to fairs in those days, treated in a Hogarthian spirit. Next came another very celebrated piece, the "Modern Midnight Conversation," wherein nothing can exceed the drunken revelry of the assembly. A parson in the midst, said to be a portrait of the celebrated Orator Henley, the subject of Pope's satire—

"O orator, of brazen face and lungs,"

is the chairman of the drunken crew. According to Mrs. Thrale, the portrait is of another celebrated parson, Parson Ford, who was a relation of Doctor Johnson, and whose ghost—*credat Judeus!*—used to haunt the Hummums

in Covent Garden. The group is pervaded with a drunken spirit of life, which is indeed admirable, and which could only proceed from one pencil. This print has carried the name and fame of Hogarth into foreign lands. It is a great favourite in Germany, in France, and in Russia. His next work was no less full of life and motion—it was the "Enraged Musician." A professor of that art, evidently foreign from his dress and air, is interrupted in his practice by a concourse of noises, which are brought together with great ingenuity. The musician can bear it no longer, but, throwing up the window and placing his fingers to his ears to shut out the discord, appears to be vainly endeavouring to obtain a hearing and to put a stop to the terrific noise. But it still continues; a dust-man cries "dust, oh!" a milkmaid (sweetly drawn, and full of freshness and innocence) cries out "milk above, milk below;" a fishmonger cries in linked sweetness, long drawn out, "e—e—ls;" a ballad singer chants the monotonous story of "The Lady's Fall;" a little French drummer drums; a paviour rams the stones; a post-boy blows his horn; and a sweep from the top of a neighbouring chimney raps his brush against the pot, and shouts out that "he has done;" but this is not all, the picture, like Prospero's island, is "full of noises;"—a cutler grinds a butcher's cleaver; and "John Long," a pewterer, in a shop close at hand, adds to the turmoil the clink of many hammers. In addition to this, the animal creation is called in, and an ass brays, whilst two cats squall and fight on the tiles of the houses; altogether the print well deserves the genial criticism of a wit of the day: "This strange scene," said he, "*deafens one to look at.*" This print was published in November, 1740, and was intended as a companion to the "Distressed Poet," published sometime before.

"The Four Times of the Day," four prints which described what they pretended: Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, were the next productions of Hogarth. The student of history and of the manners and customs of the day, will find these prints teach him more than many chapters in history. The state of the streets at night before gas was dreamt of, and when the watchmen were of the true Dogberry and

Verges race, is capably placed before us. The plates will well repay an attentive scrutiny. The first pair of pictures were sold to the Duke of Ancaster for seventy-five guineas, and Sir William Heathcote bought the remaining pair for forty-six.

The "Strolling Players," a very celebrated engraving, representing a company of actors in a barn, dressing for the representation of a comedy, formed the next publication; and the contrast between the *dramatis personæ*, who are all of the first order of heathen deities, the *Dii majorum gentium*, and their representatives in the barn, is both ludicrous and satirical. Juno is sitting on an old wheelbarrow, which will serve, no doubt, as a triumphal car. Night, dressed in a spangled robe, is mending her stocking; and the Tragic Muse is cutting a cat's tail to draw a little real blood, no doubt for theatrical purposes. On a Grecian altar from which one of the attendants of Pluto has just lifted a pot of beer, is a loaf of bread, and a tobacco-pipe with smoke issuing from it. Apollo and Cupid are endeavouring to reach down a pair of stockings, which are hung upon a cloud to dry, but Cupid's wings are of no avail, and his godship is obliged to have recourse to a ladder; but the most startling is the cup-bearer of Olympus, Ganymede, who is about to cure "a raging tooth" by a glass of gin. An excellent critic has well remarked, "that there is positively no end to the drollery. Into the darkest nook the artist has put meaning, and there is instruction or sarcasm in all that he has introduced!"* This wonderful picture was sold to Francis Beckford, Esq. for £27 6s. 0d. The gentleman thought the price too much, and the artist returned him the money, and resold the painting to one who had more judgment or more generosity, for the same sum. It must be a source of wonder that with the name and fame which his prints brought him, that Hogarth got paid so little, so very little, for his paintings, but we must recollect that it was the fashion then, and even now until very lately, to declare that he was "no painter;" and the artist supported himself by the sale of his prints. He was soon to find at how little his pictures, now so valuable, were reckoned.

* The British Painters, by Allan Cunningham.

On the 25th of January, 1743, he offered for sale the six paintings of the "Harlot's Progress," the eight paintings of the "Rake's Progress," and five other pictures, the "Strolling Players," and the "Four Times of the Day." The painter, who seldom did anything like other men, thought it incumbent upon him to issue a kind of catalogue or bill, containing strange conditions of sale, and the public paid little attention to the sale at all. The paintings of the two "Progresses" sold at fourteen guineas, and twenty-two guineas each picture; the Rake's fetching the largest price. Modern artists have realized, over and over again, more money for a single picture, than Hogarth obtained for the whole. His wit and humour, which were ever ready to flow, had induced him to issue, in addition to the conditions, a strange ticket to this sale, which was no less than "the Battle of the Pictures," an idea probably caught from Swift's "Battle of the Books," which Sir William Temple's essay had given rise to. The card is a satire on the passion for old masters, which was then prevalent. Hundreds of copies of the Bull and Europa, of Apollo and Marsyas, and of St. Andrew on the Cross, are ranked in order; and from these hostile ranks certain pictures advance and charge literally *through* pictures of Hogarth, which are placed in a row on the ground. All this, although some critics profess to be puzzled at it, seems to us to be merely typical of the injury which a passion for second-rate copies of the old masters was doing the native artist.

Chagrined at the result of his sale, Hogarth returned to his studio to work, and in April, 1743, advertised the series which, perhaps, reflects most honour upon him, and which from being the property of the nation, makes his name the most known. This was the celebrated "Marriage à la mode," which was published by subscription, the plates being engraved by first-rate Parisian artists, with the exception of the heads, which, in order that they might bear the very touch of the painter, were engraved by himself.

Of this work it is difficult to speak in sufficient terms of admiration. The grouping, the drawing, and the accessories, are alike excellent, and the tale which they tell is essentially dramatic.

A pompous peer, who, by extra-

gance and pride in building and adorning his estate, has impoverished himself, finds it necessary to recruit the income which will devolve upon his son, the viscount Squanderfelt, by marrying him to the daughter of a rich and sordid goldsmith. The bride and father are equally despised by the proud and careless young nobleman, and misery is the result. The bridegroom runs a career of vice and extravagance, and neglects his wife for the company of gamblers and courtezans. The lady, stung by this neglect, listens to the promptings of a designing lawyer, who after leading her to those empty and vicious frivolities of the higher classes, which were then so much frequented, the faro-table and the masquerade, completes his villany by seduction. In the very midst of their guilt, the enraged husband bursts in upon them, and after a few passions, receives a mortal thrust from the sword of his wife's seducer. Nothing can be more striking or vivid than this scene; the kneeling and horror-stricken wife, the dying man whose knees are giving way with the weakness of death, the open window through which the murderer is escaping, and the terrified valet approaching with the Watch, all tell a tale of guilt and horror which must affect the most hardened. The concluding scene is soon told, the wife dies at the house of her sordid father, who is removing her wedding-ring. She has perished by her own hand, as the empty vial testifies, and at her feet lies the last dying speech and confession of her seducer and her husband's murderer. These prints at once became popular. A drama was founded upon them, and Dr. Shebbeare interwove the scenes in a novel called the "Marriage Act;" every author since that time has, almost without exception, praised and admired them.

Soon after the publication of the prints, Hogarth advertised the original pictures for sale, with a bill almost as quaint as the first. But the sale was to be another failure. Mr. Lane, who purchased them, was the only one present on the day, and these six noble pictures, in frames worth four guineas each, only realised, exclusive of the frames, nineteen pounds six shillings. They are now the property of the nation, and the nation is justly proud of them. Colonel Cawthorne, who inherited them from Mr. Lane, sold them

in the year 1797 for £1381. They went into the National Gallery by request of Mr. Angerstein.

The pride of Hogarth was wounded, nor can we wonder at this neglect. He knew how the singer and dancer were paid whilst he was neglected; and avenged himself by a little bit more caricature upon these pleasures of fashion. Two little figures, and twirling about, exhibit the fulness and decency of the amusements of the aristocracy.

Another work, which was to teach the young, and which was much admired by the staid citizens of London, next appeared by order of the Government. This was "Industry and Idleness," wherein two apprentices to a master embrace different courses, exemplify in their different end wisdom and the folly of the other. The one who is industrious makes a master's daughter, and becomes Mayor. The other, "to use his own words," "by giving way to idleness naturally falls into poverty, and finally into ruin." The moral lesson is conveyed by the citizens of London hanging them in the halls of the Guild, for a special warning to those who were bound apprentices.

It seems to us that the moral is in the race is not always to the industrious; not every honest or industrious man can hope to be so rewarded after much hard work realises his hope. In this world the best of us are severely tried, and in confining words and punishments to mendacity means the moralist has failed.

That old Jacobite, Simon Lord Lovat, who lived in the state of regal barbarity in the highlands, was rather foolishly led into open rebellion, and executed upon Tower Hill.

He met him on his way, at St. Albans, took his likeness. A print of the artist, so popular was the chief, the weight of the plate. The impressions could not be taken fast enough, although the rollers worked at them, without intermission. The plate produced, it is said, twelve pounds a day for several weeks.

The war, which had been in duration betwixt England and France, was concluded by a treaty at Chapelle, and Hogarth was

travelling English" who flocked here. His visit was not of long on, for having dared to take a of the gates of Calais, he was as a spy, and conveyed back to nd. The artist tried to avenge f for this affront, by a print which med "The Roast Beef of Old nd." The print comes, one can ee, from the hands of an angry

It is very absurd and ridiculous, t, to be ragged and ill fed, but e people would submit to such asant fortune if they could help it, tire upon these weaknesses falls ground. We have now, happily, d the times when our most bitter against a Frenchman was the ness of his diet. Upon this prejudice, Hogarth's print hinges; not worth description. In the 751, he presented to the Found- ospital a picture of "The Find- Moses," which is perhaps the his serious works. This paint- ith others presented by other ar- the same Institution, used to be ted for the benefit of the Found- —a proceeding which gave rise to esent Royal Academy. Hogarth e earliest and amongst the largest se who, by their paintings, thus uted to so deserving and meri- a charity. The next works of ist were, "The Four Stages of g," which are revolting in the e; and a ludicrous picture of the h of the Guards to Finchley."

Charles Edward, the darling of h minstrelsy, and the hope of a orportion of the then British nation, egan a successful campaign by two bold strokes, and was ad- g upon London. The guards of anoverian prince, who occupied one, are advancing to meet him; e drunken and reeling rout of s do not badly represent the which spread over all parts of the nity. In the gossiping pages of e Walpole, we shall find the true of the country concerning this e of the Chevalier, and in the of Fielding's *Covent Garden* il, we find the fear and alarm depicted. Hogarth has probably caricatured the scene he beheld, e drunken panic and disorder, the l march, the carousing and swag- , and thorough carelessness of ine, had, without doubt, some

foundation in truth. The print was inscribed to George II.; but when the proof was laid before his Majesty, he did not quite understand the joke. "Does the fellow," said he, "mean to laugh at my guards? Take his trumpet out of my sight." The picture was removed, and the dedicatory inscription erased; and Hogarth dedicated his print to the king of Prussia, from whom he received a handsome acknowledgment. The original painting was disposed of by the kind of lottery which at present is known by the name of the "Art-Union;" every purchaser of a print receiving a ticket. Some chances which remained were presented to the Foundling Hospital, and one of these latter tickets carried away the prize. This plan was more beneficial to the painter than his sales: "a lottery," he observed, "is the only chance a living painter has of being paid for his time." "Beer Street," and "Gin Lane," two works, one of which has, no doubt, great admirers amongst the temperance societies, next appeared. Their logic is weaker than their execution. The imbibers of beer are very joyous, pleasant people; the gin drinkers are no doubt copied from nature, and amongst them, the only being who thrives is the pawnbroker. Two national prints, called "France" and "England" followed; and ridiculed the fear which was then as now, (and probably ever since the Dauphin landed at Dover, in King John's reign,) very prevalent, namely, of the French invasion. Both pictures belong properly to historic caricature, and both are in their way overloaded. The French soldier in the first print, who has spitted five frogs upon his sword, and is roasting them at a bivouac fire, was a popular element in national ridicule, which would now be scouted at Astley's, or the lower theatres, whereat highly coloured nautical dramas are popular. Some scenes called "The Cockpit," followed this pair of prints, and are broad satires upon that cruel sport. The satire fell harmlessly. Lords and gentlemen, as well as blacklegs and butchers, continued to indulge for years after, in the noble sport of "cocking." The next series was "The Election," in four plates. The bribery and corruption of such a scene had, perhaps, never been placed so prominently before the eyes of the world. To the polling, the lame,

blind, dead, and deaf, are carried up to record a vote for one or the other member. A doctor by the side of a sick man, has him borne along to vote for a favourite client. This incident is a fact, and is related of Dr. Barrowby. The patient expired at the hustings. The fourth scene is the "Chairing of the Member," who resembles in his person the celebrated Bubb Doddington, raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Melcombe Regis. He is seated in a chair, raised aloft by four brawny constituents. The pictures are full of expression and life, and are finely painted, merely to speak of their mechanical execution. Foes mingle, however, in his *cortège*, but a blow from a flail prostrates one of his bearers, and is about to overthrow the member. The pictures are now in the museum of Sir John Soane, which he bequeathed to the nation; whilst looking on them, and remembering recent scenes of bribery and riot in our own days, the reader will sigh to think how little we have politically improved, since the days when Hogarth published the election scenes of the honourable and immaculate member for Guzzledown. David Garrick bought these excellent pictures for £200.

The time now came when Hogarth was to come forward as an author; that is to say, for it has been denied that the book was written by him, he published a book called the "Analysis of Beauty," a work containing many new notions on his art, and only probably interesting to artists. The chief point on which it insists, being in the undulating line, called the line of beauty and grace, and which Hogarth had some time before introduced upon his palette in his own portrait. Of this line, he claims to be the discoverer, and asserts with truth, that nothing beautiful in nature is stiff or angular, the line of grace being found in the undulating hills, in the shape of the flower, and in the beauty of man and woman, bird and beast. With one or two exceptions, such as the leaves of the holly, the thistle, and the various cacti, this is true, but some denied the discovery, and asserted that the principle was known to Michael Angelo. A book from so universal a satirist as Hogarth, was sure to be assailed, and assailed it was by writers from Wilkes to Walpole. Every part of the work came in for a share of rough

treatment, and the prints and illustrations which accompanied it, were not left untouched. Hogarth, who seems to have had like most great men in his art, a considerable share of vanity, was not undisturbed by these attacks; he had endeavoured—the work of a giant—to fix the principles of taste, and he failed, yet his book has its merits, and it has been highly commended by a president of the Royal Academy, Sir Benjamin West, whose judgment was vastly superior to his powers as a painter.

In 1759, Hogarth, about to discontinue painting, determined to enter into competition with a painting said to be by Correggio. His wife, who was a very handsome woman, supplied the model, and the artist produced his "Sigismunda." The picture was painted for Sir Robert Grosvenor, but the gentleman refused the picture, when it was completed, and it remained on Hogarth's hands. The answer of Sir Robert was, besides this, unmanly and insulting, for age was growing upon Hogarth, and a refusal should not be coupled with insolence; he refused the picture because, he writes, "the performance is so striking and inimitable, that constantly having it before one's eyes, would be too often occasioning melancholy ideas to arise in one's mind, which a curtain's being drawn before it would not diminish in the least." The artist gave no answer to the insult, and the picture, as we have said, remained on his hands, attacked and laughed at by all his enemies.

Of these Wilkes and Churchill were the bitterest, and those who made their anger the most felt. Hogarth in a print called the "Times," published in 1762, when he was sixty-five years old, ridiculed the opponents of the Ministry and the friends of Wilkes, as agitators. Wilkes, although not included in this political caricature, wrote a furious North Briton attack (in number 17 of his paper) on "the King's Sergeant Painter, William Hogarth," in which he accused him of being a vain, greedy and treacherous hanger-on, of a corrupt court. Hogarth replied with his pencil, and the print of Wilkes, which we have before described, appeared, and was sold by thousands. Wilkes felt now the sting of the satirist, and Churchill the poet, who appears to have been sincerely attached to the demagogue,

came to his rescue, in a personal satire, called the "Epistle to Hogarth." The quarrel only shows how furiously angry men could abuse each other; both Wilkes and Churchill had been personal friends with the artist, and now they vigorously abused him. The world has much to regret in the loss of so vigorous a poet as Churchill, from the fact of his being led away to vice and dissipation. The satirist whom Cowper owned as his master, and who has much of the manly freedom and masterly ease of Dryden was an ally on the side of virtue, of whom the best might be proud. Alas, that he spent his talent upon personal abuse, or in vain regret. He attacked Hogarth as Pope attacked Dennis, upon his old age, and declared that malice led him to satirise Wilkes.

"Malice (who, disappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herself, and driven to the stake,
Gives virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had killed thee, tottering on Life's utmost
verge,

Had WILKES and LIBERTY escaped thy scourge.

Hence, Dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in,

With all the symptoms of assured decay,
With age and sickness pinched and worn away;
From haunts of men, to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die."

Surely it is no crime to be sick and old, feeble and weak with disease. Hogarth might have retorted upon that weakness which proceeds from dissipation; more cutting probably was the allusion to Hogarth's failure.

"Poor Sigismunda! what a fate is thine!
Dryden, the great High Priest of all the nine
Revived thy name, gave what a muse could give,
And in his numbers bade thy memory live;

But, 'how fallen! how changed!'

Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
The helpless victim of a dauber's hand!"

That these attacks wounded Hogarth and hastened his decline, there can be little doubt. He retorted on Churchill, by a caricature called "The Bruiser C. Churchill, (once the Rev.) in the character of the Russian Hercules regaling himself after having killed the monster Caricatura, that so galled his virtuous friend, the 'heaven-born' Wilkes." Churchill was drawn as a canonical bear, with a pot of porter and a knotted club, bearing on the various knots "Lye 1, Lye 2," and so on, by his side Hogarth's dog tramples on his "Epistle to Hogarth." The intrusion of the painter's dog by the side of the "Russian bear" is accounted for by Hogarth in the following manner: "having an old plate

by me, with some parts ready sunk, as the background and the dog, I began to consider how I could put so much work laid aside to account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life."

Hogarth speaks thus lightly of the fray, but it probably broke his spirits and hurt his health. Churchill, who was an unfrocked clergyman, and a man of the loosest life, was unworthy of notice. A short time after he writes thus heartlessly of the old and failing painter. "—— (naming his mistress) tells me with a kiss, that I have already killed him. How sweet is flattery from the woman we love;" and again, even more heartlessly, the malevolent satirist says—"he has broken into the pale of my private life, and has set the example of illiberality which I wanted, and as he is dying from the effects of my former chastisement, I will hasten his death by writing his elegy." Even Wilkes, debauched as he was, was more generous than Churchill: he remarked of his squinting portrait, "that he did not make himself," and therefore might be excused for being so very ugly, but Churchill exulted over the painter's failing health, and when he heard of his death, rejoiced that it was imputed to the terrors of his satire.

We are now to chronicle the last work of Hogarth, which we think shows a failing power, and an exaggeration of which the painter was not always guilty. It is termed "Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism," and seems to be intended by the artist to show the effects of a low conception of religion, and also the idolatrous tendency of pictures and prints in churches or in books. A fierce preacher seems to be condemning with terrific energy the whole world to perdition, such is the fury of his looks and gestures. His congregation are in a terror of alarm, and are thrown into various gestures typical of their state, and in the corner the notorious Mrs. Tofts, whose imposture is unequalled in the annals of credulity, seems to have added a quantity of monsters to the scene. At the window a Turk, calmly smoking, looks in at the window, apparently drawing

a very satisfactory parallel between the workings of his religion and that which he witnesses. The aim of Hogarth was no doubt good, but it is not too clearly perceived in this curious print, and those who sneer at religion, sometimes allude to this engraving as a proof that Hogarth sneered too, which is very far indeed from the fact.

The time had now come when he was to find a consolation in religion. He had bought a small house at Chiswick, which yet remains; it is not very far from the one occupied by the Duke of Devonshire, and is still called Hogarth House, and to this he retired; at that time indeed it might have been called retirement, for it was very prettily situated, and the garden contained many fruit-trees, and in it he had buried his favourite dog, the headstone of whose grave, standing in a corner of the garden, close against the wall, still remains. The cottage has since been inhabited by another man of genius, the Rev. Henry Cary, the translator of Dante. It was in this cottage that Hogarth felt death coming upon him, but his spirits did not desert him; he seems to have summed up his actions of past life, and to have been as much as most men at peace with the world, and with his Creator. "I can safely assert," he writes, "that I have invariably endeavoured to make those about me tolerably happy; and my greatest enemy cannot say, that I ever did him an intentional injury; without ostentation I could produce many instances of men who have materially benefited by me. What may follow, God knows." This reasoning is scarcely satisfactory to the Christian, alas! That many men have materially benefited by our weak endeavours to do good is not sufficient; the better the man, the less confidently will he look back upon his past life; the great Newton talked sorrowfully of wasted time, and Coleridge, weeping, confessed that even then, in his last few days he, who had been praying all his life, scarcely knew "how to pray."

On the 25th of October, 1764, Hogarth left Chiswick, and returned to Leicester Square. He was very weak, but at the same time extremely cheerful, and his mental powers were as perfectly unimpaired as ever. Physicians do not appear to have been with him, and of the nature of his complaint he himself was unaware. Having re-

ceived an agreeable letter from a friend, he wrote a rough draft of an answer, and finding himself weak, postponed writing the letter, and lay down upon his bed. He had lain but a short time when he was seized with a vomiting, and starting up, he rang the bell with such violence that he broke it. An affectionate female relative came to his aid, and after two hours' intense suffering, he expired from a suffusion of blood among the arteries of his heart.

So lived and died William Hogarth, a genius entirely English, and master of a style of which he might have said with Swift,

"Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use."

And in which, although he has had many imitators, he has not had one worthy successor. His great success in his own peculiar style, and his entire difference from other painters, seems to lie in this, that he paints perfectly dramatically, and takes care to let his own peculiar mind pervade his pictures. No painter ever told a story better than Hogarth. He is not entirely a painter, he may be called an author, and viewed in that light we shall understand the answer given by the gentleman who, Charles Lamb tells us, being asked which book he preferred most, said, "Shakspeare," and which next, said, "Hogarth." Most of his admirers have felt the truth of this; they read his pictures, at those of other painters they merely look. Great draughtsmen and fine colourists some artists may be, but they do not throw the soul into their pictures which Hogarth did. In the painted illustrations of the "Waverly Novels," or of "Gil Blas," or of the "Vicar of Wakefield," we see various figures over and over again, to represent the "Vicar," or "Gil Blas;" but in painting the "Rake" or "Councillor Silvertongue," or "Viscount Squanderfelt," Hogarth has indelibly fixed them on our minds, and they will bear no second impression. All his pictures are of this kind. The puzzled face, rather indeed prosaic, of the distressed poet, we never forget; the rapid face of the young nobleman, the conceit of the Italian singer, are to us as much matters of fact and reality, as the madness of Don Quixote, or the burlesque cowardice of John Falstaff. More than this, Hogarth stands alone, he is *sui generis*, and wi-

out a rival; Sir Joshua Reynolds foolishly denied him the title of "painter." That he could paint, and in many points better and more solidly than Sir Joshua himself in his "flying colours," the scenes of the "Rake's Progress" in Sir John Soane's Museum, abundantly testify; but he does not want the petty title, he was no Royal Academician we know, but there have been many hundreds of painters, and but one Hogarth.

Besides this, he was like all great men, evidently of his age, and yet beyond it. His satire upon its defective morals will testify the latter, and for the former we may cite Walpole. "The Rake's Levee Room," says that author, "The Nobleman's Dining-room, the apartments of the husband and wife, in the Marriage à la Mode, the Alderman's Parlour, the Bedchamber, and many others are the history of the manners of the age."

This is high praise, "but greater yet remains behind;" he was not only the historian, but the moralist of his time; in openly reproving vice, he stood out beyond all other painters. Art in his hand did not degenerate into sensuousness and prettiness, nor did he excite religion by the faces of meek Madonnas, or emaciated saints; but he showed vice her own image, stamped the paltry and conceited coxcomb with a brand; placed abject poverty, copied with an unerring hand, by the side of prodigal and selfish wealth, and preached such a sermon thereon, as the world will not easily forget. If fame be worth anything, he has fame enough; the portrait painters and effeminate flatterers of the day were ashamed to own his masculine genius; the sentence is now reversed, there is scarcely an educated Englishman, but who is proud to own that he is the countryman of William Hogarth.

In his personal appearance, Hogarth was not singular. His portrait gives us a blunt English-looking face, marked with great determination and self-possession; his eye was peculiarly bright and penetrating, and his forehead high and broad. He was rather below the middle size, active in person, and bustling in manner, and fond of some little importance and state; he had a great deal of *bonhomie*, and was sought for as an excellent companion; when out on a trip or jaunt his spirits rose to a great height, and kept the company in a considerable state of amusement.

The history of his five days' peregrination to Gravesend and Rochester will show what sort of man he was, better than any laboured description. Under the town-hall in Rochester, the curious are still shown the place where he publicly played at hop-scotch with a jovial companion, to the great delight of the onlooking boys. His personal spirit was great, and he would resent any insult offered by any one, nor did he bend in any way to rank or power. He loved state in dress, and a certain decent order in his household; his wife who tenderly loved him, assisting him in entertaining his guests at a pleasant house and handsomely furnished table. "In his relations of husband, of brother, friend, and master," says Ireland, "he was kind, generous, sincere, and indulgent; in diet abstemious, but in his hospitalities, though devoid of ostentation, liberal and free-hearted, not parsimonious, yet frugal; but so comparatively small were the rewards paid to artists, that after the labour of a long life, he left an inconsiderable sum to his widow, with whom he must have received a very large portion." To this another biographer adds, that he was very considerate and kind to all his servants, that they had remained many years in his service, and that he painted all their portraits, and hung them up in his house. He used to study at all times and in all places; he would sketch any remarkable face which he saw, sometimes upon his nail. He was a great observer of the workings of the passions in the face. Barry once saw him patting the back of one of two fighting boys, who was hanging back from the fray, and telling him not to be a coward, all the while very attentively observing the face of the other. He went into good society, and dined with Gray, at the table of Horace Walpole. He left his wife by his will, all his property in his plates, the copyright of which was secured to her by Act of Parliament for twenty years; the number of impressions annually sold, produced a very respectable annual income, but she outlived her right and became reduced to the borders of want. The interposition of the king with the Royal Academy, procured for her a pension of £40 per annum, which she lived but two years to enjoy.

Hogarth was buried plainly and without show, in the churchyard of



Chiswick, and his wife raised a monument to his memory, bearing the following inscription: "Here lieth the body of William Hogarth, Esq., who died Oct. 26th, 1764, aged 67 years." A mask, a laurel wreath, a palette, pencils, and book, inscribed "Analysis of Beauty," are carved on one side of the monument, with some verses, which, by the way, are not worth quoting. Dr. Johnson wrote four lines which are somewhat better, but which are certainly not worthy of the Doctor, or of the painter:

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew the essential forms of grace.
Here closed in death the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face.

One must not omit to add that the latter days of Hogarth, himself a caricaturist, were wearied out by attacks by anonymous brothers of the art. After the publication of his "Analysis of Beauty," a great number of caricatures were launched forth against him, and every possible means taken to annoy and disturb him. His ridicule of the absurd idolatry shown to the ancient masters by those who, with pretended taste, formed large collections of *copies*, called forth a large print, wherein he is represented in the act of undermining the sacred monument of all the best painters, sculptors, &c., in imitation of the Greek Erostratus, who, in the distance, is seen firing the Temple of Diana; other caricatures represent him in his studio, where are hung parodies of his paintings. The artists of these works are anonymous, but we cite them—and we have not mentioned a tythe of the prints launched against Hogarth—to shew that when he died, in October, 1764, he left many behind him to follow in the career of political caricaturists. His greatest persecutor, if we except Wilkes, Charles Churchill, did not long survive the victim whose death he rejoiced to have caused. He died at Calais in November of the same year.

Caricature was carried on after the death of Hogarth by various hands, the most noted of whom was

JAMES SAYER,

the son of a captain merchant, at Yarmouth, and after being articled to an attorney, passed his examination, and was entered on the roll. Sayer, however, did not need to follow the laborious and dry study of the law. His

father had left him a small fortune, which placed him in a position to give him leisure to indulge in which he had manifested at a young age. These were caricaturing and writing. Even at school he had exhibited an extraordinary talent in turning out any prominent feature of a man who annoyed him. But this is related of almost every clever man, and is a story which has furnished very many pictures of rebellion to scholars, and authority, which it were better, altogether to repress. The world was too satisfied in taking scholars' subordination as a proof of their genius. When Sayer grew up he soon found proof of his talent, and finding a majority of the caricaturists were on the side of the people, and few upon that of the government, he appears to have been partly by his early predilections, and partly by the rest, in taking the ministerial the warfare of political pasquade, song, and print. He appears in his earliest specimens, in favour of the Right Hon. William Pitt who was then, by his extraordinary genius, astonishing the nation by alarming the opposition. On March 7th, 1782, Mr. Pitt made his motion for the reform of the representation,—a motion which procured considerable popularity, but was defeated by a small majority. In the Shelburne administration, he held office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the alliance of the Whigs and Tories drove this ministry from office. Another body, similar in construction, succeeded from Lord North, and confessed themselves the friends and advisers to the court, in opposition to the ministry. Of these Pitt was the roused and powerful leader in the House of Commons, and James Sayer volunteered as caricaturist in the print of London. One of his earliest productions is a large caricature published on the 5th of May, 1783, founded on a speech made by one of the opposition Lords, in the Upper House, immediately after the formation of the ministry, who, speaking of Lord North, had expressed himself as follows: "Such was the love of office in the noble Lord, that, finding he would not be permitted to mount the box, he was content to get up behind." The new Whig coach, with Fox's c

the panels, is drawn by two miserable jacks through a rough road, jogging and nearly being upset, every minute, by some of the large stones thrown in its way by the opposition, and by which one of the wheels has received a very serious fracture. Lord North is holding on behind with an air of alarm, whilst Fox and the Duke of Portland, seated on the box, are joining in their efforts to draw in the reins. Contemplating this print one cannot but think upon the many times which the subject has been repeated. Almost every ministry has been typified by a coach, and the reins of government have been spoken of in the same terms as the reins of the stage coachman. We need but turn over a very few leaves of our contemporary *Lunch* to find the same idea repeated over and over again.

On the 21st of April, 1783, Sayer again satirized the whole of the ministry, and the print is valuable by affording the historian undoubted portraits of the New Whig Administration, as it was called. The plate is entitled, "The Razor's Levee; or the Heads of the New Whig A——n on a broad bottom." The scene is the shop of a barber, who is busily engaged in arranging a quantity of blocks, representing the members of the coalition ministry. He is particularly occupied on the heads of Fox and North, joined on one stand, to intimate what some of the present day would call an unprincipled coalition. On a wall immediately behind are the heads of Cromwell and Charles the 1st, in a curious juxtaposition, apparently to intimate that the most opposite principles were for the first time brought together. Over the fireplace is a new map of Great Britain and Ireland, from which Ireland is nearly torn away. The celebrated Westminster publican, Sam House, of whom we shall hereafter have to speak, and who described himself as "a pub-lican and republican," sits in front with a pot of beer, and looks on admiringly. This caricature cannot also fail to call to mind similar prints of a more modern date. When Mr. Gilbert Albert's pocket first started that rabid political paper, *Figaro in London*—the illustration cut on the title had the same scene as the one described. Figaro, the barber, is about to sharpen his razor, and proceed to operate upon various

blocks, bearing the portraits of the popular political leaders of the day. So that the historian of political warfare, turning over the many similar prints which like exigences have called forth, cannot but remember, with a sigh, that there is "nothing new" under the sun.

Another plate, by the same hand, represents Britannia pointing with her finger, and directing the attention of the coalition (Fox and North, who are joined together something like the Siamese twins) to a distant block and a gallows, by which the artist means to insinuate that a violent and shameful death was the proper destination of the ministry. Here we may remark, that Britannia at this period was the presiding genius of caricature, and that *John Bull* had not arisen to the prominence which he at present occupies.

Aided by such means as these out of doors, which gradually undermined whatever popularity the ministry had, Pitt shewed that he was no unskilful leader of an opposition. He let the ministry, by ceaseless provocation and other parliamentary tactics, make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the House, so that their majority of sixty gradually dwindled down to a ridiculously small number. In July the parliament separated, and the ministry were left to prepare some great measures which they were about to bring forward for the consideration of the legislature.

Parliament met on the 11th of November, and the first measure which was brought forward was the bill for the regulation of India. It passed through the House of Commons by large majorities, and out of doors the people at large were interested in its fate. "The Politicians of London, who are at present a most numerous corporation"—writes Horace Walpole, "are warm on a bill for the new regulation of the East Indies, brought in by Mr. Fox. Some of his associates apprehended his being beaten, but his marvellous abilities have hitherto triumphed, and on two divisions in the House of Commons he had majorities of 109 and 114. . . . The forces will be more nearly balanced when the Lords fight the battle. . . . In Parliamentary engagements a superiority of numbers is not vanquished by the talents of the commanders, as often happens in more martial encounters. His competitor, Mr. Pitt, appears by no means an ade-

quanto rival. Just like their fathers, Mr. Pitt has brilliant language, Mr. Fox solid sense, and such luminous powers of displaying it clearly, that mere eloquence is but a Bristol stone when set by the diamond reason."

The opponents of this India Bill declared that it was an infringement of the Company's rights, and that it would give immense influence to ministers. Some said that Fox aimed at a sort of supreme India Dictatorship, and on this account they gave him the title of "Carlo Khan." Out of doors the caricaturists were at work as busily as ever. Caricatures, squibs, and pamphlets, were showered down upon him fast and furiously. Sayer came out on the 25th of November with a print called "A Transfer of India Stock," wherein the minister is represented as carrying the India House on his shoulders to St. James'; a hint of course of the transfer of power. Sayer appears to be assiduously courting the notice of William Pitt, and on the 5th of December issued his most famous production, a caricature which is very inferior to most of his works, but which had an extraordinary sale; and which accomplished the end for which it was intended. It bears the title of "Carlo Khan's Triumphant Entry into Leadenhall Street," and represents Fox as Carlo Khan, seated upon the back of an elephant, the face of the animal being that of Lord North. The elephant is led by the celebrated Edmund Burke, as Fox's imperial trumpeter; Burke having been the loudest supporter of the India Bill in the House of Commons. A bird of ill omen on the top of a neighbouring house is croaking forth the impending doom of the monarch.

"The night crow cried foreboding luckless time."

Fox is said to have acknowledged that his India Bill received its severest blow in public estimation from this caricature, which had, as we have before said, a prodigious sale, and the effect of which was increased by a multitude of pirated copies and imitations. On the 17th of December the bill was thrown out by a majority of nineteen, and on the night of the 18th, the King dismissed his ministers, and gave the seals into the hands of Lord Temple. When Pitt came into power, he rewarded the caricaturist with a profitable place,

(the offices of marshal of the Court of Exchequer, receiver of the six-penny duties, and cursitorship,) and the artist to gratify his patron, came out with a triumphant set of plates, "The Fall of Phaeton," wherein Fox is represented as falling headlong from the car of state, the reins being snatched by royalty, the influence of the King being used to throw out that great minister. In another, published the 12th January 1784, Sayer has attempted a parody of Milton's passage descriptive of the assembling of the fallen angels, exhibiting Fox as the political Satan, surrounded by his satellites Lords Portland, Carlisle, Cavendish, Keppel, and North, and also Edmund Burke; all his followers have rueful countenances, but Fox encourages them; he

"With high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears."

Leaving James Sayer, comfortably enjoying his place, and passing in affluence a life, presenting no other remarkable occurrence than the issue from time to time of a strong political lampoon, or a smart caricature, we must now proceed to take up the thread of caricature history as exemplified in the life of Gilray. We are moreover almost obliged to pursue this course, because the most notable instances in both lives run parallel with each other.

JAMES GILRAY

has perhaps the most famous name in political pasquinading in the world. His life being passed in a most exciting period, when the world was undergoing such a transition as possibly we shall not see again, he had a greater opportunity of influencing the mass, ignorant and excitable as most of the populace then were, than any modern caricaturist can hope for. His father, who bore the same name as himself, was born Sept. 3rd, 1720, at Lanark. He enlisted early in life, and was present at the famous battle of Fontenoy, where he lost an arm; on his return to England, he became an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, and in order to add something to the very small dole which the government afforded to its veterans, became sexton to the Moravian burial ground in that parish. He married, but who or when, we are not told. His celebrated son was born about the middle of the last century.

When of sufficient age, he was, like Hogarth before him, and William Sharp the eminent line engraver, bound apprentice to a silver or heraldic engraver. This sedentary, and if not laborious, at least fatiguing business, did not please him; and having imbibed a taste for private theatricals, he ran away to join a company of strolling players. If the monotony of an engraver's bench, and of having his head continually bent down watching the strokes of his *burin*, were tiresome, he now found that he had escaped from one kind of drudgery to embrace a worse. The hardships he had to endure, the mean and dishonest shifts which the strollers are put to; the sordid way of life, so different from the glowing pictures before the scenes, totally destroyed the illusion which he had formed, and uprooted any love which he had for the life of an actor. He returned to his father, and entered his name as one of the students of the Royal Academy. His style of drawing, vigorous, free, and masculine as it is, will witness that he did not neglect his lessons. He appears first to have obtained work from the booksellers, and illustrated Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," in an edition which was published in 1784. His master in the art was most likely Ryland, a well known artist of the time.

Caricature, however, was soon found to be his *forte*, and he very early gave intimation of his powers. In 1779 he published, as far as we can ascertain, his first plate, which appears to be an imitation of the very successful Sayer, as it bears that artist's monogram. This was called "Paddy on Horseback," and contains a joke, which at that time was, perhaps, new; namely, of an Irishman riding with his back to the horse's head, and the horse, moreover, being represented by a *bull*, intimating, no doubt, the headstrong tendency of the Irishman for that kind of verbal error. Gilray made his appearance in a stirring time. Lord George Gordon, whom Walpole designates as "The Jack of Leyden of the age," was at the head of a society termed the "Protestant Association," and after various inflammatory speeches, gave notice, on the 26th of May, 1780, of his intention on the 2nd of June following, of presenting a petition against the toleration of the Roman Catholics, signed by above a hundred thousand men.

Agreeably to this intimation, an immense multitude assembled in St. George's Fields, where Lord George addressed them in an inflammatory speech. Then the procession marched, six abreast, over London Bridge to Old Palace Yard, where they behaved riotously, and annoyed and insulted the members who were entering the house. We need not here go any further into the history of the "No Popery" riots. In his admirable tale of "Barnaby Rudge," Charles Dickens has already made that period of history popular. The caricaturists did their part in ridiculing the rioters, and in throwing the whole proceeding into contempt. An anonymous print probably gives us a very good specimen of what sort of men these rioters were. The "no popery man" appears to have been of the lowest kind of rabble, and has his hat ornamented by a cockade, on which is written, "No Popery." The subscription of the plate is entitled, "No Popery, or the Newgate Reformers." The rioter is in the act of shouting, "Down with the Bank," a consummation which was indeed devoutly wished by a great majority of the concourse of thieves and low people, who formed the supporters of Lord George.

The riot went on with fury for some days, but on Saturday, 8th June, 1780, after a great many of the rioters had been killed by the soldiery, and a yet greater number had perished through excessive intoxication, and some by being left helplessly drunk in the burning houses, tranquillity was restored. On the following Saturday, Lord George Gordon was committed to the Tower, whence he was subsequently brought to trial for high treason. He escaped conviction, and was committed to Bedlam, having shown sufficient proofs of insanity. Lord Amherst, who after the death of General Wolfe had obtained the credit of the conquest of Canada, directed the military operations against these rioters. His severity rendered him unpopular, and he became the butt of the caricaturists; one by Sayer, (an admirable portrait,) represents the General as killing geese, (in allusion to the rioters,) whilst he is so occupied he is made to declare, "If I had the power I'd kill twenty in an hour." By another plate we are made acquainted with the fact, that a rumour existed that the King (George III.) was secretly inclined to Popery; he is represented as

kneeling before an altar, and wearing the dress of a monk; a picture of the Pope hangs above the door, on one side, whilst on the other a print of Martin Luther is dropping in neglected fragments from the wall. To the fanatical ultra Protestant party, the great Burke had also made himself particularly obnoxious, on account of his advocacy of the Catholic emancipation. With the mob he obtained credit for a character under which he was often pictured; namely, that of being a concealed Jesuit. In another of these humorous prints, we shall find that the personification of John Bull, under which the British nation at the present moment is so often typified, was not yet (1780) invented, or rather since it is taken from the satirical fable of Swift and Arbuthnot, had not become popular: Britannia, with her faithful lion and her red-cross shield, supplies his place. We meet this latter figure in various plates, and in many different attitudes. Sometimes she sits dejected and weeping, at others exulting. The different political views of the caricaturists inducing them to clothe her in regal purple or in rags; or to represent her as victorious, or destitute and about to be executed. But shortly after this time we have a faint gleam of the coming glory of the effigies of John Bull. In the month of April, 1780, an unpopular ministry had been defeated, and a caricature called "The Bull over-drove; or the Drivers in Danger," represents the British bull in a rage kicking at the ministers; the kings of France and Spain are standing by, and the latter exclaims, "I wish I was out of the way, he beats the bulls of Spain."

Parallel circumstances call forth similar ideas, the history of caricatures is not free from plagiarism any more than any other art; our readers will recall many touches in *Punch* similar to that of the "Bull over-drove;" but in 1784 we have a subject from the pencil of Gilray, which has since been repeated by Mr. Leech, in *Punch*. Pitt in the character of the infant Hercules, is strangling the two serpents of the coalition, Fox and Lord North. The coalition must have been extensively unpopular, from the multitude of songs, pasquinades, and pictures, which were published against them. There seems to be in the nature of such connections, something extremely disagreeable to the English nation. A bold and forcible

print by Gilray, represents the probable fate of the obnoxious Ministers; it is called "Britannia aroused," and the genius of the country has hold of Fox by one leg, and of Lord North by the shoulder, and is about to dash them to pieces in her ire. Another, bearing the old title of "a long pull, and a strong pull," represents King George the III. and Fox, pulling each different ways, by the halters of an ass, which is laden with packages like sand-bags, labelled taxes. The ass, of course, typifies the British nation. The road to which Fox would take the animal leads to "Republicanism," the other to "Absolute Monarchy;" republican being a term of reproach applied to Fox's party; they, however, had their caricaturists, and from the style of some of these it would seem that Rowlandson worked for them.

In March 1784, the dissolution of the unpopular ministry took place, and William Pitt, then only in his twenty-fifth year, was firmly established as prime minister of England. His colleagues were those who were well known as the "King's friends," and he united in himself the offices of First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The royal hand was shown in many ways, in turning out the coalition, and in establishing the Pitt ministry, and for once the nation and the monarch were on the same side. "Addresses were poured in upon the Crown, thanking the king for exerting his prerogative *against* the palladium of the people," writes Walpole, and the great whig families were, in the election which ensued, turned out of seats which they had hitherto regarded as their own.

But the most remarkable contest perhaps ever witnessed in the history of elections took place at Westminster. It had been represented previous to the dissolution by Sir Cecil Wray and Fox. Wray deserted his side, and turned to the Court, and the king resolved to turn Fox out, and place Admiral Hood in his seat. The poll was opened on the 1st of April, and continued without intermission until the 17th of May, 1784. For the first few days Fox was in the minority, but eventually he was returned by a majority of 236 over Sir Cecil Wray.

No political event seems to have given birth to a greater number of songs, squibs, and caricatures, than this election. Sir Cecil had, in the

parliament, proposed a tax upon servant maids. This was a point not neglected, and innumerable satirical plates represented "Judas," as Wray was called, from his desertion of Fox, obnoxiously interfering with our domestic concerns; in the songs the ladies, in this extraordinary election were less active in their endeavours than men, are warned not to solicit votes Sir Cecil,

For though he opposes the stamping of notes,
Is in order to tax all your petticoats;
Then how can a woman solicit our votes,
For Sir Cecil Wray?

The exertions of the Court against seem to have been of a very extraordinary kind. The King received intelligence of the progress of the election several times a day; and the royal he was used very freely to secure for Wray and Hood. On one occasion 280 of the household troops were sent to vote in a body, as householders, and all dependents of the Court were ordered to vote on the same day. Not satisfied with this, the ministerial party showed that they were not backward in creating a popular disturbance when such a measure could serve them. Lord Hood brought up a party of sailors, who interrupted the liberal orators and were the occasion of much disturbance. On the other hand, the partisans of Fox met them by a numerous band of chairmen, chiefly Irish. On the third day the sailors surrounded a tavern where Fox's committee had their meetings, and began shouting at, insulting, and even striking the gentlemen who were proceeding to join that committee. Annoyed by this the committee dispersed out and beat the sailors. Next day the chairmen also beat those aggressors, who marched off to St. James-street, on the idea of breaking up the chairs belonging to their opponents, but they were again met and defeated, and here arms, legs, and legs, were broken. The guards were at length called out to put an end to the disturbance, and the next day special constables were sworn in. These latter did more harm than good. They were so decidedly anti-Foxite, so much inclined to the ministerial party, that they interrupted and silenced all voters who were not on the ministerial side.

Besides meeting Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Hood with armed force, the partisans on the side of Fox opposed the

two court candidates with placards of a virulent nature, and with caricatures of a humorous and of an insulting kind. In one Wray was represented as driven away by a maid-servant's broom, and a pensioner's crutch; in another, he was flying from a crowd, bearing on their banners, "No tax on maid-servants;" in a third, he was riding a race, mounted upon a slow and obstinate ass, whilst the successful candidates upon spirited horses are far in the distance.

The other side were not idle. Their caricatures came forth sheet upon sheet, holding up to scorn gambling, the besetting sin of Fox. And we now first perceive the unhappy difference which took place between the Prince of Wales and his father. Incensed, it is said by Pitt's haughty bearing towards him, the young Prince became a warm partizan of Fox, and a most determined opponent of Pitt. An early caricature by Gilray, represents the heir to the throne "Returning from Brookes's," in a state of drunkenness, and supported on one side by Fox, and on the other, by "Sam House," an ardent admirer of the latter. This "Sam House," was a publican, and a character of his day. During the election, he kept open his house for Fox's supporters at his own expense, and was gratified by the company of many of the Whig aristocracy. He was remarkable for a clean, a perfectly bald head, on which he never wore hat or wig. He dressed in nankeen breeches, and brightly polished shoes and buckles. His waistcoat he wore open, displaying remarkably clean and fine linen. His legs, often bare, were, when clad, covered with the finest silk stockings. When asked who he was, at the canvassing booth, he answered, as he gave his plumper for Fox, "a Publican and a Re-publican." He was remarkably successful in his canvassing, and his figure is therefore a prominent one in the caricatures of the day.

But the most successful of Fox's partisans was the very beautiful Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire. As active and generous as she was handsome and accomplished, she entered with spirit into the contest, and attended by several beautiful ladies of title, went and personally solicited votes for Fox. The success she had greatly irritated the Tories, and their papers and caricatures were most insulting to the Duchess. In one, she is represented (according to a current report of the day)

as bribing a boy with a kiss. In another, she is being a mother's wife with a girl, whilst the husband mends her shoe. In a third, Fox is represented as the successful candidate carried triumphantly upon the back of the Duchesse. The papers were even less civil. Hints and insinuations were thrown out, which are not less disgraceful to the writers than to the time in which they appeared. In fact, few can look back upon the political features of the age, the faction, hatred, bribery, and intimidation manifested at an Election, without feeling thankful that we have, if not quite, yet in a great degree, escaped the contagion.

The election of 1784, which made the caricaturists so busy, threw out no less than 150 of Fox's most staunch supporters, who, on this occasion, received the burlesque title of "*Fox's Martyrs*." The number of members entirely new to the House gave rise to some ironical observations from Fox, and Pitt, in defending his supporters, grew angry enough. The prints of the time give us the portrait of Fox as "*Catiline reprehended*," sitting, with his face almost hidden by his hand and hat, listening to one of these Philippics. Pitt, of course, being the eloquent Cicero. The print is by Sayer. A companion to it shews us the philosophic Burke sending the whole house to sleep by his rather too discursive harangues. The print is a voucher for the truth of Goldsmith's assertion, that Burke

Kept on refining,
And thought of convincing, whilst they thought
of dining.

It is entitled, "*... on the Sublime and Beautiful*."

The thoughts and attention of the nation were now again turned on the thoughtless extravagance and riotous living of the Prince of Wales. Separated from the family of the King, and surrounded by such *bon vivants* as Captain Morris, and others of the same stamp, the Prince's natural impulses to vice received an impetus which he had little wish or power to resist. The caricaturists of the day let us know something of his private life at this period. He is frequently represented with Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Lord North, and Captain Morris. In the summer of 1786, his debts had become so great that he was on the point of borrowing a large sum of money from the Duke of

Orleans, old *Egalité*, father of Louis Philippe. Dissuaded from this, he determined to commence a life of economy, suppressed the works at Carlton House, shut up his state apartments, and sold his race horses, hunters, and even coach horses, and, at the same time, invested £40,000 per annum out of an income of £50,000, for the payment of his debts. This determination rendered the prince far from unpopular, and his friends trumpeted the action far and wide, but the Government caricaturists published scenes of his promiscuous amours in not very decorous prints. In one, by Gilray, he and his friends are pictured as "*The Jovial Crew*; or, the *Merry Beggars*;" in another he is shown as having just arrived at Botany Bay; he is carried on shore by two convicts, and supported on either side by Fox and North. These attacks were continued from time to time, just as particulars of the licentious life of this Prince came before the public. In 1787, Gilray represents him as "*The Prodigal Son*," he is seated on the ground by a hog trough, and the animals are devouring the Prince's feathers. There is fine satire in the touch which shows us the Prince's garter all but devoured, of the motto only the word "*honi*" is visible. In another, we see him pictured as receiving money from the Duke de Chartres. With a bitter satire, the Prince is represented as fat and bloated, but the motto under the feathers is "*Ich starve*."

In 1787, on the recommencement of the parliamentary session, Burke again brought forward his impeachment of Warren Hastings. It is not my province to enter upon that (to me) very theatrical trial. We want some new and uninterested historian to write an account of an affair, which made so much noise at the time, and was so eagerly seized upon by Burke and Sheridan for oratorical display, let it suffice for my present purpose to say that neither the pencils of Gilray or of Sayer were idle. One of the most celebrated prints of the former represents "*The political Banditti, assailing the Saviour of India*," the person designated by that title being Warren Hastings. Burke fires a blunderbuss at him in front, and Fox endeavours to stab him from behind, while Lord North robs him of his money-bags. Hastings, however, defends himself with the "*shield of honour*." On the other side, the Ge-

vernor-General was represented as Verres, and the eloquent Sheridan as the modern Cicero who impeaches him. The truth seems to be that both Hastings and his opponents spent money freely amongst the artists and writers of the period. Those who wish to see some proof of this, will find an interesting memorial, in the trial of "Pasquin v. Faulder," attached to Gifford's "Baviad."

To chronicle every single work of artists so notoriously fertile and industrious as those we are contemplating, forms no part of the plan of this work; I must therefore let appear a huge *hiatus*, not perhaps *valde defendenda*, and hasten to the busiest period of the life of the principal caricaturist, James Gilray.

This was about the time of the terrible first French Revolution, when the minds of the English were kept at almost a fever-heat, by various appeals to their loyalty, their patriotism, or their fear. Mr. Cobden's recent pamphlet has shown very successfully, I think, that the French nation did not seek at that period to quarrel with, and revolutionise Great Britain. But there were no doubt violent propagandists who would have gone any length to have established their unripe doctrines of Republicanism over the world. The opinions of these, evidently a contemptible minority, were promulgated by the English ministry and aristocracy as those of the whole French nation. The aristocracy of England were fearful lest their fate might be that of those of France; and the wild and insane speeches of the injudicious partizans, but worst enemies of an ideal republic, were weapons in their hands which they well knew how to use.

Both the ministry and the opposition seemed of one mind in regard to the new government, the Convention of France. The recent and brilliant work of Burke, "Reflections on the French Revolution," full of glittering phrases, written evidently *ad captandum*, made a great impression upon the young and generous minds of the English youth. Upwards of 30,000 copies were sold before the first demand was satisfied. The picture of Marie Antoinette, the pause, and theatrical apostrophe to that unfortunate Queen, made the swords of the young volunteers ready, indeed, to leap from their scabbards for her rescue. Those in power took care to cultivate

the war-spirit thus infused, and these sentiments ripened into a deep hatred of the French and of France.

In September, 1792, the French Convention elected two English members to their body. They were, Thomas Paine, and Dr. Priestley. Henceforward nothing was too bad or too abusive to be said of the English liberals. Dr. Priestley's house, in Birmingham, was attacked and burnt, and Paine fled to France. In calling this behaviour atrocious, I do not seek to defend the peculiar religious tenets of either of these men; but their political belief should have been held as sacred from mob violence, as was their religious creed. Younger and better men than they, world-famous now, drank eagerly of the same draught of liberty: Southey the deep scholar, Wordsworth the poet of nature, and Coleridge, philosopher, metaphysician, and bard; than whom possibly flourishing at one period, three greater cannot be found, had imbibed these doctrines, and were at that time ardent republicans. Yet Sayer could produce plates, representing the belief of these men as demoniacal; and Fox and North, clad in shirts and boots, but veritable *sans-culottes*, force obnoxious liberty down the throat of John Bull. Gilray, whose continued drunkenness had by this time produced fits of insanity, seems to have gone mad for the occasion, and his plates, wild, bloody, and fiery, exhibit some of the worst scenes which took place in the worst days in Paris. The guillotine, the pike, the bleeding and severed head, the firebrand, and the extempore gallows (*la lanterne*), bloom in hideous profusion all through the series. One side of the Channel presents of course a flattering contrast to this noise and turmoil; a plate by Sayer of the 10th of December, 1792, represents the soldier and sailor as the only defence of England against the horrors of Republicanism.

Gilray, eccentric in every thing, appears for a moment to have had a gleam of sense, and published a deep satire on the alarmists, in opposition to one of Sayer's prints. It represents Pitt as working upon John Bull's fears, as in truth he did; he has John by the arm, and pretends to desery through a telescope the enemies of his country. A clever burlesque of Pitt's speech at the opening of parliament shows both his own alarm and that of his protégé. "There,

John! there! I see them, get your arms ready, John! there's ten thou and sans culottes on their way, and there! the Irish and Scotch have caught the itch, and have begun to pull off their breeches." John is terribly alarmed, but his common sense whispers a better way than fighting. "Where's the use of firing now? What can us two do against them hundreds of millions of thou and of monsters? *had we not better try if they won't shake hands with us and be friends?*" The nation was too alarmed to take this hint. The aristocracy and the young farmers rushed to militia bands, felt proud of their uniform, and clumy leather fire man's helmet, and the land bristled with bayonets, and the comets of Kent were white with tents. Church, king, and laws were appealed to; a king whose hot and ungovernable temper had lost us America; a church, pure in doctrine, but corrupt and persecuting in her practice; and laws which permitted Old Sarum, and pocket boroughs, and legalized judicial murder for a petty theft.

Ye Britons be wise, as you're brave and humane,
You then will be happy without any Paine;
We know of no despots, we've nothing to fear,
And this new fangled nonsense will never do here.

Then stand by the church, the king, and the laws,
The old lion still has his teeth and his claws;
Let Britain still rule in the midst of her waves,
And chastise all those foren who dare call her sons
slaves.

Berry Down.

The success of these song writers and caricaturists was complete. Britain strove to chastise France, but in the struggle suffered too. In turning over the crimsoned productions of mad old Gilray, we are reminded that for some time we are to undergo the saddest province of the historian, and to contemplate, like the shipwrecked wretch of Læretius, the mad turmoil, the blood, the tears, and wounds, occasioned by that saddest of all infectious diseases, the martial fever of nations. The thousand gentle charities broken off, the sweet intercourse interrupted, the flowers of peace uprooted, the industry of the merchant thwarted, the ruined family and bankrupt state, the scholar unheard amongst this din of war, and more than all these the sharp calls of the weakest and poorest of mankind for justice, reform and progress neglected and passed by, start up and haunt these plates like ghosts. Some millions slain, and a few names brodered in glittering times

upon a flaunting flag, are all we have to show for what we might have done.

The caricaturists began the attack by ridiculing Fox, Paine, and Priestley. The author of the "Rights of Man," who had been a stay-maker at Thetford, was by no means a pure or unassailable subject. Gilray brought out a print, on the 10th Dec. 1792, called "Tom Paine's Nightly Post," which represents the English republican stretched upon his pallet of straw, dreaming of judges' wigs, and all sorts of horrors and punishments. On the 2nd of the following January, another print by the same hand, represents Paine sitting Britannia with a pair of French stays. The lady objects to the republican tight-lacing, and clings to the British oak for protection. Meanwhile, the object of these pictorial satires had, by advocating leniency to the unfortunate king, incurred the odium of his fellows, and was at Paris, thrown into a dungeon by Robespierre and his associates. In prison he wrote the most blasphemous of his books, the "Age of Reason." All readers know the strange accident, which looks almost like the interposition of Providence, which saved him from the guillotine; but neither prison nor the strange escape taught him humility or veneration, he went to America, and there lived, publishing harmless slander against religion and his native country, till death put an end to the strange freaks of "Citizen Paine."

"The Republican Soldier," "False Liberty rejected, or no fraternizing with the French cut throats," and others mark the temper of the nation at the time; meanwhile Fox's affairs were getting more and more involved, and the great statesman was reduced to a condition of absolute poverty. His friends held a meeting at the Crown and Anchor, and the popularity which he still enjoyed was proved by a large subscription, by which an annuity was purchased. This Gilray ridiculed as "Blue and Buff Charity," in a print wherein Fox is receiving aid from Priestley, Horne Tooke, Michael Angelo Taylor, Earl Stanhope, and Mr. Hall, the son-in-law of that eccentric nobleman. Mr. Hall had been an apothecary in Long Acre, and is represented as rugged and poor, with a phial in his hand. Stanhope had sincerely embraced republican principles, and had married his daughter to a plebeian to prove his sincerity.

Rank, character, distinction, fame,
And noble birth forgot,
Hear Stanhope, modest Earl, proclaim
Himself a sans culotte.

Of pomp and splendid circumstance
The vanity he teaches;
And spurns, like citizen of France,
Both coronet and breeches.

These ideas of freedom were enough in the then state of opinion to render him obnoxious to the mob. In June 1794, his house was attacked and fired in several places by bands of ruffians, and a gentleman or nobleman was seen to distribute money to them from his carriage windows; if the people could be worked up to such outrages, what wonder if they could be persuaded reform was odious, and that economy and liberty were but so many synonyms for robbery, spoliation, and murder? The English were hurried into a war, the Duke of York was dispatched to Flanders, to co-operate with our German allies, but for a time did nothing but commit a series of mistakes. Gilray himself went over there on a sketching tour, and has given us a plate of "The Fatigues of the Campaign in Flanders," which is a picture of drunken revelry and licentiousness. Whilst the duke was commanding in his gallant way, his mistress, the celebrated Mary Anne Clarke, was selling commissions in the army at a very reduced rate,* and diverting the money of the nation to her own pocket; for this the lady was brought to the bar of the House of Commons, a trial which Gilray has perpetuated.

These incidents made the "swinish multitude," as Burke politely termed the lower orders of our countrymen, little satisfied with the war. New taxes made the householders equally against it, and the caricaturists, who turned their satires to profit, took advantage of what they themselves had contributed to occasion, and pictured John Bull as reduced to a state of beggary. The King was represented as the Horse of Hanover riding over the swinish multitude, in the shape of a drove of pigs, in one print; and in another as a "state caterpillar," the ring of the body composed of state offices, pensions and other sources of extravagant expenditure.

* Some idea of which may be formed from the few figures subjoined—

	Clarke.	Government.
For a major's com. . .	900 guineas	2,600 do.
For a company	700 "	1,500 "

But this caterpillar has another phase of existence as a chrysalis in Holland, and at last bursts into existence as a glorious butterfly in republican France. This hint is significant enough; but the people, pressed for bread and irritated with loss of work through the stoppage of factories, were at last tired of war, did not care for glory, and little thought of patriotism. When George the third went to open parliament on the 29th of October 1795, his carriage was surrounded by an infuriate mob, who cried, "Down with George, no peace, no king, down with him;" the window was smashed, and the panel perforated by a bullet, it is presumed, from an air gun, the populace all the while crying, "Bread, bread! Peace, peace!" The arrival of the guards rescued the King, and on the 1st of November, Gilray gave a burlesque version of this attack, wherein the ministry are attacked by Fox, Stanhope, and other Whig leaders.

In December, 1796, ISAAC CRUIKSHANK, the father of the present caricaturist, came before the world with a plate bordering upon servility to the triumphant minister. Pitt is represented as the royal extinguisher, putting out the flame of sedition. Bitter prints on the other side represent that minister as feeding (in consequence of the scarcity of bread) on gold; and others represent him as indulging in his favourite vice of the bottle. Gilray represents him as Bacchus, and his friend Dundas as Silenus.

To carry on the war new taxes were necessary, and an additional land tax was imposed. The people, smarting under their old burdens, resented this by naming Pitt 'Midas,' and saying, by their newspapers and caricatures, that he wished to turn everything he touched into gold; this idea is probably re-echoed by Cowper:—

Ten thousand casks
Touched by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.

We must pass over some years now; new taxes, new complaints, riots in the manufacturing districts, and the death of Burke, marked the passing years, and gave rise to caricatures more or less powerful. The Irish rebellion, and a perpetual and carefully stimulated fear of invasion occupied the English nation, which grew at last quiet under the continued war, and now and then hilarious at the naval victories of Nelson,

John Bull is frequently represented as taking a "fricassee à la Nelson," composed of a course of French ships; and Buonaparte, mostly if not always in a ridiculous attitude and costume, appears disputing the world with John Bull. The Irish union, which took effect on Jan. 1, 1801, is chronicled by Gilray in a print called the "The Union Club," wherein Britannia and Hibernia, distinguished by their Shield and Harp, give each other the kiss of peace.

The fashions of the day may be seen in all their elegance or monstrosity by reference to some of the works of Gilray; but we can but refer to them, as they would not be understood, unless accompanied by illustrative cuts. Ballooning figures as "Folly in a new shape" in 1785, and the rage for masquerades, and the inordinate passion for gaming which some ladies of title indulged in, such as Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Luttrell, and Lady Archer, were severely and justly dealt with by the caricaturists. Other subjects which we meet with, thereby commemorated are, the "Infant Roscius," the management of Drury Lane, the O. P. riots, and Boydell's Shakespere Gallery. A glimpse into the passing follies of the day, is by no means the least instructive or amusing lesson which may be gathered from the pages of the caricaturists.

ROWLANDSON, an artist of eccentric power, but notorious for a vulgar and almost Dutch freedom of drawing, had made his appearance on the field of politics, in 1799, but Gilray for some years afterwards bore off the greater share of work. In 1802 the peace which took place between France and England was celebrated by that artist, as "The First Kiss these ten years;" a French citizen is embracing a fair English dame, and saying, "Madame, permit me to seal on your divine lips everlasting attachment." This caricature enjoyed vast popularity, many copies were sent to France, and Buonaparte was, it is said, highly amused by it. In 1803, the first consul again declared war with England, and prepared to invade her. Gilray's print on the question represents Pitt on one side the Channel and Buonaparte on the other; the latter distinguished by his immense sword and enormous cocked hat. The print is called, "Armed Heroes," and both the personages are terribly afraid of each

other; Mr. Pitt, in fact, although puts on a bold countenance, is represented as almost sinking to the ground in his fright. In other prints, the conqueror of the greater Europe was represented as pigmy compared to King George and his valiant Britons. In one George holds the Lilliputian by his hand, and looks at him with a pitying glass; the print bears of "The King of Brobdingnag liver." Our readers will recollect Mr. Leech repeated the idea some two or three years before presenting the Duke of Wellington at General Tom Thum as Buonaparte; the print was called "Giant and the Dwarf."

From this period to his death a great majority of the works of Gilray satirize the Emperor Napoleon and them, published towards the end of 1803, is called the "Hand with the Wall," and predicts the coming downfall of Napoleon; his sisters, and his generals are satirized by its forcible drawing. It is said that few things annoyed the great conqueror so much as this print which was shewn to Pitt in opposition, the new recruits, the volunteers, and other ever-up subjects of the numerous attacks of the indefatigable artist. The coming death of Fox did not shew the great statesman from these attacks; a plate, called "Visiting Sick," published on the 28th of September, represents Fox on the bed of death, mourned over by few, and in the arms of others. The 13th of September that great man no more; he succeeded as foreign secretary by Lord Howick. The name of the statesman, and of Sir Francis Basset in the field of politics, and of Crutshank, and of Rowlandson, who had hitherto so industriously attacked by Gilray himself, brings us to comparatively recent times.

Gilray's labours to the last against Napoleon, representing him entering into the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" in his struggle with the northern powers; how truly an old prophecy, we need not here rehearse, how bound in chains to the triumph of Great Britain; and as suffering the possible misfortune which they could invent. In 1809, the 1

caricaturist ceased from its labours. He had already given over, and was rising, but none with the vic force of Gilray; he would have monopolised the field, had not his acts destroyed him. He had an insatiate thirst for spirits, and his own publisher with whom he dined in Bond-street, frequently, to dates to Fores, in Piccadilly, for purpose of procuring ardent drink the money. His last work is 1811, after that he sank into a of mingled delirium and imbecility, attempted suicide, by endeavouring row himself out of window. For years he lingered in this state, and y died on the first of June 1815. was buried in the churchyard of Ames's, Piccadilly, near the rectory.

James Gilray had occupied the public st incessantly with his plates from ear 1779 to the year 1811. His ings have force, great skill, and ay an immense power of invention. yed in a stirring political time, and s to have hit upon popular subjects an unerring sagacity. His poli- ere most probably liberal, but as ld the efforts of his pencil, and ps cared most for the side which best, it is somewhat difficult to

He was a man who had, how- humble some may deem his wea- an immense influence on his fel- countrymen, and through them on world, and in looking over, even lly as we have done, his numerous s, we cannot but endorse the on of Croker, expressed in his v Whig Guide," "that political stures are parts of political history. supply information as to the per- habits, and often as to the motives bjects of public men, which cannot und elsewhere."

trace the lives of Rowlandson and ac Cruikshank, to give each par- of Woodward and of Bunbury, d be no easy task, neither, it must nessed, would it be a grateful one. there is one man whom we must nit, and whose works are the most rsal of any caricaturist who has isted, one whose works and name e synonym for popularity, and has exercised the very great he possesses, not alone in creat- aughter and dispersing care, but for the moral improvement and

elevation of his countrymen. That man is

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

The name, the reader will at once perceive, is Scotch. A generation of the Cruikshanks flourished in the '45, and the grandfather of the present artist went out with Charles Edward, and, like that once popular prince, finished his campaigns on Drummossie Moor. Tradition states that members of the artist's mother's family, were also active in aiding the young fugitive, and in shielding and hiding him in his many perilous escapes. These circumstances no doubt impoverished his family, and the father of Isaac came from Edinburgh to London, like hundreds of his countrymen, bent upon trying his fortune. He left his son an orphan in London, and there, in the parish of Bloomsbury, his son George was born, in the year 1794. He was the second son of Isaac Cruikshank, caricaturist and engraver, having for an elder brother Robert, a follower of the same art, and once known popularly as the illustrator of Coleridge's "Devil's Walk," and of "Monsieur Tonson," about the eccentric author of which Jerdan discourses pleasantly in his recent autobiography.

In that art in which he was to gain distinction, George Cruikshank had little or no instruction. He picked up his knowledge by seeing his father work, and once in his early life made a drawing from a cast, as a specimen to obtain his admission as a student of the Royal Academy, under the superintendence of Fuseli, a learned professor, who with his nine languages, might well claim to be classed amongst those who are accredited

Well versed in Greek, deep men of letters.

The classes of such a professor were sure to be well attended, and when Fuseli received the drawing of Cruikshank the room was crowded. He examined the drawing, was well pleased with it, and sent down the following characteristic message to the draughtsman, "Tell him, he may come up, but he must fight for a seat." The young artist did fight for room that evening, but engagements which brought in money, occupied his time fully, and he neglected to go any more. While upon the subject we may as well mention that the second drawing for admission to the Royal

Academy as a student, was made a few weeks ago, by the indefatigable artist, who mindful of the time of life at which Cicero acquired Greek, seeks for admission to the schools of the Academy for the purpose of studying from the life.

Cruikshank was soon after this well known, and he with the enthusiasm of youth was bitterly satirizing the then ministry, whom he believed in his ardent attachment to liberty to be some of the worst men under heaven, whilst the demagogues of the day were the best, when he applied to Fuseli. The Orders in Council, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Perceval were objects of his artistic ire, but above them all, the giant of his hate, towered Buonaparte. For some years, the artist has himself told the writer, he lived upon that great usurper Buonaparte; one feat in which he at the time particularly delighted, was that he buried the Corsican in snow, this was on the outset of the Russian expedition. The prophecy was a shrewd one. Not so successful, however, was one wherein he had left the emperor dead with cold, and about to

Fatten all the region kites.

He also made caricatures for a satirical publication called "The Scourge;" and before he had attained his twentieth year published, in conjunction with a literary friend of the name of Earle, a half-crown publication called "The Meteor." The negligent habits of his literary friend, habits which on account of the uncertainty of the profession are too often acquired by the *littérateur*, led to the failure of this work after an existence of some few months.

The main characteristics of his etchings at this time Cruikshank has retained; they were distinguished by boldness and power, free drawing, and an excellent knowledge of the use of the etching point. His works were very popular, and he supplied in himself the place of *H. B.* and *Punch*; consequently when Mr. Hone, the publisher, approached George Cruikshank, he did it with the respect which publishers know how to use towards a successful artist, either of the pencil or pen. Hone was decidedly an original, a man of talent, and moreover somewhat eccentric, and our hero and himself soon became friends.

Hone, at the time, was not very rich,

and being a thorough liberal, who embraced at that time the worst qualities of the present free-thinker, he determined to make a short road to fortune by publishing what he thought would be extensively popular; namely, pictures on the liturgy of the Church of England. No churchman himself, (his father was a presbyterian,) but yet having that respect for the religious opinions of every sect which every sensible and deep thinking man has, Cruikshank was hurt and alarmed at this proceeding, and remonstrated with the publisher. "Take my word for it," said he to Hone, "you will be prosecuted for this, withdraw it." "I do not care," was the reply, "the children must have bread to eat," and the remonstrance failed, and the book appeared. It was soon seen how truly Cruikshank had spoken. A notice came from the attorney-general, for Hone to prepare for arraignment for blasphemy, and the bookseller repented bitterly of his rejection of his friend's advice. He consulted Cruikshank, who dictated a letter to the attorney-general, begging him not to commence proceedings, which he sent by one of his little children to his private house. The boy found the crown officer but just arisen from bed, and was admitted to him while he was shaving. He opened and read the letter, and said, "Tell your father, my boy, that I'm very sorry for him, but the action must go on."

The action proceeded. Cruikshank did not desert his friend; in his study he rehearsed Hone's trial, and the two together concocted the defence. The government were astonished to find that they had prosecuted a man who was deeply read in all that related to the particular subject in hand. Hone appeared to be deeply shocked at the bare accusation of being blasphemous and his defence, full of curious reading and learning, was listened to with deep attention. The result of three separate trials was that he was acquitted; a jury would convict him, and by a chance that which should have crushed the bookseller, brought him the notice of the whig opposition, and made him, for an unknown man, one of the most popular in England. No sane man can now applaud Hone's conduct, or that of his partizans, and as a proof of how much the taste of our countrymen

anged, we are happy to point to it, that the once popular "Three of William Hone for Blasphemy," fell into the hands of one of those sellers who prey on garbage, a man as dealt so largely in the indecent and immoral that his name has become a name, and the very street in which it was sold a synonym for every thing degrading.

William Hone himself, now the common and gossip of Sir Francis Burdett and the reformers, Cruikshank did not, however, separate. Dining one day with him in the Dog chop-house in Wellington-street, Cruikshank proposed to publish a sort of comic newspaper, interspersed with caricatures, and containing all sorts of curious and satiric paragraphs. The idea was a good one, and was acted upon at once. A paper appeared entitled, "A Slap at Slop," and sold enormously. About a year before this Hone had published a series of political squibs, which did much injury to the government, but which were beyond the pale of prosecution. Exhibited in the windows of a shop on Ludgate Hill, they drew crowds of admirers and purchasers. They bore the titles of "The Political House that Jack Built," "The Matrimonial House," in allusion to Queen Caroline's unhappy union, "The Man in the Moon," "The Political Showman at the Fair," and "Non mi ricordo." These were published during the years 1819-1820. For the thirteen cuts which graced "House that Jack Built," Cruikshank was paid half-a-guinea each, and above one hundred thousand copies of the work were sold, it is to be presumed that the publisher pocketed by the transaction nearly three hundred pounds. "Non mi ricordo" was founded on the convenient memory of Theodore Paviot, one of the principal witnesses against the Queen, who, when cross-examined touching some actions of the Queen, which bore very much against her majesty, pleaded that he "did not remember." The satire conveyed in the questions and answers in this tract are of the bitterest kind; the towering falsehood of the king, the whiskers, the pad-garments, and the enormous bulk, rendered ridiculously real by the artist.

The affectation of youth by the lady of sixty who bows with a grace, the obvious, ludicrously obvious, to the keenest capacity, and the popularity

of these pamphlets was equal to their merit, upwards of a quarter of a million of copies were sold, some ran to the thirtieth edition. The tail piece of "Non mi ricordo," represents truly the feelings of the subject of these satires. The King is represented as on a grid-iron, literally grilled by the fires of cross-examination, his contortions are at the same time painful and ridiculous; the print is called "The Fat in the Fire." After 1822, when the broad sheet called "A Slap at Slop" was published, Cruikshank retired almost completely from political caricaturing, and no more—

To party gave up what was meant for mankind.

In the year 1821, the artist contemplated a work which should shew the evils which result from that process which young men call "seeing life." In this undertaking he was assisted by his brother Robert, the story being told in a series of plates, in the same manner as the "Progresses," &c. of Hogarth. To these a story was written by Pierce Egan, but the author entirely lost sight of the moral aim of the artist, and before the work was completed George Cruikshank had retired from it in disgust. It was called "Life in London; or, the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., Corinthian Tom, and Bob Logic, in their rambles through the metropolis." The plates illustrating it were coloured, and the work had an amazing popularity. How it could have gained this we may well wonder now; the letter-press was silly, vapid, and vicious, yet people actually scrambled for the book at the booksellers' shops, the theatres dramatized it, and it was pirated in America, where it had an extraordinary sale. It was followed by another entirely facetious work, called "Life in Paris," but this latter had not a tythe of the popularity of its prototype, which, as a literary composition, it far exceeds.

Next comes "Illustrations of Italian Tales of humour and romance," and "Tales of Irish Life," drawn to illustrate a volume by Mr. Whitty, at present editor of a provincial newspaper. This was published in 1824, and in the same year appeared a work called "Points of Humour," which is one of the most meritorious of the artist's works. The illustrations contained in that volume to Burns's Merry Beggars, are excellent. In 1824 also Cruikshank

published his illustrations to Peter Scheinhl a German story of one who sold his shadow to the Prince of Darkness. One illustration where in the Evil One detaches and wraps up the shadow which he has purchased, is full of excellence; the chuckle upon the face of the fiend seems at the same time to denote the worthlessness of the purchase, and yet the inconceivable misery which the want of the shadow would occasion to his victim.

In 1825 Cruikshank illustrated "Popular German Stories," and a book called "Mornings at Bow Street." The latter was in some sort the off-spring of "Life in London." The young men of the day had taken it into their very empty heads that to imitate the actions of Corinthian Tom and Bob Leggie was very great and glorious, and to carry out this ideal they began assaulting the watchmen, in their slang, *the Charleys*, at a very great rate. A Mr. Wight, who had been, we believe, a merchant at Liverpool, was at that time the reporter to the *Morning Chronicle*, and used to head his reports of these assaults with the words *Mourne "Life."* It says, perhaps, little for the taste of the age, that these were read eagerly, and that by them the circulation of the *Chronicle* was raised from 600 to more than 7000. Mr. Wight obtained the editorship of the paper, and a promise of a partnership from Mr. Thwaites, which the latter gentleman did not live to fulfil. Of the reports themselves we must in justice say that they were often humorous and seldom vulgar, but readers of the present day, accustomed to a more refined and polished wit, will find in them little to amuse or even to repay perusal. The sale of the paper being so effectually improved, Mr. Wight naturally presumed that the reports published separately and illustrated by the first artist of the day, would be no bad speculation, a selection was made, and published under the title of "Mornings at Bow Street," and the sale of the book answered the expectations of the proprietors. The illustrations of the work are excellent, and some of them were the best that Cruikshank had at that time done. Those bearing the titles of "A Cool Contrivance," "Jonas Tunks," "Bundling up," and "A Dun at Dinner Time," are perhaps the best. There is one also of a very pathetic nature called "A Distressed Father." The report

which it illustrates is told so is of itself deeply pathetic.

Illustrations to "Hans of a wild story by Victor Hugo, a few plates to the *Dublin* an extinct periodical, formed part of Cruikshank during the next year he illustrated a led "Greenwich Hospital," a of sea stories, by Lieut. Barker.

In 1830, he produced the pl work which has survived to and which is worthy of more r than it has. This was "Thra and a Dessert." The three Co sisted of west country, Irish i stories, and a *mélange* of p verse by way of Dessert. The written by a Mr. William Ch licitor, which would account f excellent legal stories. He ca the west of England, and w presume from the excellence of stories had spent some year country. It is high praise to trations and the text to say t were worthy of each other. in number more than fifty, lightness of fancy and im which have never been exc head and tail pieces are especi commended.

In quick succession after t Cruikshank illustrated "Tales Days," from the pen of a Mr. / and "the Gentleman in Black, by one of the writers in *the Magazine*. The illustrations these are very good. The tal *diablerie*, and of wild Germa and the cuts which illustrated a very different calibre to works of the same artist. No illustrations to Fielding's "Tom so excellent that they should separated from that work, and dant to them, the like number the Burlesque of "Bombastes The artist was then engag "Sunday in London," a fine w with one or two plates re-draw fashions have somewhat altera than twenty years, would do vice if reprinted now. The padeologue therein illustrated a to bitter satire: a bishop just from his coach (the mitre gl the hammer-cloth), is about t fashionable church, to preach a charity sermon; the inferi wait at the porch to bow him i

the prototype of the immortal e, pushes his elbow in the face oo curious gazer; the footman the carriage door, the coachman n two restive horses. The bishop o doubt be paid for preaching, subscription of the cut reads,— shall do no manner of work— or thy cattle." The second quota- "The servant within our gates," t representing the kitchen of a an who is evidently about to en- his guests magnificently: there rfect plethora of cooks; one fat carries a roasted joint; another, chman, tastes with the air of a sseur, something from a stewpan, is intended for an *entremêt*. The y "*Soirée Musicale*," the "Parks Sunday," the "Gin Temple turn- Church time," and a plate called *Cordial workings of the Spirit*, n drunkards, male and female, ned in their intoxication, are g with a demoniacal hatred, are ply moral satires which leave sad- but improving, reflections in nds. We must not omit two cuts, e a view of Primrose Hill, with d of pedestrian holiday makers, other a pew in a very fashionable a, full of highly dressed and ex- gly well-fed people, the fat renter f having his be-ringed hand dan- conspicuously over the door; the s entitled "*misérable sinners*." In- he whole work is fruitful in pain- t moral suggestions, and gives o feelings which are sometimes eep for tears."

ruikshank next worked upon Field- and Smollett's novels, some also efoe and Goldsmith; supplied ations for the forty-eight volume a of the "Waverly Novels," and e plates for Scott's "Demonology." as Hood had about this period n a comic poem called "The g Hunt," and Cruikshank was upon to illustrate it, finding, er, that puns would not make e, the artist gave illustrations of n to which Hood wrote additional which were then dovetailed into om. Next came "My Sketch " with two hundred groups, ed; "Scraps and Sketches," com- in 1828; "Illustrations of ology" and "Illustrations of " One of the caricatures therein ery popular, and is even now

frequently adverted to. A fat, over-fed footman, who picks his teeth with a nonchalant air, inquires of a butler, "What is taxes, Thomas?" The reply shows the happy condition of the class, "I'm sure I don't know."

In 1835 Mr. Cruikshank was struck by a happy idea of publishing a Comic Memorandum Book, which, intending at once to carry out, he took to the late Mr. Tilt, to consult about publishing. Tilt at once jumped at the idea, and in the course of a conversation, persuaded the artist to change the name to the "Comic Almanac," verbally agreeing, at the same time, to bear part of the expenses and to share in the profits of the work. But by a stroke of publishers' strategy, assisted by the fact that the name of the Comic Almanac was Mr. Tilt's copyright, the originator had not, from the very first issue, any participation in the profits of the work, which were very great indeed, but became merely the artist engaged to illustrate the production. In this work, which has been carried on without cessation for eighteen years, are many of Cruikshank's happiest hits. Though not so carefully finished as his more elaborate productions, there are here also some very refreshing plates, when, launching out from the comic, the artist has given us some homely country scene. Such is "May-Day in the olden time." In an elaborate review in one of the quarterlies, written by our greatest living author, Mr Thackeray, (then indeed not so much known,) great praise is very justly attributed to the designs in the Almanac. As we have mentioned Mr. Thackeray's review we may as well tell a curious anecdote connected with it. The reviewer had declared Cruikshank to be so intensely national that he was a decided enemy to the French, and never let slip an opportunity to ridicule them. This paragraph being seen by a friend of the artist, who was a native of that country, and who was collecting Cruikshank's works, he took an early opportunity of withdrawing his amity from "*le perfide*" caricaturist.

When "Bentley" was first started with Dickens as editor, Cruikshank was engaged as illustrator, and furnished plates for "Oliver Twist." Some of these he has never surpassed. "Fagin in the Condemned Cell," "Bill Sykes and his Dog," and "The Death of

Sykes," are wonderful in their dramatic effect and vividly personify the author's writings. From his own face, in a mirror, charged with feelings which he imagined might be those of a condemned criminal, the artist drew the plate of Fagin. Its truth was at once seen, and it has, besides, the popularity which it gave to the magazine (for who could look at the plates without a desire to read the text?) the honour of giving a *sobriquet* to the greatest living soldier. From his hook-nose, his fierce eye, and his general resemblance to the print, Sir Charles Napier is universally called, by his Indian officers, "Old Fagin." A determination on the part of Mr. Bentley, which bore slightly upon the quality of liberality—a quality not lacked by publishers—made Mr. Dickens relinquish the conduct of a magazine which he, in conjunction with Cruikshank, had raised to a large circulation. For some time the publisher had probably no reason to repent the step he had taken, for Mr. Ainsworth, who then became editor, wrote his novel of "Jack Sheppard," a work which Cruikshank illustrated, *con amore*, and which the reading public so far appreciated that it raised the magazine seven hundred copies in circulation above the number it had attained with Mr. Dickens. One may well doubt the morality of the novel, but not the excellence of the accompanying plates, they are full of spirit, and wonderfully attractive. Some them, such as "Sir Rowland Trenchard in the Well," you cannot easily forget. The smaller illustrations of "Jack's Progress to Tyburn," and his execution, with their multitude of figures, will bear comparison with the etchings of Jacques Callot.

Another determination on the part of Mr. Bentley, led Messrs. Cruikshank and Ainsworth to set up a periodical for themselves; and "Ainsworth's Magazine" was started, which contained in succession, the "Tower of London," "Windsor Castle," and the "Miser's Daughter." Cruikshank illustrated all these; and the effects of light and shade, and the fine pointing in some of the plates, remind us of Rembrandt. He still continued to work for Bentley, his name being printed on the wrapper of that magazine; on ceasing to do so, the artist started a periodical of his own, called the "Omnibus," which was edited by the late Laman Blanchard. The title page, "De Omnibus rebus," is a

remarkable plate, containing of the world, with a multitude of people. There was also a creation of his own, a Mrs. Toddlers, a little who is never in time for the omnibus," but who just rushes in full and about to drive off, with a great deal of fun in it; and a work of deeper import, called a "Memoir of Napoleon," wherein that Commander stands on a pyramid of human skulls, himself a skeleton, distinguished by a cocked hat, jack-boots, and sword.

About this time, he furnished for a work, which contains some of his happiest efforts in a serious style, allude to the "History of the Rebellion," by Maxwell. "The Life of Ross," with an insane rebel forward and thrusting his wig in the mouth of the cannon of the rebels, and shouting to his fellows, "Come on, boys, her mouth's stopped;" "The Defeat of the Rebels," and one or two others he has never, in our opinion, surpassed.

After the completion of the "Omnibus," there appeared, in 1845, a magazine, the "Table Book," edited by G. A. A'Becket, which had some fine plates in it, of a larger size perhaps more carefully finished than the "Omnibus." One was called "Reverie," wherein the artist, sitting in his lap, is portrayed as sitting the fire with subjects floating about him. The portrait was, at the time, striking. Another was called "Folly of Crime;" and a third, heavily upon the insane railway speculations of the year.

The next important work Cruikshank produced, by some the most important of his life, was brought out in 1847. It was intended to set, in the strongest possible light, the folly of an addiction to wine and totallers, emphatically term, "Folly of Drink." It consisted of a series of large plates, produced by glyptic work and published at the remarkable price of one shilling! If the effect were to the sale, it must have been in vain. We do not doubt the capability of Cruikshank in deterring sober people from drinking, but we doubt the reformers' success; but there can be no doubt of the excellence of the plates, or of their perfect suitability to the class to which they were addressed. From the time wherein the decent young man

brings out the bottle, and persuades his wife to "take a drop," to the last, where the "Bottle has done its work; it has destroyed the infant and the mother, made the father a maniac, and brought the son and daughter to the streets," the interest excited is very intense and dramatically kept up; indeed the dramatic turn of the plates was at once perceived, and a piece was produced at the theatres, with tableaux of the plates.

The work made a very great sensation, and was so successful that in the following year the artist produced a sequel, in which the career of the son and daughter of the drunkard was followed up. One plate therein was remarkably appalling, the suicide of the unfortunate girl, who in a fit of despair plunges from Waterloo Bridge. In studying for these works, the scenes he witnessed, together with the arguments of some of the leading tee-total advocates, amongst whom he was thrown, produced in the artist's mind a conviction that a total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, is the sole effectual plan for producing a reformation in the lower classes of society. He therefore joined that cause, and has since become the leading and most noticeable advocate of the Tee-totalers. He is at present engaged in producing a pamphlet, called "The Glass," the vignette on the title of which, a skeleton hand holding a glass, frothing with serpents, in allusion to the Scriptural motto underneath, is very appropriate and striking. The determination which led the artist to this step, must not, however, be deemed sudden; for in his earlier works a vein of moral reproof against the evils of drunkenness is traceable, in his "Sunday in London," "The Gin Shop," "The Upas Tree," and "The Gin Juggernaut."

Since the appearance of the "Bottle," and its Sequel, Cruikshank has illustrated several works—"The Greatest Plague in Life," "How to Marry," and a work bearing on the crowded state of London, during the Exhibition, called, "The Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys," which was unsuccessful. He has lately furnished illustrations to an edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published by Mr. John Cassel, which, however, cannot be classed amongst his happiest efforts.

He has latterly turned his attention to oil painting, and has contributed to the Exhibitions of the British Institu-

tion and the Royal Academy; many of these pictures possessed much humour, among which may be mentioned "Disturbing a Congregation," "Dressing for the Day," "A New Servant and a Deaf Mistress," &c.

The great success which has attended the career of the artist we have been considering, is to be attributed not only to his genius, which in the particular branch of art to which he addressed himself, is undoubtedly great, nor to a playful fancy and an imagination of almost exhaustless fertility, but in a great measure to an industry which never tired, and a determined punctuality which never failed. His immense industry would be testified even by the incomplete list of works which we have given, but a perfect list is probably unattainable, and a complete collection equally so. One which is far from perfect, and was advertised for sale some time ago, filled a good sized cart, when taken to its destination; the artist himself has not prints of the whole of his works, which certainly might have been expected. Another great source of success is the dramatic effect and arrangement of Cruikshank's productions; he himself, we believe, attributes a great deal of popularity to this quality, in fact, he seems personally to have a great deal of dramatic art, and when Mr. Dickens and other *littérateurs*, for purposes mentioned in the life of that gentleman (*Biog. Mag.*, vol. 2) organized a corps of actors, Mr. Cruikshank was recognised as one of the most capable and most successful.

It has been the habit of the artist to relieve the lassitude occasioned by incessant application to his art by various athletic exercises, fencing, rowing, and even boxing. He used at one time to make little of rowing up to Richmond and back, and is generally skilful in those exercises which he wisely indulged in to keep in health. His appearance is somewhat remarkable: of the middle height, and very broad shouldered, a piercing eye, and a kind of fixed look, a fine forehead, and a face surrounded with whiskers somewhat of the wildest, give him "a presence which is not to be put by." Mr. Cruikshank has been twice married, but has no children. Although by no means a young man, the energy and determination of the artist, kept up no doubt by his excellent constitution and abstemious

habits, have scarcely abated. He seeks admission as a student to the Royal Academy, and determines, we believe, ardent as Cicero, when at sixty he learnt Greek, to turn his talents to a new field.

The talent which he possesses has certainly never been abused. Whilst he was making the people laugh, he was generally teaching them. He has carefully avoided anything which could even by implication sanction vice. He has assailed sin in the palace equally as in the cottage, and it is great praise to say that although in his younger days he caricatured those in power, he has since refused a great price for work which would cost him little labour because

he should offend none personal attacked the vice and not the man is no mere caricaturist, he is something more; he has the qualities of an originator and a ventor, and moreover is a moral which Gilray or Rowlandson never attained to. His greatest is that he seems ever to have with the knowledge that he may day give an account for the use power granted him; he has attained position, fame, and in once by the use, not abuse of his and long may he live to enjoy which he has acquired.

JAS.]

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

To all who feel a curiosity about eminent men of their own country and time, in whatever department they may have attained their celebrity, the present brief outline of the history of one, who has left behind him a reputation as a successful practical surgeon, surpassed by none—who has been reckoned, and not unjustly, one of the most instructive surgical teachers the world has ever seen, cannot, there is abundant reason to believe, fail to be acceptable. The subject, however, which occupies the few following pages, has been selected, in preference to others,—which probably on strictly professional grounds, may have superior claims upon our attention, not, because it can be affirmed with any degree of correctness, that Sir Astley Cooper was a man of genius, or even, in a high sense of the term, a man of science, or worthy of being classed with the great luminaries of his own branch of the medical profession; but simply for the reason that his career affords, probably, one of the most striking instances on record of what indefatigable industry, coupled with merely a more than ordinary amount of professional skill and intelligence, can sometimes accomplish for its possessor, in the shape of worldly fame, wealth and honours. If, therefore, there is but little to be found in the career of this remarkable man to command the admiration, and still less to enlist the

sympathies of the general reader, is much in our opinion to be therefrom in the way of instruction.

Sir Astley Cooper was born Yelverton, in the county of Norfolk 23rd of August 1768. The gentleman who has furnished the reading with his "Life," in a couple of so formidable looking volumes, assures us, that Astley's father, (Samuel Cooper, D.D.), was wont to the parish church of Yelverton said, of which he was the incumbent every Sunday morning, in a drawn by "four powerful, long black horses!" This equestrian was no doubt excessively magnificent in its way, and must have hebetated the Yelvertonians with derisively solemn sense of the dignity and ecclesiastical import their parson—but it is highly probable that their piety was very improved by the exhibition.

scribed, however, the Rev. I weekly cavalcade and appurtenances thereto attached, partakes so far its character of the style and taste modern undertaker, that it is worthy of a passing notice, if it show that "there is nothing new under the sun." Most of our readers, less, like ourselves, will be still surprised to learn, on the same authority, that the mother of Sir Astley Cooper is the veritable authoress of several

are reported to have enjoyed no reputation in her own time, and might perhaps have been added—against her own friends. Be that as it may, we fear it is beyond dispute now, as far as the ungrateful world is concerned, all memory of her works, ever meritorious they might have been, has been cruelly suffered to perish. We believe her, however, to have been both an amiable and accomplished lady; but whatever literary talents she may have possessed, Sir Astley, when a boy, seems to have inherited not a particle of the maternal for letters. He was, like a good number of other boys, who have afterwards turned out clever men, much fonder of bird-nesting than book-reading. Endowed with an abundant flow of spirits, he was celebrated amongst his contemporaries, only for the greater facility of puerile tricks, scrapes, and in which he alternately played the part of either hero or delinquent—and did not to have found favour with no one, except a poor dancing Frenchman, who included the vicarage in his journey. It is not necessary to present purpose to inquire what portion of the success of great men in later-life, is to be attributed to impulses or predilections which grow up in boyhood, suffice it to say merely, that it is customary in modern biography to assert, that most of those who have become distinguished, either in literature, science, or art, have in early life shown strong and unmistakeable indications of their destiny; and that Mr. Astley Cooper, in strict accordance with this stereotyped theory, traces in the *Life of Sir Astley Cooper*, his nephew's choice of calling to the following effect. When Astley was but thirteen years of age, he happened one day to call at his foster-mother's house, just after her son, the play-actor of his childhood, had met with a fatal accident in the reaping field. A femoral artery had been cut; the people knew not how to arrest the hemorrhage; life was ebbing fast away, and young Astley took a silk handkerchief from his neck, and bound it so tightly round the limb that the flow of blood was stopped until a medical man reached the spot. To the praise which the presence of mind and cleverness of the boy brought him, and still more to the credit he felt in saving his humble

friend and companion, is ascribed the selection of Sir Astley's walk in the business of life. From Sir Astley himself, however, we have it, that at Norwich, *two or three years later*, he chanced to visit the hospital, where he saw a Mr. Donce successfully perform the difficult operation of lithotomy; "and it was this," he says, "which inspired me with a strong impression of the utility of surgery, and led me to embark in it as my profession." An opportunity soon presented itself for his so doing.

In 1784, his uncle, Mr. William Cooper, an eminent London surgeon, and lecturer in Guy's Hospital, paid his annual visit at Dr. Cooper's parsonage, and a proposal that the nephew should be articled to himself, and accompany him to town, was unanimously approved of by the family party. To London, Astley, now in his seventeenth year, accordingly travelled, where, we gather, that, during several months, there was a pretty constant succession of squabbling in the uncle's establishment, in consequence of the nephew being more smitten with the freedom and gaieties of a metropolitan life, than with the charms and attractions of anatomical science.

At this period, indeed, the youth appears to have been quite of the "Bob Sawyer" order of students, and his pranks were sufficiently numerous and indecorous, to have entitled him to the highest honours of that particular school. With a staid, business man, like the lecturer of Guy's Hospital, however, such a state of things could not possibly endure, and the connection with his uncle received its finishing stroke from an occurrence which is thus related:—"One day he had obtained the uniform of an officer, and in this disguise was walking about town, when, on going along Bond-street, he suddenly observed his uncle advancing towards him. Not having time to avoid meeting, he determined to brave out the affair, should his uncle recognise him. Mr. Cooper for a few moments could not decide in his mind whether it *was* his nephew or not; but soon convinced that it was he, and this, one of his pranks, he went up to him, and commenced a somewhat angry address about his idleness and waste of time. Astley, regarding him with feigned astonishment, and changing his voice, replied that he must be making some mistake, for he did not understand to

whom or to what, he was alluding. 'Why,' said Mr. Cooper, 'you don't mean to say that you are not my nephew, Astley Cooper?' 'Really, sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing any such person. My name is——, of the——th,' replied the young scapegrace, naming with unflinching boldness, the regiment of which he wore the uniform. Mr. William Cooper apologised, although still unable to feel assured he was not being duped, and howling, passed on." Soon after the detection of this very theatrical piece of imposition, which cannot fail to remind our readers of a precisely similar incident in Bourgeois's comedy of "London Assurance," we are informed that the articles of indenture were transferred from Mr. William Cooper to Mr. Cline.

This translation seems to have had a wonderfully salutary effect upon the youthful masquerader, and henceforth his genius for adventures appears to have taken quite a new turn, and displayed itself solely in the acquisition of "subjects" for experiment. These consisted principally of purloined dogs, and in the "Life" already referred to, we are complacently furnished with several anecdotes of the reformed Astley's painstaking system of scientifically torturing these poor animals, which, however, with a little more respect for the feelings of our readers, we shall refrain from introducing here. Astley speedily acquired great favour with Mr. Cline for the zeal and earnestness with which he took to the practice of dissection, and ere long, under that great surgeon's tuition, he made rapid progress in all the knowledge requisite for his profession. In the year 1787, being then nineteen years of age, he spent one winter at Edinburgh. He had good introductions, and, besides attending diligently on Dr. Cullen's medical course, Fyfe's anatomical lectures, and Black's chemistry, found time to be rather an active member of the "Speculative Society," a debating club then and afterwards of considerable celebrity and influence. His notes make us acquainted with some of the connections he formed here, and which must have been highly useful to him. Amongst others, besides those of his medical teachers, he mentions the celebrated names of Dugald Stewart, Adam Smith, Lord Meadowbank, and Charles Hope. Of Dr. Gregory, from a variety of others, we select the following beautiful and touching anecdote.

"It was the custom for each professor to receive at his own house the fees of the new pupils. One day Dr. Gregory, engaged, had used all his blank ticket and was obliged to go into an adjoining apartment to procure another for a student whom he left sitting in his consulting-room. The accumulated money was lying on the table, and from a sum, as he was re-entering the room, he saw the young man sweep a portfolio and deposit it in his pocket. Dr. Gregory took his seat at the table, as if nothing had occurred, filled up his ticket, and gave it to the delinquent. He then accompanied him to the door, and, when at the threshold, with much emotion said to him, 'I saw what you did just now; keep the money. I know what must be your distress; but, for God's sake, never do it again, it will never succeed.' The pupil in vain offered him back the money, and the Doctor had the satisfaction of knowing that this moral lesson produced the desired impression upon his mind."

After making a tour into the Highlands on horseback, in the following summer, Cooper returned to England and resumed his attendance at the medical schools in the metropolis. He studied under John Hunter, and took eagerly, and with vast profit; and to his bold adoption and clever exposition of the doctrines of this illustrious preceptor are mainly to be attributed the subsequent distinguished rank which he himself took, and the fortune he made as a lecturer and surgical teacher.

In 1789, he was appointed demonstrator at St. Thomas's Hospital; and in 1791 Mr. Cline paid him the high compliment of procuring his nomination as joint-lecturer with himself in anatomy and surgery. From this date his career was one of rapid and uninterrupted advancement. In December of this year we hear of his marriage with a Miss Anne Cock, the daughter of an intimate friend of Mr. Cline, a rich retired merchant, who inhabited a villa near Tottenham, but who, strange to say, died upon the very day that had been fixed for the wedding. Mr. Brans Cooper thus relates the sequel: "A short time subsequent to this bereavement the friends of the young people considered it advantageous that their marriage should be no longer deferred. In December christening was to take place from the house of Mr. Cline, and he thought that

this would afford an excellent opportunity for his young friends to be united. The marriage was solemnized, and they afterwards retired, as if they had been merely witnesses of the christening. On the evening of the same day, Mr. Cooper delivered his surgical lecture with all the ease of manner which characterized him on ordinary occasions, and the pupils dispersed without a suspicion of the occurrence. After lecture he went to the house in Jefferies-square, which Mr. Cock, promising to himself the happiness of seeing his daughters surrounded with every comfort, had but a short time before his decease purchased, and furnished for them." In June of the following year, the memorable 1792, the happy couple proceeded to Paris. The object of this nuptial excursion was, it would appear, in so far as Mr. Cooper at least was concerned, twofold. Along with his friend Cline's anatomical instructions, he had also imbibed that gentleman's peculiar political principles. Cline was a democrat, living in friendship with Horne Tooke, and Cooper was one of the most promising, and about this time, probably one of the most enthusiastic of their disciples. His visit to Paris, therefore, was, in the first place, more with a view to gratify his curiosity by attendance at the debates of the National Assembly, &c.; and secondly, of improving his professional knowledge by comparing the Parisian practice of surgery with our own, than for the sake either of change or amusement. During the terrible three months he remained there, he is said to have attended the hospitals daily, decorated with a democratic badge, which ensured his personal safety in the streets. He witnessed the 10th of August and the 2d of September, and notwithstanding the many atrocities brought under his eye, his Parisian experience did not disturb his adhesion to Mr. Cline's political views. On the contrary, we learn upon good authority that on his return, he was "an active steward of the festival of the Revolution Society of London, in 1793."

This circumstance, however, did not interfere with his being, in the very same year, appointed to the professorship at Surgeons' College, and he filled the chair with so much approbation that he was re-elected to it year after year, as long as he could place his services at their disposal. Before the close of the century he had reached, both as lecturer

and as practitioner, an eminence, which for a man of his standing, is perhaps without a precedent. The next great step, however, the appointment as surgeon to Guy's Hospital, met, in consequence of his French politics, with considerable opposition. But the difficulty was overcome by his avowing his determination to "relinquish the companionship and intimacy of his late democratical friends, and abandon for the future all participation in the strife of politics and party," a pledge to which he faithfully adhered. Fortune seems to have delighted in favouring him, for about this time he also succeeded to a great share of Cline's lucrative city practice, the latter having removed to the west end of the town. Mr. Cooper now occupied the spacious premises in St. Mary Axe, which Cline had vacated; and as yet, the great merchants of London, had not, generally speaking, abandoned the old custom of having their town-residences in connection with their places of business, he found himself in the centre of a most intelligent and opulent society, and soon became accustomed to munificent fees. For example, one ancient merchant, Mr. Hyatt, when pronounced all right again, tossed his night-cap to the surgeon, who, bowing politely, put it into his pocket, and on entering his chariot, found pinned inside a bank-note for £1000!—Others regularly paid him liberal annuities. A Mr. Coles, of Mincing Lane, for a long course of time, gave him £600 every Christmas. While on the subject of fees, it may be somewhat encouraging to struggling practitioners, as well as interesting to our readers generally, to insert here the following curious statement from Sir Astley's fee-book:

"My receipt," says he, "for the first year was £5 5s.; the second, £26; the third, £64; the fourth, £96; the fifth, £100; the sixth, £200; the seventh, £400; the eighth, £610; the ninth, £1100, although I was a lecturer all the time on anatomy and surgery." In his later years, however, he is said to have made more money than any surgeon that ever lived before him. In one year, 1815, his professional income amounted to upwards of *twenty-one thousand pounds!* The secret of all this, as has already been remarked, was industry. Throughout the whole thoroughly active period of his life, we are informed, Astley Cooper was in his dis-

secting room, winter and summer, by six o'clock at the latest, by eight he was dressed for the day and at the service of gratuitous patients, who usually occupied him till half-past nine, an honourable custom which he never abandoned, fond as he was of money. His breakfast with his family occupied but a few minutes, and by ten his waiting-rooms were thronged with patients, who continued to stream in by the dozen until one o'clock. To the right of the hall were two large rooms occupied by gentlemen patients; two drawing rooms, immediately above were appropriated to the reception of ladies. The hall had generally servants waiting for answers to notes, the ante-room was for the one or two patients next in succession. The farther room on the right was full of gentlemen waiting their turn. These were anxious perhaps, but still, in a much less pitiable state than the occupants of the first to the right. All in this room had undergone some operation, which unfitted them for the present to leave the house. These patients used to remain in the room until either their pain had ceased, or Mr. Cooper himself dismissed them after completing the operation to which they had been subjected. Sometimes the people in the hall and ante-room were so numerous and importunate that he dreaded the ordeal of explaining the necessity for his departure. He was in the habit, under such circumstances, of escaping through the back yard into his stables, and so into the passage by the side of Bishopsgate church. He would run round past his carriage, standing at the front door, into Wormwood Street, to which place his coachman, who well understood the *ruse*, would immediately follow him. He was in a few minutes at Guy's, where a hundred pupils were waiting on the steps. They followed him into the wards of the hospital and from bed to bed until the clock struck two, then rushed across the street to the anatomical theatre, and the lecture began. At three he went to the dissecting-rooms, and observation, direction, and instruction kept him busy here for half an hour. Then he got into his carriage, attended by a dresser, and his horses were hard at work until seven or half-past seven. His family were assembled, dinner was instantly on the table, and he sat down apparently fresh in spirits, with his attention quite at

the command of the circle. He ate largely, but cared not what; after twelve hours of such exertion, he, as he said, "could digest any thing but saw-dust." During dinner he drank two or three large tumblers of water, and afterwards two glasses of port, no more. Then he threw himself back in his chair and slept. He seldom required to be roused, but awoke exactly as the allotted *ten minutes* expired, started up, "gave a parting smile to every body in the room, and in a few seconds was again on his way to the hospital." There was a lecture every other evening during the season, on the odd nights, however, the carriage was equally at his door by eight, and he continued his round of visits till midnight, often till one or two in the morning. His carriage was well lighted, and by night as well as by day, in passing from one house to another, his attendant was writing to his dictation—the chronicle of each case kept pace with the symptoms. "And Sunday shone no sabbath day for him." Such, we are told, for full fifteen years was the existence of the great surgeon of Broad Street, St. Mary Axe.

The following portrait of him is from the pen of Mr. Travers, one of the most distinguished of his pupils: "Astley Cooper, when I first knew him, had decidedly the handsomest, that is, the most intelligent and finely-formed countenance and person of any man I remember to have seen. He wore his hair powdered, with a queue, then the custom, and having dark hair, and always a fine healthy glow of colour in his cheeks, this fashion became him well. He was remarkably upright, and moved with grace, vigour, and elasticity; nor was he altogether unconscious of the fine proportions of his frame, for he would not unfrequently throw his well-shaped leg upon the table at a lecture, when describing an injury or operation of the lower limb, that he might more graphically demonstrate the subject of his discourse. He would look at particular or urgent cases before and after lecture, and he generally went round *à loisir*, as a florist would visit his *parterre*, with two or three elder students on a Sunday morning." Dr. Roots says of him: "From the period of Astley's appointment to Guy's, until the moment of his latest breath, he was everything and all to the suffering and afflicted; his *name* was a host, but his

ice brought confidence and command and I have often observed, that on operating day, should any thing of an untoward character in the case, the moment Astley Cooper entered and the instrument was in his hand, every difficulty seemed overcome, and safety generally ensued." A high character, and, in a great measure, a true one. Sir Astley Cooper, nevertheless, is declared by some to have been a great actor in his way, and his display is alleged to have been conspicuous on such occasions as his

Like many other actors of less fame, he had an unbounded confidence in his own abilities; and his admirable manual dexterity is stated to have been the result of his retaining the most perfect possession of himself in the operating theatre. He was kind and hospitable to his pupils, whose obedience and submission made them attentive listeners; and, under the happy impression of his great professional ability, admiring spectators of his most ordinary operations when performed by him.

In his private patients he was also popular, more so perhaps than any contemporary practitioner in his branch. His goodly person had much to do with the ladies, his good-nature with all, and his affectation of feeling with most. John Hunter is said to have turned pale as death whenever he was to use the knife; even the comely coarse and rough-humoured John Hunter could never think of an operation without heart sickness. It was the same with Sir Charles Bell and other distinguished men who have been named. All, however, came more easily with Astley Cooper; with scarcely any feeling, but with oil enough for every wound, he was a conveyer of more comfort than any of his more sensitive brethren. With his hospital patients, however, we find that he was much in the habit of alluding to the oil alluded to. Amongst those surrounded by his obsequious followers, in whom, no doubt, he found much laughter, Sir Astley's conduct was remarkable for a facetiousness, not to all but his attendant dressers and box carriers, must have been exceedingly dismal. And even with him, it was probably as far from being pleasant as it was unquestionably unbecoming and inappropriate. No man,

however, had a greater right to the natural satisfaction of reflecting that human suffering had been largely relieved by his ministry.

In 1815 Mr. Cooper removed from Broad Street in the city, to New Street, Spring Gardens, in the neighbourhood of the Court, as he had now come into very great practice among the nobility and gentry of London. About the same time also he retired from his professorship at the Royal College. Some time after taking up his residence at the west end, although not on the Royal establishment, he was chosen by George IV. to remove an "ugly tumour from his head." It was rumoured abroad at the time, that on this occasion the great anatomist's nerves failed him, and that Mr. Cline, who was present, performed the operation. This, however, we believe to have been but "a weak invention of the enemy." And the story receives a sufficient confutation from the fact of the king soon afterwards making Mr. Cooper his sergeant-surgeon, and, in due time, conferring upon him also the title of baronet. This latter circumstance completed the change which time and prosperity had been gradually working in his political sentiments. There are some interesting passages in his Notes of this period; and they are for the most part not only entertaining, but well written. The following is not perhaps one of the best, but it is a fair average specimen, and possesses, besides the additional recommendation to us of being shorter than most of the others. Sir Astley writes of the king. "He often awoke early, and read from five or six o'clock in the morning until nine or ten, and thus he became acquainted with all the new books of every description which he read, novels, pamphlets, voyages, travels, and plays. And he liked to talk of them. He usually received me at from ten to eleven o'clock, in his bed, chatted with me for half an hour or an hour, and was generally very agreeable, although now and then irritable. He was not strictly attentive to facts, but *embellished all his stories* to render them more amusing, so that it would not answer always to repeat his sayings of others. When ill the king would never allow that it was caused by his own imprudence. One morning his tongue was white, and he was much heated. 'By G—' said he, 'it is very extraordinary that I should be thus

hented, for I lived very abstemiously, and went to bed in good time. I must have some *beaucoup de ric*, sir." When we went out of the room, W. said, "you must not professionally act upon what his Majesty said, he was drinking marsh-mallows at two o'clock this morning." He was a good judge (continues Sir Astley) of the medicine which would be suitable him. He bore enormous doses of opiates; *one hundred drops* of laudanum for instance. In bleeding, also, I have known from twenty to twenty-five ounces taken from him several times. He was irregular in his times for eating and drinking. "Bring me cold chicken," he would say at eleven, before he rose. "Yes, sire." "Bring it, and give me a goblet of soda-water." Soon after he ate again, and at dinner largely; but he did not in general drink much at dinner, unless tempted by the society of men he liked."

This is, in all conscience, but a sorry picture of regal life and manners; it bears, however, the impress of fidelity, and our readers, no doubt, will gladly turn from it, to this sketch of an illustrious lady, but recently passed from among us, which is equally remarkable for its unexaggerated truthfulness. Sir Astley was, also, surgeon to King William IV., and thus he speaks of the late Queen Adelaide: "We often saw the Queen, who appeared a most amiable lady, elegant but simple in her manners, and venerable in her conversation. She was, in truth, an excellent person, and, though gracing the dignified position which she occupied, would equally have made an admirable clergyman's wife, and in such a situation have employed herself among her parishioners in acts of kindness and benevolence from morning to night." As a specimen of personal twaddle, which it would be impossible to surpass, we cannot refrain from also extracting what follows: "The abilities of George IV., were of the first order. He would have made the first physician or surgeon of his time, the first lawyer, the first speaker in the House of Commons or Lord, though, perhaps, the latterly observes Sir Astley, not the best divine. As a king he was preposterous, for he had the good sense to be led by good ministers, although however, he did not like them all." The last sentence will be puzzling to those who endeavour to extract any other meaning or information from it,

than they are in the habit of receiving from the most common place; but however, *revenons à nos moutons* will be almost a superfluous piece of intelligence to make known that Sir was by this time very rich, and I affected more sickness of mind and finery of habits than he in his early days. He also indulged himself by purchasing a considerable estate in Hertfordshire, with a large mansion and grounds, to which he often retired for repose and relaxation. By degrees, it is said, he became extremely fond of the place, and spent three days of the week. For a full and particular account of sports and pastimes most in vogue the medical Baronet's rural retirement himself and the brother sportsman visitors, who at different times his hospitality, those who feel an anxiety on the subject are referred to Bransby Cooper's book. The, however, we may remark by the consisted principally of physicians and surgeons of renown; (with a few men beyond his own calling Sir, indeed, never seems to have desired to hold much social intercourse. And as an illustration of how he took to entertain them, we make for the subjoined fragment, which also serve as a mild sample of the ample run of anecdotes with which Cooper has tastefully enlivened greater portion of his narrative rarely happens," says he, "but that or two of the dogs which we brought with us, had been submitted by Sir to some operation or experiment, in some measure, accounted for inferiority as sporting dogs! Amusement was always afforded by the timidity which these animals manifested when near my uncle." Just so, the dogs were deficient in for some way they made up for in any humane guests! wonderful unobtainable nephew! As a kind of specimen, however, it would be unfair to mention a more becoming feature Sir Astley's Hertfordshire pastime. With that keen eye to the main which characterised him so well throughout his life, he now a considerable part of his time as if Michael, his coachman, having in him that the horses sold at Smith were almost all crippled, "my," (says Mr. Bransby,) "desired him

every market morning into Smithfield, and purchase all the young horses exposed for sale which he thought might possibly be convertible into carriage or saddle horses, should they recover from their defects. Five pounds was to be the average price. In this manner I have known thirty or forty horses collected at Gadesbridge, and thus Sir Astley procured stock to eat off his superfluous herbage. In the winter these horses were put into the straw-yard, and his waste straw thus converted into manure, saved him many hundred pounds in the purchase of this commodity. I believe, however, the greatest pleasure derived from this new plan was the occupation it afforded him, by treating these horses as patients, and curing them of their various complaints." It was certainly more creditable to him than his mania for canine experiments, but the heart had as little to do with the one as the other. The grand idea of profit was the source of all this unwearied well-doing. And "I myself," says the nephew, "have paid fifty guineas for one of these animals," (which doubtless originally cost Sir Astley five,) "and made a good bargain too. And I have known my uncle's carriage for years drawn by a pair of horses which together only cost him *twelve pounds ten shillings!*" In June, 1827, Sir Astley had the misfortune to lose his lady, and the shock was so severe, we are told, that he resolved on withdrawing from practice. Accordingly he sold his house in Spring Gardens, and shut himself up in Hertfordshire. The sense of his bereavement, however, was neither so heavy nor so enduring as to prevent his resuming his professional duties, and *remarrying* in July of the following year. Later in life he made an excursion to his native Norfolk, where his principal diversion, to judge from his journal, appears to have been dissecting eels, gurnets, porpoises, and herrings' brains! He also took a trip to Paris, once again, where, being invited to a grand *dejeuner* by the celebrated Dupuytren, at the Hotel Dieu, by way of appetizer we presume, he "dissected for nearly two hours before breakfast." Sir Astley on this occasion had a most flattering reception in the "gay capital," and was made a Member of the Institute. His anatomical zeal seems to have attended him to the last wherever he was. Be-

sides the hereditary honour conferred upon him, others had accumulated rapidly. William IV. bestowed a Grand Cross of the Guelphic Order. Louis Philippe sent, through Talleyrand, the decoration of the Legion of Honour; various Scotch and foreign universities showered diplomas on him; and at the Duke of Wellington's Oxford installation, in 1834, he was admitted D.C.L. In his latter years he began to suffer from attacks of vertigo, and was not always in a condition for exertion. He continued, however, ardent in practice, until his increasing infirmities disabled him for it, and he expired at his country seat, after a short illness, on the 12th of February, 1840, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Notwithstanding the laborious life he led, Sir Astley found time to contribute several essays to the records of the surgical art, which, although by no means remarkable for their merit as compositions, will, in all likelihood, continue to hold a respectable place in the literature of his profession; especially those on "Hernia," on his own great operation of "Tying the Aorta," on the "Anatomy of the Breast," and on "Fractures and Dislocations." Some of these were originally published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society;" but all of them, we believe, are now to be had in a separate form.

We have hitherto purposely omitted all mention of Sir Astley's connection with a set of the most infamous and daring ruffians that ever disgraced this or any other country; but we cannot close this summary of his career, without a reference to it. We allude to his heinous traffic with the body snatchers, or "resurrection men,"—a class of desperadoes which, happily for the character of the medical profession, now, we believe, no longer exists. Without entering into any of the diabolical details with which Mr. Bransby Cooper has thought fit to horrify and disgust his non-professional readers, we shall confine ourselves to the general statement, that so intimately was Sir Astley mixed up with the transactions of these sacrilegious wretches, who despoiled the grave of its dead—ransacked tombs—and robbed churchyards—to furnish him with "subjects" for dissection; that when they had been tried and imprisoned for their crimes, "he acknowledged their perfect right to depend

on him for pecuniary support to themselves, and pensions to their families." Perhaps as the law then stood, it may reluctantly be admitted that it was impossible for any man who was ambitious of becoming a great anatomist, to accomplish his object, without occasionally conniving at such unhallowed practices. The less, however, that is said, under that view of the case, the better. Sir Astley in his time is stated to have instructed no fewer than 8000 surgeons—and some idea may be gathered from this, of the extremely fearful extent to which he must have had recourse to the odious services of these malefactors. The recklessness with which he employed them, and the liberal encouragement he gave to them, cannot be palliated, however, by any plea of necessity, and we gladly turn from the contemplation of a most nefarious, and iniquitous business, which, as systematically fostered and upheld by him, must for ever sadly lower him in the estimation of every man who is not utterly destitute of all sense of social, moral, and religious obligation.

From the brief abstract of his career now before them, however, our readers will be enabled to form their own opinion of Sir Astley Cooper. They will have seen what proportion of his great wealth and honours was due to his own undoubted qualifications for the profession of his choice; to his unwearied industry in practice; to his zeal and attention as a lecturer; to the incessant pains he bestowed upon the cultivation of the practical part of the surgical art,—and lastly, to the unquestionable skill which in time was the inevitable result of this application. They will also have seen for how much of his success in life he was indebted to the good offices of his early friend and benefactor, Mr. Cline. Through that gentleman's friendly instrumentality he received his first appointment as a public lecturer—Mr. Cline, again, helped him to a rich wife,—and subsequently, Mr. Cline turned over to his favourite pupil a share of his most lucrative practice. In Sir Astley's case there seems to have been no struggling with difficulties, on the contrary his path upwards to fame and fortune was thus rendered comparatively smooth and easy, and entirely freed from those

disheartening obstacles and privations with which, at the outset of the career, many men of equal skill and superior talents have had to contend. Yet there is nothing upon record which indicates that Sir Astley ever evinced or felt anything like a lasting gratitude for the unmistakable benefits thus from time to time conferred upon him. Indeed the reverse of this is almost made manifest, and were we to judge from the alacrity with which, when he saw it expedient to do so in order to attain this highly coveted object, he publicly manifested his intention of relinquishing "the companionship and intimacy of his late democratical friends," we should incline to the belief that gratitude occupied as diminutive a space in the composition of Sir Astley Cooper, as either refinement of intellect or benevolence of disposition. "Number one" was his motto through life; the "man of chance," his most prized maxim. Should a slice of good luck fall to his share, only still further to stimulate his faculty of acquisitiveness, and his untiring powers of perseverance. A busy, bustling, plodding, lucre-grasping existence his, with scarcely a pause, nothing like the shape of a lull or a rest worth mentioning from beginning to end. To the last he strove, never content, still striving to make more money. Medicine as science is indebted to him for no new discovery, and practical surgery for little else, save, probably, a few extra flourishes and novel graces of the scalpel. The most it is feared that can be said in his praise, is that he was an unprecedentedly popular practitioner, more so perhaps than any other who has ever lived—and that he left a large fortune behind him—a kind of medical king, just as George Hudson is styled a railway king, and for precisely similar reasons—the unwieldiness of his coffers, and the obesity of his bank-books. To the appellation of a great surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper is, we will allow, most indisputably entitled; but to the far higher accompanying distinctions of having been also a noble-minded and humane man, and a good Christian, we cannot reconcile ourselves to the opinion, that he possesses the remotest shadow of a claim.

W. M. R.

ABD-EL-KADER.*

THERE are some men whose names are inseparably interwoven with that of their country, so much so, that you cannot refer to one without entering upon the history of the other. Thus Lycurgus recalls that Sparta to which he gave laws; Machiavelli, that Genoa for which he so successfully plotted; Washington, that great republic for which he fought and legislated; and Abd-el-Kader that territory for which he so long struggled, and from the surface of which he has, more than once, swept the invader. The story of the hero who becomes the "foremost man of all his time" in repelling an aggression, has been repeated often and often, from that of Aristomenes to that of Tell; luckily, while the human heart beats with a love of country or of home, the tale can never tire by repetition, but the narrator will find his story listened to with throbbing breast and glistening eye, and the name of the hero will become a household word, and his deeds will be repeated from age to age with still increasing interest,

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When the young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows.

When the good man trims his armour,
And mends his helmet's plume;
When the good wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told;
How well Horatius kept the bridge,
In the brave days of old.

Even so; no matter whether the discourse be of Horatius Cocles or of Abd-el-Kader, we shall be listened to with interest. The title "*Defensor Fidei*" has scarcely been so nobly or so truly earned as that of "*Defensor Patriæ*," and the latter is the more respected.

The subject of our biography opens up new ground. Switzerland is the

patriot's *Sanctum*, Freedom has her chapel there, but Algeria, known only to Europe by piracy and slaves, renegades and swift feluccas, was scarcely deemed a fit place for the genius of patriotism to breathe in. For centuries, from the time when its Arab conquerors first gave it the name of *Al Jeriza*, (the Island) it has been identified with a tyrannous oppression, which was a galling sore to Christendom. That Spain which could glue its hand to the hilt with the innocent blood of Montezuma and his compatriots in another Continent, quailed before the crescent and the green and pointed ensign of the Moors in this. Societies of Christian knights, who of old had carried terror to the heart of Saladin and planted the cross upon the walls of Acre, were glad to buy off prisoners taken by the pirate Turk, and to form companies whose business it was to rescue those who had fallen into their barbaric clutches. Driven from Spain the Moors certainly were, but from the stronghold of *Al Jeriza* they arose and smote the Spaniard sorely.

Finding an easy prey in the rich merchants of Spain, they naturally, since love of piracy increased with success, turned their arms against other ships, and the trading Englishman became their prey. Luckily, we then had one at our head who never hesitated to protect those of whom he had styled himself Protector;—and the cannon of Cromwell, pointed by Admiral Blake, taught the Algerines to respect the flag of England. His most Christian Majesty of France acting upon this, in 1683 ordered Algiers to be bombarded by Admiral Duquesne, which led to a treaty between that power and France.

Nearly one hundred years afterwards the Spaniards grew bold enough to attempt the same thing, but without success. In 1775, General O'Reilly and a Spanish army landed near Algiers, but were obliged to retreat with loss. The Dutch, after some fighting, compounded for safety. So did the Danes and Swedes. The Austrian and Russian vessels were protected by special interference of the Porte. The Italians were, however, the most frequent losers, and the prisoners taken from them were

* For a large portion of the material of this article, we are indebted to a recent biography of Abd-el-Kader, contained in *La Nouvelle Biographie Universelle*, edited by Dr. Hoeffer. We have also availed ourselves of the notes of commandant Belissinet, who was governor of Amboise during the Emir's confinement in that fortress.—ED. B.M.

sold as slaves or made to toil in the public works.

This state of affairs remained till 1815, when America took an Algerine frigate and brig, and abolished all tribute paid to the Dey, besides making that potentate pay 60,000 dollars, compensation for the ships which had been plundered; and at the Congress held at Vienna in 1816, it was at last determined by the European powers to put an end to Christian slavery. This was effected by Lord Exmouth, who bombarded the city and reduced the Dey to terms upon that and other subjects. For eleven years subsequent to the bombardment the Algerines appear to have been sufficiently humbled; but in 1827 an insult was offered by Hassan or Hussein Pacha, the last Dey, to the French Consul, which led to the capture of Algiers by that power. This took place in 1830. The Dey capitulated to General Bourmont; abdicated and retired to Europe, and on the 1th of July, 1830, the French became possessed of the "city of Algiers, and the forts and harbours depending on it."

The "Napoleon of Peace," as he proudly styled himself, Louis Philippe, wanted to secure his throne; and to direct the attention of the fickle people he governed elsewhere, some external excitement was needed. In this he was gratified by the acquisition of Algiers. France had always dreamt of colonization. That by nature she is unfitted to be the mother of many and flourishing colonies was no matter to her. If *la perfide Albion* boasted of colonies and dependencies in every habitable portion of the globe, it was thought reasonable enough that *la belle France* should outstrip her. France then, to use the words of her historian, seized upon Algeria with "an admirable instinct." The minds of the revolutionary and dangerous classes were filled by constant rumours of conquest and aggrandizement. A portion of that immense army which is the bane of the country was kept employed, and underneath the cloak of foreign conquest the wily son of *Egalité* consolidated his power at home.

There was one, however, who proved a great obstacle in the way of French conquest, and this was Abd-el-Kader. His biography is the history of the successes and the reverses of the French in Africa, and the two subjects are natu-

rally interwoven. He was born in the environs of Mascara, in the commencement of the year 1807, and was thenceforth in the first glow of youthful vigour and enterprise, when the government of Charles X. undertook in 1820 the Algerian Expedition.

At the commencement of this enterprise they declared, as all people declare and have declared, even in the most shameful oppressions, that it only intended by the expedition to exercise "a moral influence," by striking and astounding victory. In answer to a question of the English minister, M. de Polignac avowed that the "only design of the expedition was to destroy piracy; and that end being accomplished, the evacuation of Africa would be determined by an European congress." We have seen how the promise was kept, the occupation of Rome was undertaken under a somewhat similar pretext. Will it hereafter be declared, that France seized upon that city with "an admirable instinct?"

To hold in subjection a country stretching for two hundred and fifty leagues along the coast, from Morocco to Tunis, and of a breadth of from sixty to eighty leagues, bounded by desert, and peopled by fierce hordes, the descendants of the Numidian race of Kabyles, bold, determined, energetic, was not an easy task. The towns were few and had little sympathy with or authority over, the inhabitants of the plain; they were peopled by a mixture of Jews and Moors, two races equally feeble and degenerate, therefore although easily reduced to a state of little use in the hands of the victor. Besides this, it was necessary in the event of a European war, not to displease England, and consequently the French in sending Marshal Clausel to Africa enjoined him to remain almost in a state of inaction ("d'agir le moins possible.")

The inhabitants, seeing the French shut up in Algiers, began to doubt their invincibility. Of the three Deys, only that of Oran, submitted to them. The other two entertained far less peaceable intentions. Achmet I. maintained himself in Constantine and defied the Christians to approach him; whilst the Bey of Tittery, who was near to their territory, though incumbent on him to deal the death blow; he preached a religious war,

endeavoured to shut up the French in the town they had taken. Under these circumstances Clausel had only one way left him. He put the government in order, prepared his army, and passed, for the first time, the celebrated defile of Téniah, overthrew the Arabs, occupied Médénah, the Bey's capital, and deposed the Bey. Here he stopped, having already gone far beyond the limits of his instructions. General Berthezène was sent to replace Clausel, who had so compromised his government, with orders to behave so that it would be evident that the French were uncertain about their occupation of Algeria; to impress this idea more strongly, they left him but 9,000 men to occupy their vast conquest.

The first result of Clausel's extended victory was to deliver up the inhabitants of Algeria to complete anarchy. Some wished to submit to the conquerors, others to dispute the territory inch by inch. Some united themselves under a revered Marabout, named Sidi-el-Hadji-Mahiddin, who persuaded them that it would be better to band together for the extinction of a common enemy than to indulge in an internecine war. This advice was listened to, and the tribes who occupied the territory bordering on Mascara, wished to elect the old Marabout their chief. This honour he declined on account of his old age, but whilst himself refusing, he offered in his place the third of his four sons, and declared that he was possessed of all the qualities necessary for the success of their enterprise, knowledge, activity, valour, and piety. He moreover declared that in his journey to Mecca, an old fakir had predicted that he would become the Sultan of the Arabs. This son was Abd-el-Kader, born at the *guetna* of his father, a short distance west of Mascara.

The *Guetna* of Mahiddin is a kind of college where the Marabouts assemble their young men for instruction in literature, theology, and jurisprudence. Here Abd-el-Kader became, at an early age, versed in the study of the Koran. His explanation of and observations on the difficult passages, were said to exceed those of the most skilful commentators. He had also studied with eagerness the history of his own country, and was besides a perfect master of oratory. But he did not rest with the reputation of a distin-

guished *thaleb*, (doctor or *savant*), but made himself also remarkable by those corporeal exercises which form so essential a part of the education of the Arab. He was remarkable for his skill in horsemanship, and in the use of the yatagan and the lance. To acquire the title of *Hadgi*, (saint,) he twice made the pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca; the first time certainly was in his infancy, but the second time was when he was already a young man in 1828. On his return he married, and by his wife, whom he loved tenderly, he had two sons. For some time he lived in obscurity, rendering himself remarkable by the severity of his manners, his piety, and his zeal in observing all the precepts of the Koran, until his aged father caused him to be proclaimed Emir by the inhabitants of Mascara. He then began to preach a religious war, (*djehad*), and both father and son, having placed themselves at the head of ten thousand horse, in the month of May, 1832, commenced the war by the assault of Oran. For three days they continued most determined and furious attacks, but were repulsed with loss. In this, his first battle, Abd-el-Kader is said to have shewn an almost extravagant amount of valour. Seeing the Arabs astonished and intimidated by the artillery, the young Emir turned his horse's head directly against the grape and bomb-shells, which he saw *ricocher*, and smiled as the bullets whistled past his ears.

The French general Desmichels appeared at first to wish to break through the system of inaction which had been the rule of his predecessors. He advanced against the Arabs, made a *razzia* against the hostile tribe of the Gharbas, and resolved to surprise Abd-el-Kader in his camp. Dissuaded from this, he contented himself with extending the French territory to two important posts, to Argen and to Mossaganeur (July 3rd and 29th, 1833). Abd-el-Kader, on his part, determined to centralize the Arab forces, and to extend his power. He marched on Tiemsem, reduced some hostile tribes, placed over them a new *Kaid*, and returned to Mascara, where he learnt with profound grief the death of his aged father.

Proceeding in the tortuous line of policy of putting the natives of Algeria to all sorts of inconvenience, and the

embarrassments of a country occupied by a foreign army, the French concluded with Abd-el-Kader a treaty which constituted him sovereign of the province of Oran, with the rights of monopolising the whole of the commerce of the country, in the same way in which Mehemet Ali did in Egypt. The Arabs were forbidden to trade with the Europeans except through the agent of the Emir, who himself fixed the price of their goods, which he resold to the European merchants. The treaty was divided into two parts, the Arabian and the French agreement; the first part only Desmichels communicated to his government, upon which a misunderstanding arose between the Governor-general Voirol and Desmichels, which the Emir knew how to turn to his own advantage. But as every ambitious chief has other enemies than those he meets in the open field; the coldness of his partisans, the revolt of some and the jealousy of others at his elevation, so it happened with Abd-el-Kader. Many *Kaids* declared against him, and on the 12th of April, 1834, Mustapha Ben Ismaël, chief of the Douaires, raised the standard of revolt, and, in spite of a determined resistance, overthrew him, put him to flight, and would have taken or slain him had it not been for the devotion of one of his men, who raised and remounted him. This time Abd-el-Kader was indebted to the French for assistance. Desmichels refused the friendship of Ben Ismaël, one of the most faithful allies of his nation, assisted Abd-el-Kader in repulsing him, and sent to that Emir a supply of powder and muskets. By this aid he recovered his position, and in his ambition of extending his dominion, he conceived the project of overrunning the whole of the provinces of Algiers and of Tittery; he crossed the Chélif, entered into Médéah as a victor, and placed over the tribes he had conquered friends of his own, and returned triumphantly to his own territory. This was too bold a stroke to be pleasing to the French, and General Trezel, who had superseded Desmichels, marched against the Emir to chastise him. Their forces met at Macta, the Arabians being much more numerous than the French, and the battle, which commenced favourably to the latter, terminated in their total defeat, on the 28th of June, 1835. Surprised in a

narrow pass at Macta, the squares which enclosed the wounded and the baggage were broken through, and the slaughter was immense. All the wounded were put to the sword, and their heads, stuck upon the long lances of the Arabs, were pushed, gashed and bleeding, over the bayonets of the infantry into the very faces of their comrades. After having left upwards of 500 heads (for the custom of decapitation taught the French thus to number their dead) in the hands of the enemy, and after having performed prodigies of valour, General Trezel effected his retreat.

The news of this reverse changed the policy of the French. They no longer dreamt of remaining even partially inactive. Marshal Clausel was sent expressly to take signal vengeance (*une éclatante revanche*) upon Abd-el-Kader. He marched without any resistance upon Mascara, the capital of the Emir, which he found abandoned and in ruins. After having destroyed it entirely, he returned to Oran, and, on the 8th January, 1836, recommenced the campaign. He then basely turned his arms against the friendly tribes who had absolutely first applied to the French for assistance, and effected a most cruel *razzia* on the Conloulis. Even in France this useless cruelty was condemned, and in England the papers wrote fervently against it. After two of these *promenades*, to use the French term, during which Abd-el-Kader hovered on his flanks without coming to any decisive engagement, the Marshal returned to Algiers, persuaded, if one may judge from the bulletins which he issued, that he had entirely destroyed the power of the Emir. Soon after, General d'Arlandes, conducting a convoy of provisions from Oran to Tlemcen, was attacked by the Emir, and overthrown with considerable loss, on the 21st April, 1836. This check, added to the failure of an expedition on Constantine, made the French still more energetic. General Bugeaud was ordered to effect the retirement of Abd-el-Kader, either by treaty or by arms. A new expedition was sent against Constantine, which this time was successful, and the town was carried by assault, but with immense loss to the French; and repulsed in pacific overtures, Bugeaud met the Emir, on the 6th of July, 1836, at the Pass of Sikak, where he attacked

him with the greatest vigour and overthrew him; Abd-el-Kader retiring from the combat with a loss of from 1,200 to 1,500 Arabs, killed and wounded. Instead of taking advantage of this victory, Bugeaud remained inactive, gave the chief time to recover himself, to re-establish himself in his authority; and, some months afterwards, admitted him on equal terms to a most advantageous treaty, which gave to Abd-el-Kader three-fourths of Algeria, the provinces of Oran, Tittery, and a part of that of Algiers, and granted him a facility of buying ammunition and arms in France. (*Vide* art. vii. in treaty.)

This treaty was severely criticised in France; and, in carrying it out, various obstacles were found. Abd-el-Kader availed himself of several obscure passages to extend his territory, and eluded the propositions of the French to come to a settlement. In December, 1837, he encamped near Hamza, and required and received the submission of all the tribes of the adjacent countries. And upon the Marshal Vallée, alarmed at this movement, establishing a camp at Khamis, the remnant of the tribe of Ouleb Teiton, which the Emir had on a pretext of contempt for his authority, surprised and massacred, came to the French to demand vengeance. Such acts as these were deemed flagrant violations of the treaty of Tafna; and the Governor-general made such determined and energetic protestations against them, that Abd-el-Kader consented at last to name an agent who should discuss the basis of an interpretative convention, of the second article of the treaty of the 30th of May, 1837.

Moulond-ben-Arach, who had gone to Paris loaded with presents for the King, was charged with this important negotiation. On his return to Algiers, he brought with him a convention, which, in some measure, modified three articles in the former treaty; but, in the meantime, Abd-el-Kader had profited by the truce, by strengthening his power, and fortifying his towns where possible. At Mascara, he had placed his brother-in-law, Ben-Tamir; Tlemcen was in the hands of his trusty lieutenant Bou Hamedi, and various other strongholds were held by other chiefs of the Marabouts, equally favourable to the designs of the Emir, which were, first, to inflame the tribes with a religious fervour,

making their enthusiasm subservient to his administration; and secondly, to give to the population a vigorous military constitution, so as to prepare them for the task of expelling, by an energetic and unanimous effort, all Christian sway from the soil of Africa. Nor did he rest here. He made a second line of defence, in the rear of the towns of the interior on the borders of the smaller desert. To the south at Medeah, he established a post, and to the south of Mostaganema, at Boghar, he created a military dépôt. His influence extended as far as the Desert of Sahara; and finding on every hand that the tribes were prepared for a holy war, he sent word of his intentions to General Vallée; and on the 14th of December, 1839, gave the signal for a deadly struggle. For this the French were unprepared. The colonists of Mitidja were surprised by the Hagouts; their warehouses were pillaged and burnt, and in a short time from the commencement of the campaign, the soldiers of the Emir had penetrated as far as the fortifications of Algiers, and had recovered from their enemies all the territory, save that which was inclosed by strong fortifications.

The news of this disastrous campaign struck the French nation with amazement. The Duke of Orleans, heir to the throne, hastened over to take part in the war. He was accompanied by his brother, the Duc d'Aumale, and disembarked at Algiers on the 13th of April, 1840. Operations on a vast scale were at once commenced, but after twenty engagements, wherein great valour was shown on both sides, and amongst which we must not omit the defence of Mazagan by a handful of soldiers, no decisive result was obtained. The two princes distinguished themselves by their coolness and intrepidity, and the French army, generally, impressed their opponents with a very high opinion of their courage. This, without any farther result, was unsatisfactory, and some blame being attached to General Vallée, Marshal Bugeaud was sent, in December 1840, to replace him, with an express mission to destroy the power of Abd-el-Kader, and to reduce the whole territory of Algeria. With such spirit did he follow up these instructions, that in a few months after the commencement of the campaign he had already destroyed Tekendemp, Bo-

embarrassments of a country occupied by a foreign army, the French concluded with Abd-el-Kader a treaty which constituted him sovereign of the province of Oran, with the rights of monopolising the whole of the commerce of the country, in the same way in which Mehemet Ali did in Egypt. The Arabs were forbidden to trade with the Europeans except through the agent of the Emir, who himself fixed the price of their goods, which he resold to the European merchants. The treaty was divided into two parts, the Arabian and the French agreement; the first part only Desmichels communicated to his government, upon which a misunderstanding arose between the Governor-general Voirol and Desmichels, which the Emir knew how to turn to his own advantage. But as every ambitious chief has other enemies than those he meets in the open field; the coldness of his partisans, the revolt of some and the jealousy of others at his elevation, so it happened with Abd-el-Kader. Many *Kaids* declared against him, and on the 12th of April, 1834, Mustapha Ben Ismaël, chief of the Douaires, raised the standard of revolt, and, in spite of a determined resistance, overthrew him, put him to flight, and would have taken or slain him had it not been for the devotion of one of his men, who raised and remounted him. This time Abd-el-Kader was indebted to the French for assistance. Desmichels refused the friendship of Ben Ismaël, one of the most faithful allies of his nation, assisted Abd-el-Kader in repulsing him, and sent to that Emir a supply of powder and muskets. By this aid he recovered his position, and in his ambition of extending his dominion, he conceived the project of overrunning the whole of the province of Algiers and of Tittery; he crossed the Chelif, entered into Médéa, and victor, and placed over the town, he had conquered friends of the French returned triumphantly to Algiers. This was too bold a step, not pleasing to the French government. Trezel, who had superseded Voirol, marched against the Emir, and defeated him. Their forces met on the 10th of June, the Arabians being much more numerous than the French, and the battle commenced favourably to the Emir, terminated in their total defeat on the 28th of June, 1835. Surprised

narrow pass at Macta, the squares which enclosed the wounded and baggage were broken through, and slaughter was immense. All the wounded were put to the sword, their heads, stuck upon the long lances of the Arabs, were pushed, gashed, bleeding, over the bayonets of the infantry into the very faces of the comrades. After having left upwards of 500 heads (for the custom of decapitation taught the French thus to bury their dead) in the hands of the enemy, and after having performed prodigious valour, General Trezel effected his retreat.

The news of this reverse changed policy of the French. They no longer dreamt of remaining even partially passive. Marshal Clausel was sent expressly to take signal vengeance (*une éclatante revanche*) upon Abd-el-Kader. He marched without any resistance upon Mascara, the capital of the Emir, which he found abandoned and in ruins. After having destroyed it entirely, he returned to Oran, and, on the 8th January, 1836, recommenced the campaign. He basely turned his arms against the friendly tribes who had previously applied to the French for assistance, and effected a most cruel massacre at Conloulis. Even the English, less cruelly warlike, were against it. The English government, against it, sent a fleet, and, in the month of June, 1836, which Abd-el-Kader's flanks were engaged.

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with the greatest vigour and over him; Abd-el-Kader retiring from combat with a loss of from 1,200 to 1,500 Arabs, killed and wounded. In- stead of taking advantage of this vic- tory, Bugeaud remained inactive, gave him time to recover himself, to re- establish himself in his authority; and, months afterwards, admitted him on equal terms to a most advantageous treaty, which gave to Abd-el-Kader the fourths of Algeria, the provinces of Tittery, and a part of that of Constantine, and granted him a facility of procuring ammunition and arms in France. (art. vii. in treaty.)

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Abd-el-Kader, who had gone to Algiers loaded with presents for the King, charged with this important nego- tiation. On his return to Algiers, he met with him a convention, which, as a measure, modified three arti- cles of the former treaty; but, in the time, Abd-el-Kader had profited by the delay, by strengthening his power, by fortifying his towns where possible. He had placed his brother, Abd-el-Kader, Ben-Tamir; Tlemcen was in the hands of his trusty lieutenant Bou- dier, and various other strongholds held by other chiefs of the Mar- rous, equally favourable to the designs of the Emir, which were, first, to inflame the tribes with a religious fervour,

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The news of this disastrous campaign struck the French nation with amaze- ment. The Duke of Orleans, heir to the throne, hastened over to take part in the war. He was accompanied by his brother, the Duc d'Aumale, and dis- embarked at Algiers on the 13th of April, 1840. Operations on a vast scale were at once commenced, but after twenty engagements, wherein great valour was shown on both sides, and amongst which we must not omit the defence of Mazagran by a handful of soldiers, no decisive result was obtained. The two princes distinguished them- selves by their coolness and intrepidity, and the French army, generally, impres- sed their opponents with a very high opinion of their courage. This, with- out any farther result, was unsatisfac- tory, and some blame being attached to General Vallée, Marshal Bugeaud was sent, in December 1840, to replace him, with an express mission to destroy the power of Abd-el-Kader, and to reduce the whole territory of Algeria. With such spirit did he follow up these in- structions, that in a few months after the commencement of the campaign he had already destroyed Tekendempt, Bo-

ghar, and Thaja, new fortresses built by Abd-el-Kader; had taken Mascara; had driven away the flocks, and destroyed the crops of the hostile tribes, and had by his agents occasioned many defections in the ranks of the Emir. In the following campaign in 1842, he placed General Lamoricière in occupation of Mascara, who having fortified it, sallied from thence on every side. The enemy was reduced to the defensive, and in the speech from the throne in the same year, Algeria was pronounced to be "henceforth and for ever a territory of France."

From this time Abd-el-Kader was treated, not as a sovereign prince, but as a rebel. But his genius and his courage seemed to grow stronger than ever in this last contest. Towards the middle of 1842 he had, after a vigorous resistance, lost five-sixths of his territory, all his forts and military depôts, nearly the whole of his regular army, and what was even of more consequence, that faith which the Arabs before had in his courage and his fortune. But still undaunted, he went from tribe to tribe endeavouring to relight in the hearts of his countrymen the spirit of resistance. "Would you abandon," cried he, to the reluctant and wavering tribes, "the faith of your fathers, and deliver yourselves, like cowards, to the Christians? Have you not sufficient courage to support for a few more months the evils of war? Resist your enemies but for a short time longer, and you shall crush the infidels which soil our land. But if you are not of the True Believers, if you shamefully abandon your religion, and all those rewards which the Prophet has promised you, do not think that you will obtain repose by this cowardly and unmanly weakness. As long as I have breath in this body, I will make war on the Christians, I will follow you like a shadow. I will reproach you for your cowardice, and I will break upon your slumbers by the sound of my cannon, pointed against your Christian protectors."³

By the rapidity of his movements the Emir seemed to multiply himself, and to his enemies and to the submitted tribes to be in two places at a time. Wherever he was least expected there he appeared, carrying away the cattle and decimating the tribes which had

submitted. Amongst these, fear naturally spread, and they repaired to General Lamoricière and supplicated him to assist them. He answered that they must defend themselves, and that he had more important work in seeking to disperse the remnant of the army which was still faithful to the Emir. Engaged in this, the two armies met almost accidentally at Isna, in November, 1842, and Abd-el-Kader was again defeated with great loss, and narrowly escaped being taken captive, the very horse which he rode falling into the hands of the French.

The indefatigable chieftain, escaped from this danger, found a new element of resistance amongst the mountaineer tribes of the Kabyles of Borgia. But Bugéaud, aided by the Duc d'Aumale, penetrated in the middle of the winter to the mountainous regions of the Jurjura, and dispersed the enemy. The French also kept up incessant *razzias* on the tribes who yet withheld their submission, occasionally inflicting unheard-of cruelties, and perpetrating such barbarities as were a disgrace to any nation calling themselves civilized, and a stigma on Christianity itself. One of these *razzias* ended in smothering the remnant of a tribe, consisting of upwards of ninety persons, men, women, and children, who had taken refuge in a cave. The French heaped faggots and straw at the entrance, and with the points of their lances forced back the shrieking wretches, who strove to break through the burning heap. Such measures as these struck terror into the hearts of the tribes, and after the combat of Oned-Malah on Oct. 11, 1843, wherein the Emir lost the flower of his infantry, and his bravest lieutenant, the one-eyed Sidi Embarek, Abd-el-Kader was forced to leave his country, and to take refuge on the frontiers of the empire of Morocco.

But even in exile the brave Emir was not at rest. He fermented a war between Morocco and France, which was, however, soon brought to a close by the successes of Marshal Bugeaud at Isly, and of Prince de Joinville, by sea, at Tangiers and Mogador.

After the battle of Isly, there were two courses open to the French, either to leave the capture of their great enemy to chance, or to force the Emperor to deliver him up; trusting on the antagonism in the characters of the Emperor

³ *Moniteur Algérien*, 5th July, 1842.

e Emir, they chose the former. Rhaman, the Emperor, had for Kader few feelings of love, but contrary, plenty of hatred, defiance and distrust. Although of that which obliges all its believers to fight the Christians till they are slain, the two had no one other between them. Abd-er-Rhaman empire to lose; Abd-el-Kader conquer. One was safely seated throne, the other had just been from it; nay, even if the Emir wished to carry on the war, glory would have redounded to a who was equally with himself led from the Prophet, and who so long a time borne a reputation as a saint not inferior to his fame.

Under these circumstances it is not wondered at, that a misunderstanding soon arose between Abd-er-Raman and his guest, and the latter armed, first by negotiation and by force, to accomplish one of his revolutions, which are not unfrequent amongst the Mahomedans, and would dethrone the Emperor, and himself at the head of the Moors. He, alone and without resources, in the midst of a hostile people, in open defiance with the recognised head of his tribe, wandering from place to place, without track by hunters, with no shelter at his horse, no shelter but his sword in his kingdom but the desert, the Emir yet inspired terror in the hearts of his enemies, and obliged to keep on foot an army of 24,000 men for the sole purpose of watching him. He resolved upon a night attack on the Emperor of Morocco, which would at once overthrow him, and leave the throne vacant for himself. He gathered together the remains of his scattered army, he laid his plans for the night. His intention was to throw the camp of the Emperor into confusion, he made use of the most cruel but ingenious stratagem. He used some horses to be covered with pitch and to be loaded with dry grass, and other combustible materials. They were then led, on the night of the 11th of December, 1843, to the camp of the Emperor by picked men who had been well paid for the service beforehand. The tow, &c., was fired, and the frightened animals driven into the camp.

This, diverting the attention of the sentinels and alarming the whole camp, gave time for the rapid approach and charge of the Emir. But however successful he might be in his stratagem, the attack failed, he was overpowered by numbers, and after fighting bravely he was obliged to recross the river Malomina, on the banks of which the Emperor had encamped, and to seek safety in the plains of Triffna. Placing the wives and children of his companions in the midst of his devoted band, the Emir succeeded in making the passage without losing a mule, passed over to the territory of the French, and followed by what few of his men remained, sought safety with a remnant of the friendly tribe of Beni-Snassen, which alone remained faithful to his cause.

He remained with this tribe for a short time, and thence hoped to gain the South, but the vigilance of General Lamoricière prevented him. The General thus relates the capture of the celebrated Arab Chief.

"I had been informed that the Emir had gained the country of the Beni-Snassen, and that he was desirous of escaping thence, for the faction of the tribe the best disposed towards him, was precisely that whose territory approached nearest to our own. The pass which opens on the plain of the Beni-Snassen, has its issue about a league and a half from the frontier. I determined to watch his passage, and I was decided in this by a letter from the brother of the Kaid d'Ouchda, which had been written that very evening to tell us to keep close watch in that direction, for by it the Emir would, without doubt, endeavour to pass. It was necessary to take this step quietly, so as not to awaken the suspicions of the tribes who were encamped on the route.

"For this end, two detachments of picked *spahis*, clothed in white *bournous*, were sent forward. The first took up its position at the pass itself, the second, at one intermediate point between that and our camp."

Besides taking these precautions, Lamoricière had the whole of his men under arms at two o'clock in the morning, and having calculated the probable route of the Emir, held the troops in readiness to march on the frontier. These precau-

* *Moniteur*. 2 January, 1848.

tions were successful. Abd-el-Kader, finding that escape was impossible, sent forward two of his most devoted adherents to apprise the general that he would submit to him. The lieutenant who commanded the first detachment of *spahis*, spoke with the Emir himself, who delivered to him a piece of paper with his seal attached to it, but the wind, the rain, and the darkness of the night had prevented him from writing anything upon it. He demanded a letter of safe conduct from the General, for himself and for his companions, but the reasons which prevented the Emir from writing also prevented Lamoriciere; the General therefore sent him his sabre and a seal, as a token that his request was granted.

Such is the account of the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, from the general who effected his capture. On the 23rd of December, the Emir personally yielded himself and family to the "generosity of France." On the 24th he was received at the Marabout of Sidi Brahim, by Colonel Montauban, who was soon afterwards joined by the Generals Lamoriciere and Cavaignac. He was then taken to Djemma Gazouat, where he was presented to the Governor-general of Algeria, the Duc d'Aumale. The Governor-general ratified the promise of safe conduct given him by Lamoriciere; a promise which declared that Abd-el-Kader should be conducted to Alexandria or to St. Jean d'Acre, "with the firm hope that the French Government would sanction that promise." On the 25th of February, Abd-el-Kader embarked at Oran; from Oran he proceeded on board a French ship of war to Toulon, where he arrived on the 29th with his family and suite. On his arrival at Toulon, the pain of captivity was increased by being kept for some time in quarantine. When banded he was transferred to Fort Lamalgue, whence he was sent for some time (with his suite) to the castle of Pau, and although he supplicated the Government to remember the promise of the Duc d'Aumale, he was confined without hope of release. On the revolution of February he reminded the new Government of the promise made at the time of his submission, and of the conditions upon which he did so; but the answer he received was, that all they could do at the time was to make his captivity as little rigorous as possible. November,

1848, he was transferred from the Chateau d'Amboise, near Paris. His family and himself were with great attention, but the Chieftain was evidently sinking his confinement, when he was by the present Emperor of France President, on his return from through France, in October of 1851.

This prince, we are told, I misused the Marquis of Londonderry he would at an early period liberate the ex-Emir, and had actually said, "Tot ou tard, je le mettrai en liberté." He kept his word. The *Moniteur* of 15th, 1852, thus records the act.

"The Prince has marked the end of his tour by an act of justice and generosity; he has restored Abd-el-Kader to liberty. In returning to Paris, the Prince stopped at the Chateau d'Amboise, and having seen Abd-el-Kader, informed him of the end of his captivity in the following terms:—

"Abd-el-Kader;—I come to you of your liberation. You are taken to Broussa, in the state of Sultan, as soon as the necessary preparations shall have been made you will receive there, from the government, an allowance worthy of your former rank. You are aware that the length of time your captivity has been a real affliction, for it incessantly reminded me that the government preceded me had not observed engagements entered into toward an unfortunate enemy, and nothing more humiliating for the honor of a great nation than to find it unable to stand its word to such a point. Generosity is the best counsellor, and I am convinced that your residence in Turkey will prove injurious to the tranquility of our possessions in Africa. Your life, like ours, enjoins submission to the decrees of Providence. But if it is the mistress of Algeria, the result that God willed it to be so, the French nation will never give up its conquest. You have been the captive of France, but I am not the less to do justice to your courage, your character, and to your resignation of fortune. This is the reason I consider it a point of honour to end to your captivity, having fidelity in your word.

"These noble words deeply affected the Emir. After having expressed

his Highness his respectful and eternal gratitude, he swore on the Koran that he never would attempt to disturb our rule in Africa, and that he would submit, without any ulterior design, to the will of France. Abd-el-Kader added, that it would be quite to mistake the spirit and the letter of the law of the Prophet, to imagine that it allowed any violation of engagements towards Christians, and he pointed out to the prince a verse in the Koran which formally condemns, without any exception or reservation, who ever violates sworn faith, even with unbelievers. In the opinion of all intelligent Arabs, the conquest of Africa is a *fait accompli*; they see in the constant superiority of our arms a marked manifestation of the will of God. A royal and generous policy is the only one that befits a great nation, and France will be thankful to the prince for having followed it. Abd-el-Kader will remain at the Chateau d'Amboise until all the necessary measures have been taken connected with his removal, and his residence at Broussa."

The liberation of Abd-el-Kader pleased the French nation, and not less so because the President had, by his secrecy, rendered it almost another *coup d'état*. It was only a few moments before the interview at Amboise that Louis Napoleon had communicated to General St. Arnaud, minister of war, that he was going to set Abd-el Kader at liberty on the spot. The long confinement of the Emir had aroused sympathy in England, and one noble Marquis had often pleaded with the President for his liberation.

The following is the copy of a letter addressed by Abd-el-Kader to the Marquis of Londonderry, who had interested himself particularly in endeavouring to obtain his release.

"PRAISE TO THE ONLY GOD.

"To his Lordship the Cid, General Marquis of Londonderry! Irishman by birth, dwelling in England,—greeting!

"I have received a copy of the letter written to you by his happy Lordship, the source of good, his Lordship the President, chief of the French Republic, and also a copy of that which you formerly wrote to him.

"Our brother, the Cid Captain Boissonet, has also communicated to me the letter which transmitted your greetings.

May God reward you! and also his happy Lordship, the President of the Republic, and his Lordship the Minister of War, whose generosity procured me the honour of your visit and the favour of your letter.

"Beginning of Redjib, year 1267.

"This is written according to my intentions,

"ABD-EL-KADER BEN MAKHI EDDIN."

The above will give some idea of the style of the Emir's conversation, which, like that of all those of Eastern origin, is ornamented, and abounds in imagery, parable, and metaphorical expressions. "You perhaps suffer from cold?" said the prefect who received him. "Oh no," said the Emir, "the warmth of your friendship has dispersed the cold."

After his release from Amboise, and pending the negotiations which were to transfer him to the dominions of the Sultan, he visited Paris, where his presence created quite a *furor*. The ladies of Paris, as we learn from the newspapers, vied with each other in sending to the Arab chief, various little presents and *billets doux*. He visited the opera, saw many reviews got up in his honour, received presents from the Emperor elect, and was the lion of the day. In return for his liberation he acted a somewhat theatrical part in claiming the right to vote, and in throwing his "oui," into the electoral urn. Probably some thought the part was too ridiculous and dramatic, but Abd-el-Kader, an absolute monarch himself, would certainly look upon the acts of the present Emperor with a very different eye than we do. In him, with his peculiar notions of French manners and customs, the act should perhaps be regarded as a token of gratitude. Be it as it may, it clashed with preconceived opinions of the stern desert chieftain.

He is now forty-five years of age, and in personal appearance is somewhat remarkable. His countenance is pale, and of a handsome regularity of feature, and is habitually clothed with a grave and melancholy aspect. The dark stain which he wears upon the edges of his eye-lids, gives his eyes an expression of fatigue and suffering. Small and thin moustaches, and a black beard, ornament his face, which is surrounded by a silken veil depending from his turban, which is made of a large kerchief rolled, and twisted three times round his head. His outward garment is a

LIVES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

g kaik of brown serge, which allows bare arms to be visible.

The *emala* (family and suite) of the *mir*, on his arrival in France, numbered ninety-six persons, that is thirty-four men, thirty-two women, and thirty children. The whole suite had to observe the greatest economy, having but their own clothes and a few livres. The *Emir* brought with him into France a few thousand francs, the produce of the sale of his horses. Yet from this small sum he gave on quitting Pau three hundred francs to be distributed amongst the poor of the town. Each day at three o'clock, his suite and himself performed their devotions in common, the prayer is followed by a portion of the Koran being read aloud. The

chiefain passed the rest of the time in reading or in meditation.

Such is Abdel Kader. In releasing him Louis Napoleon acted wisely. He drew a marked contrast, which the nation felt, between the conduct of the English towards Napoleon, and his own towards his captive. Set at liberty in the manner he has been, and arrived in Broussa, on friendly terms with the Sultan, he may probably forward the designs of the Emperor, or he may lead the armies of the Sultan against Russia, should a disturbance between those powers ensue. But these are mere speculations; certain it is, that he is less dangerous when free and on *parole*, than when incarcerated at Amboise.

F.

COLA DI RIENZO.

In the earlier half of the fourteenth century the condition of Italy presented one of those anomalous phenomena which sometimes arise in the history of nations. While it was the wealthiest, the most commercial, and the most enlightened of all the kingdoms of Europe, it was at the same time the most disturbed and the most distracted, internally, of any. A prey to two contending factions, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines (terms Italianized from the German words "Wolf" and "Waiblingen,") it had become the arena of every species of dissension and violence. The Guelphs, in some degree, zealous for the independence of their country, fought under the papal standard, while the Ghibellines flocked round the German eagle, the imperialists having usurped the titles and prerogatives of the empire of Charlemagne, which the French, through their weakness and pusillanimity, had been unable to retain. Perhaps, had the patriotism of either party been sincere, the conflict would have been brought to a decisive issue, and the power of the various states might have been permanently consolidated under one rule—whether papal or imperial it would have signified but little to the harassed population. As it is plain, however, that the adverse factions were swayed infinitely more by personal motives,

both interested and vindictive, than by genuine patriotic feeling, we need not marvel that the whole country became a prey to all the horrors of intestine warfare. So much was this the case, that the roads and rivers throughout the entire peninsula were impassable to travellers who should venture to traverse them without a powerful military escort. The castles of the powerful barons who fought on either side, instead of being garrisoned by disciplined soldiers, in regular pay, were in the hands of a savage banditti, who as the sole recompense for their services in war, were permitted to levy contributions upon all, of whatever party or profession, who were so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. Violence, rapin and murder passed unpunished and unjudged, unless indeed the victim outrage had friends or partisans sufficiently powerful to avenge his wrong because both the judicial and executive powers were at the disposal of the parties against whom they ought justice to have been directed. Even Rome itself the barons had for all the strong places and castles ecclesiastical states, and had taken forcible possession of all the palaces longed to the popes. The papal it will be remembered, was, by Cola di Rienzo, removed to Avignon in

a step to which the poet Petrarch and many other writers of the day, attributed the aggravated miseries which had long afflicted Italy and at length consummated the downfall of her ancient glory.

It was in the spring of the year 1347, when the rival houses of the Colonna and the Orsini divided the whole of the aristocracy of Rome into two raging factions, whose assassinations, robberies, and conflagrations spread havoc and dismay among the peaceful citizens, that Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini, or, as he was named by his contemporaries, COLA DI RIENZO, made his first effectual appeal to the Roman people. This remarkable man, the son of a tavern-keeper and a laundress, but well-educated, handsome, and naturally eloquent, had conceived a strong desire of reforming the government of Rome, and nourished an implacable hatred of her lawless oppressors. He had already been chosen as one of a deputation to the Pope at Avignon, before whom he had boldly accused the barons as the authors of all the evils which oppressed the city. Upon his return he found himself in possession of the respect of his fellow-citizens through the fearless integrity he had shewn, for which, moreover, he was persecuted by the Cardinal Colonna. His first step was to form a party upon whom he thought he could depend; but he soon found that he must have recourse to the people themselves in order to redeem the city from anarchy, and restore that equal reign of justice and law which he emphatically called the "Good Establishment." Being a notary by profession, his functions called him continually to the Capitol. Having there assembled the multitudes, he caused a painting to be exhibited, in which the city of Rome was represented as a woman overcome with fear and anguish, seated upon the deck of a vessel in distress and fast going to pieces; around her were the wrecks of four other vessels, on each of which was the corpse of a female, representing Babylon, Carthage, Troy, and Jerusalem. With this picture as a text, Rienzo declaimed with eloquence against the nobles who had brought the vessel of the state to such a pass.

By these and similar means he succeeded in arousing the resolution of the populace to be free; and though

the nobles at first derided him as a political quack, and sneered at the possibility of effecting a change in government by the means of pictures and allegories; many of them, nevertheless, came away from his orations seriously impressed with the truths he proclaimed.

Rienzo steadily adhered to his project, and on the first day of Lent, 1347, he affixed on a church door the following announcement, "In a few days the Romans will return to their ancient Good Establishment." He then collected his partisans on the Mount Aventine, and implored them as true Romans to assist him in saving their country. His audience were moved to tears at his appeal; but he reanimated their courage with assurances that it rested with them alone to restore the Roman government and reduce the rebels. He told them that the Pope sanctioned his proceedings; and he administered an oath upon the Evangelists that they would concur with him in endeavouring to restore their ancient freedom.

But the time for action was now at hand, and he resolved to seize the first favourable moment for depriving the lawless nobles of their authority. Accordingly, on the 19th of May, during the absence of the senator, old Stefano Colonna, from Rome, he having departed with a number of his followers to superintend a convoy of grain to Corneto, Rienzo proclaimed by sound of trumpet that every Roman was to meet him on the morrow to take measures for the "Good Establishment." Having passed the night in the performance of thirty masses, he appeared on the following morning, escorted by a hundred men-at-arms, at the head of a huge procession which directed its course towards the Capitol. Arrived at the foot of the grand staircase, Cola turned towards the people, and demanded their approval of the laws which he had laid down, and caused them to be read in a loud voice. They provided for the public security in general: a guard of both horse and foot was to be quartered in that part of the city for the protection of the citizens, and cruisers were to be stationed in the Tiber to protect the shipping and commerce. The right of the nobles to keep fortresses was abolished; all places of defence were to be delivered to the delegates of the people;

grammies were to be established; the poor were assured of alms; and the magistrates bound to administer justice according to law.

These laws were enthusiastically received by the people, and Rienzo was invested with the sovereign power to put them into execution. Cola, the senator, on hearing of this, returned in haste to Rome with his followers. Cola, the next day, sent him an order to quit the city: the old man contemptuously tore it in pieces, and threatened to have the Tribune thrown out of window. On this Rienzo rung the alarm-bell, assembled his followers, and attacked the quarters of the baron, who had barely time to escape to his castle at Palestrina with a single servant. The rest of the barons thought fit to quit the city when ordered to do so; and their strong places were assigned to the guardianship of companies of militia. The bands of braves and plunderers were made over to justice, and Rienzo was hailed as the liberator of his country.

Having thus delivered the city from her cruel and depopling plagues, the Tribune turned his attention to the surrounding districts. He sent orders to all of any rank to repair to the Capitol, to swear fealty to the constitution. One of the young Colonnas, who had come to Rome from curiosity, found it prudent to take the oath. Others soon arrived, of either faction, and the constitutional oath was administered to all alike, even to merchants, private gentlemen and citizens.

After the long reign of anarchy and terror, the Romans were delighted with their newly recovered liberty. Meanwhile the Tribune sent ambassadors to the Pope to demand his approbation; and zealous partisans among the learned at the pontifical court were not wanting to his cause. The security restored to the highways was hailed as a benefit to the whole Christian world, at a time when the passion for pilgrimages universally prevailed. The couriers of Rienzo were favourably received in all the neighbouring states, and the authority of the man of the people was generally acknowledged. Petrarch corresponded with him, and wrote in his praise. The Florentines sent him a hundred horsemen, and offered more; the Peruggians sent him sixty men-at-arms; the Siennese, fifty; and the whole

of Italy appeared prepared to second his enterprise.

Rienzo, now at the height of his greatness, began to show the first symptoms of that vanity which ultimately caused his ruin. He assumed the title of the August Tribune and Illustrious Deliverer of the Republic. He has, however, been wrongly blamed for severities at this period of his career, which were nothing more than acts of strict justice. If he cleared the Roman territory from cut-throats, ravishers, and plunderers, the circumstances of the times clearly admitted of his doing so by the most summary process.

Having at length succeeded in reducing the nobles to a state of submission, he made a report of their humiliation to the pontifical court at Avignon, that he might appear at least to act with the concurrence of his holiness.

But the height which he had climbed turned his head; and, dizzy with the grandeur of his exaltation, he gave the reins to his vanity, and lost by the most paltry and contemptible of the human passions all that he had acquired by the exercise of the noblest qualities. He strove to augment his importance by gawdaw processions and public spectacles, gorgeous robes, banners and standards. He paraded the city with a globe in his hand, as a symbol of the destined sway of the empire. He multiplied fetes and ceremonies from the sheer love of pomp; and debased his greatness by aping royalty. He was served by lords, and his wife was waited upon by the ladies of the court. He kept a luxurious table, and launched into the most unqualified extravagance. All this scandalized that idea of propriety of which even the vulgar have a keen sense, and substituted ridicule for reverence in the popular mind. Rienzo's relations, connected with the wine-shop and the wash-tub, when raised, as they were, to the highest dignities, reaped reproach rather than respect for the aims they assumed. When the populace saw his uncle, the barber, equipped with sword and helmet, instead of razor and bason, and attended by an escort of the magnates, whose chins he had so lately shaved, they indulged in a laugh—ominous of the future. As a crowning absurdity, Rienzo must needs be made a knight—a title utterly at variance with that of Tribune. The ceremony, however, took place, and was

preceded by a festival, the most sumptuous and luxurious ever seen. Clad in scarlet and the finest fur, the besotted Cola was girded with the sword of chivalry by Vico Scotto, a Roman knight. Mass was then celebrated with all the ceremonies observed at the consecration of royalty. During their performance Rienzo advanced towards the people, and with a loud voice summoned the Pope and all his cardinals to Rome—challenged Louis of Bavaria and Charles of Bohemia to show their right to the empire; declared the whole of the Italian cities to be free, and conferred the rights of Roman citizenship upon them all; he then called the world to witness that the election of the Roman emperor belonged to the city of Rome, to its people, and to all Italy: with that, drawing his sword and striking the air with it in the direction of the three parts of the world, he exclaimed, "This is mine! this is mine! this is mine!" Directly afterwards he despatched his summonses to the Pope and the two emperors.

The Pope's vicar, the bishop of Orvieto, though thunderstruck, as he might well be, at this boldness, protested through a notary that the Tribune assumed such power without his consent or that of the Pope; but Cola drowned the protest with the din of the drums and trumpets. A magnificent banquet followed this ceremony, at which the poor vicar did not refuse to attend, and to eat alone at a marble-table with the Tribune, whose wife presided at the new palace at the head of the wives and daughters of the nobility.

All this feasting and feasting wasted the public revenues, and raised alarm in sober minds. At one of Rienzo's festivals, shortly after, the old Colonna who had threatened to throw him out of window, took an occasion gently to reprove him for his pomp and extravagance. Stung with the reproof, the Tribune sallied angrily from the hall without replying, and gave immediate orders to arrest all the nobles present, under the pretext of a conspiracy. He next day convoked an assembly in the Capitol, and announced his determination to cut off the heads of all the nobles, whom, he alleged, he had found guilty of treason. Confessors were sent to the imprisoned magnates to take their last confessions previous to execution; but whether he only intended to frighten them, or whether he was moved by the

prayers of others, he pardoned their pretended crimes, and immediately loaded them with favours and important commissions. But the favour which comes upon the heels of an unmerited injury demands little gratitude; and the nobles were no sooner out of prison and beyond the walls of Rome, than they sought for vengeance. The once furious rivals, the Colonnas and Orsini, now conspired together, fortified the castle of Marino, and collected considerable forces before Rienzo could anticipate their measures. They raised the standard of revolt, overthrew a number of strongholds, and carried devastation to the gates of Rome. Rienzo was no warrior. For a long time he tried the virtue of proclamations and threats; but at length, forced to arms by the clamours of the people, who suffered the loss of their crops and cattle, he was compelled to call out the militia. At the head of more than 20,000 men, he marched forth, and laid waste the territory of Marino. After a week's campaign without fighting, he led back his forces to the city. Here he proudly assumed the Dalmatian mantle, the costume of emperors, and received the Pope's legate who had arrived at Rome for the purpose of vindicating the authority of the pontiff.

In the mean time revolt had broken out at Palestrina, under the conduct of the Colonnas, who, relying on the aid of their partisans in Rome, advanced at the head of 10,000 men to within four miles of the city gates. Rienzo, though in command of considerable forces, had not courage to sally forth, but contented himself with haranguing the citizens within the walls. Bravado rather than courage seemed indeed the prevailing quality on either side, and threats, abuse, and denunciations were exchanged instead of blows. At length, through the rashness of John Colonna, (grandson of the old senator,) who rushed alone through one of the gates of the city, where he was speedily surrounded and put to death, both parties were drawn into a conflict, which resulted most disastrously for the barons: six of the Colonnas, and five other principal nobles perished on the spot, and Rienzo's victory was complete. His pride and vanity now dilated beyond measure; and he returned in triumph to the Capitol. He boastfully harangued the people, and forbade funeral honours to be paid

to the corpses of the *Colonnas*. Instead of following up his advantage, he wasted his time in idle pageantries, and incensed all parties by his extravagance.

By this time the papal court, whose hostility had been effectually aroused by his insolent conduct, began to recover from the panic which had possessed them, and to meditate vengeance. Towards the end of August one of his couriers arrived with despatches; instead of being received with honour, as before, he was arrested near Avignon, and not allowed to enter the town; his letters were taken from him and torn to pieces, and himself sent back to Rome with ignominy; where he returned to find the public feeling outraged by another mad act of the Tribune, who had expelled the female relatives of the slain *Colonnas* from the church of Santa Maria, whither they had resorted to perform the funeral obsequies of their kinsmen. It was plain to all sensible persons that the popularity of Rienzo was waning fast, and that the Holy Church had become his mortal enemy.

At this juncture a dangerous and enterprising foe appeared against him. This was Giovanni Papino, Count of Minerbino, a Neapolitan exile and a freebooter. Entering Rome with his associates, he formed an alliance with the Pope's legate and the family of the *Colonnas*, and in spite of Rienzo's order to quit the city, fortified himself in the quarter where the *Colonnas* had their palace, from whence he sent back with contempt all those who came with orders from the Tribune. Cola attacked his barricades, but to no purpose, the Romans declining to combat for him; they were weary of his pomp and prodigality, and could not be excited by his eloquence to enthusiasm for one whose weaknesses had long been the butt of their ridicule. In vain he exhausted the resources of his rhetoric, and desecrated on the good he had done and still intended to do; in vain he smote his breast, and sighed, and wept, and appealed to their slumbering patriotism; they could not be moved to grant him that assistance which would have guaranteed him an easy victory. Seeing this, he at length gave up the attempt, and concluded his speech by declaring his intention of resigning his authority. Not a single voice opposed his resignation. After this he arrayed himself in all the gaudy badges of his

office, and accompanied by the few friends still attached to him, traversed every quarter of Rome heralded by the sound of the silver trumpets, and at length shut himself up in the castle of St. Angelo.

In three days after his retreat the factions nobles had resumed the strong places from which they had been expelled, and the city was plunged into a worse state of anarchy, rapine, and confusion than that from which Rienzo had delivered it.

After remaining shut up in the castle of St. Angelo above a month, Rienzo escaped in the disguise of a monk. He wandered for a considerable time through the cities of Italy, Germany, and Bohemia, in the vain hope of tempting the ambition of some bold adventurer to aid him in the recovery of his power. He mingled at Rome with the pilgrims of the Jubilee, himself in a pilgrim's garb—decamping and concealing himself in times of danger among the retired passes of the Apennines. He resolved at length to appeal to the generosity of the noblest of his enemies. Hastening to the court of Charles the Fourth, at Prague, he solicited and obtained audience as a stranger, and revealed himself to that sovereign as the ex-Tribune of the Roman republic. Whatever were his hopes he was made captive, a character which he supported with independence and dignity; and he obeyed with becoming reverence the summons of the pontiff to appear and answer the charges made against him at the papal court. He was despatched in careful custody from Prague to Avignon, which he entered in the character of a malefactor; he was imprisoned, and chained by the leg to the floor of his apartment, and judges were appointed to investigate the charges of heresy and rebellion which were brought against him. His trial, however, seems never to have taken place. His misfortunes and magnanimous spirit excited the pity and esteem of the reigning pontiff, who caused him to be more humanely treated. Henceforth he was kept in easy and comfortable confinement, and indulged with the use of the classical authors upon the study of whose works he had formed his taste; in the perusal of Livy and the Bible, it is said that he experienced a consolation for all his misfortunes.

Pope Clement the Sixth died in 1352;

and in the accession of the succeeding pontiff, Innocent the Sixth, who, though a thorough simpleton, was still more favourable to Rienzo, the prospect of deliverance for Rome once more revived.

During the imprisonment of the ex-Tribune the state of the city had been growing from bad to worse. Robbery and assassinations were become almost too frequent to attract notice; and all regard for law and justice seemed annihilated in men's bosoms. The Senator of Rome, Bertolo of Ursini, had been murdered by a bravo, and since his death none other had been appointed. Francesco Baroncelli, secretary to the senate, an ambitious man, but devoid of eloquence, talent or principle, had succeeded in inducing the populace to elect him, as they had before done Rienzo, to the office of Tribune; but he had availed himself of his exaltation to gratify his private revenge, and had been deservedly put to death in return for his reckless cruelty.

Desirous, if possible, to put a stop to the evils which desolated the ancient capital of the empire, Innocent despatched Rienzo to Rome, absolved from all penalties and censures, and fully empowered to restore the government of order and the laws. Further, he sent Cardinal Albornoz after him into Italy, with directions to establish him as governor of the city under the title of senator. But Rienzo, desirous of being independent of the Cardinal for the exercise of power, formed a connection with two brothers of the famous Chevalier de Montreal, whom he met with at Perugia on his way to Rome, and who assisted him with both money and troops, and attached themselves to his fortune. Thus attended, he made a triumphant entry into the ancient city.

Being established as senator, his first attempt was to bring the nobles to submission, and to make them swear fidelity to the constitution. He sent messengers to young Stefano Colonna, now the head of that family; but the young noble, secure in his castle at Palestrina, treated them with indignity, and insulted the Tribune by hostile excursions even to the gates of Rome—insults which Rienzo was unable either to punish or repress, for want of money, the true sinews of war. It would appear that the "uses of adversity" had had no beneficial effect upon this extraordinary man, but had rather aggravated than

subdued the vices of his character. He acted with infamous ingratitude towards Montreal, the brother of the very man to whom he stood indebted for troops and money. This chevalier had followed the Senator to Rome to watch over the interests of his relatives, who were compromised by Rienzo's conduct. Rienzo seized him and caused him to be put to death, and then possessed himself of the treasure which he had amassed. Nor was this the only deed of blood justly laid to his charge.

Having exhausted all the wealth he had, in the vain attempt to reduce the Castle of Palestrina, he was compelled to send away his troops for want of money to discharge their arrears of pay. In this emergency he levied a new tax upon the citizens, to which they refused to submit, but rose in insurrection. The insurgents traversed the various quarters of the city, crying, "Long live the people—death to Rienzo." As they advanced to the Capitol, the senator found himself suddenly deserted by his guards and followers, and left with only three remaining friends to encounter the fury of an enraged mob. He caused the gates of the palace to be closed; but the rabble fired the building. The flames, however, barred access to the staircase, and thus separated him from the assailants. He now accoutred himself in his knightly armour, grasped the standard of the people, and appearing in the balcony, besought, by signs, an audience of the crowd. If he could have obtained it, he would in all probability, such was the magic power of his eloquence, have appeased the rage of the multitude: but they refused to hear him, and greeted him with a shower of stones which drove him back into the palace. He made a second attempt to harangue the mob from the terrace of the Chancery, which was open, but all his efforts were of no avail. Undecided between a glorious death and the hopes of escape, three times he put on his armour, and put it off again. But the building was now forced, and the mob were pillaging the chambers within his hearing. Stripping himself of everything likely to lead to his recognition, he assumed the disguise of a door-keeper, and boldly traversing the burning chambers, he spoke to the plunderers in the vulgar jargon of their class, and directed them where to find the richest spoil. In this way he passed through two gates without

discovery, but he was stopped at the third by a Roman soldier who demanded where he was going. Losing his presence of mind, he no longer attempted concealment. He was led to the foot of the stairs of the Capitol, in front of the lion of porphyry, where he had himself aforetime passed so many sentences of death.

At his appearance a profound silence succeeded to the furious outcries of the rioters, not one of whom had the courage to touch him. With his arms crossed upon his breast he awaited their decision, and availing himself of their silence, he was about to address them, when Cecco del Vecchio, an artisan,

fearful of the effect of his redoubtable eloquence, ran him through the body. This was the signal for a general assault, and the ex-Tribune soon expired beneath the blows of a hundred weapons. His head was cut off, and his mutilated trunk dragged disgracefully through the city.

Thus perished Cola di Rienzo, the last of the Roman Tribunes—a man whose undoubted patriotism renders him a subject of interest as well to the historian as to all lovers of their country, who can but mourn over the crimes and follies which, originating in boundless vanity, were consummated in death and ruin.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

SINCE antiquity no man ever influenced more powerfully the intellect and the feelings of his country than JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. Since antiquity no man has been more libelled or more admired. Half a century of criticism, wherever literature is known, has exhausted all the forms of apology and all the resources of vituperation to clear or to calumniate his name. A third stream has broken from the confluence of these hostile tides, to receive the truth of both; but in a war of ideas few eyes are turned upon the neutral ground. The moderators remain obscure while the enemy and the advocate attract the observation of mankind. In one respect, however, there is a universal harmony of opinion. Rousseau possessed, it is acknowledged, a mind which rose above the level of his age like Caucasus over the plains of Asia. They who describe this mighty genius of the Alps as making of a whole nation his proselytes and his victims, speak of him, nevertheless, as an imperial master of language, as one whose declamation, passionate as it was, ornate with the richest imagery, and modulated to a lyrical sweetness, was frequently inspired by pure sentiments, and ruled by perfect reason. The bland persuasion of his pen, indeed, could almost change an illusion into a reality; but in his most fantastic reveries there were often grand speculations on truth, and amid the moral chaos of his mind a knowledge and a reverential love of virtue.

Of such a man, whose life was like a storm in the torrid zone,—half cloud, half fire, with hells of unimaginable peace, and episodes fraught with the very spirit of romance, it is not easy to describe the idiosyncrasies, or to relate the story. Even if a narrative of his acts and thoughts were faithfully given, the summary of his character as a whole, would be a difficult task. There is so much that is strange to be comprehended, so much that seems contradictory to be reconciled, so much that appears unintelligible to attribute to its true cause, that the colours become confused, and the light, flashing through the shade, leaves a picture which art considers grotesque, and philosophy can scarcely understand.

If, however, there be still doubt and controversy about Rousseau, it is not that the records of his life are few. He is the priest of his own shrine, the interpreter of a mystery created by himself. It was his vanity to believe that nature, after making him, broke the mould in which he had been formed; that whether he was better or worse than other men, he was at least unlike them, and that the sincere explanation of his acts would be a lesson of eternal value to the world. From his cradle, therefore, almost to the approach of his tomb we have his career reflected in his own estimate of his own deeds, passions, and ideas. Whatever our judgment may be, Rousseau's defence remains as immortal as his fame; and when his critics are in-

temperate his confessions form a perpetual tribunal of appeal.

He was born at Geneva in 1712. His father Isaac, was a skilful watchmaker; his mother Susannah, the daughter of a minister. They were poor, but their affection strengthened with many trials until Jean came into the world, a feeble child, whose birth was from a death-bed. The husband grieved bitterly for his loss, never embraced his infant but with sobs, taught him earliest the words of lamentation, and long remained desolate himself, but when, forty years afterwards, he died, it was in the arms of a second wife. His sister took care of little Jean, and by her tenderness, he was rescued from the sickly state which at first seemed to leave no hope of his being reared.

Rousseau began early to emerge from the ethereal, unconscious innocence of infancy. He felt before he thought, as all do; but he stimulated his feelings at the very dawn of life by the excitement of romances, which his father often read to him all night, until startled at sunrise by the caroling of the birds. By this dangerous process he acquired not only an acquaintance with books, but a familiarity with the passions which prepared him to be the sport of every emotion known to the human breast. But when he had every feeling active, he had no ideas. The picture of man's nature, therefore, which suggested itself to him, was one fantastic and grotesque illusion, never entirely dispelled by the experience of his later years. This succession of visions, however, did not continue to fill his whole intellectual prospect. In 1719, at an age when common children spin their first top, and fly their first kite, he began a new series of studies,—modern history and the classics. He read the eloquent discourses of Bossuet, whom the French claim as a greater than Demosthenes; the Lives of Plutarch, the story of the Venetian Republic, the fables of Ovid and La Fontaine, and the dramas of Molière. He loved to pause over the achievements of the heroic warriors and statesmen, the orators and poets of antiquity, and the inventions of fiction now seemed to him less brilliant than historical truth. Juba he forgot for Brutus, Orontes for Agesilaus. And the perusal of these works influenced his mind with a double power. They nurtured in him a free, republican spirit; they made

him unconquerable and fierce, incapable of submission and impatient of authority. Scaevola and Curtius were the heroes of his waking dreams—Athens and Rome, the cradles and the tomb of public liberty and virtue. But from that tomb he early imagined that patriotism might again be invoked to adorn with a similar virtue the degenerated states of Europe.

He had an elder brother, spoiled in his childhood, and then, as usual, severely treated when a boy. For him he felt a strong affection, and willingly suffered to spare him from punishment; but at length the young fellow ran away, disappeared altogether from sight, and left Jean Jacques in the position of an only son. Like most only sons he was idolized by all around him, and like most children similarly treated gave way to wanton habits and the impulse of weak desires. He became greedy, and indifferent to the truth; he became mischievous, and even inclined to steal; but he was humane, and never maliciously injured another. Thus the morning of his existence passed, and loving his friends as well as beloved by them, the future star of those Alps rose faintly above the horizon of infancy. His aunt was a woman of gentle character, not to be forgotten in history, because from her Rousseau derived that taste for music which afterwards developed into one of the passions of his mind. But this serene course of his early life was interrupted by an occurrence which strongly influenced all the rest. Isaac, the watchmaker, in consequence of a quarrel, exiled himself from Geneva, and Jean Jacques was left under the tutelage of his uncle, an engineer. By him he was placed, with a little cousin of the same age, at a school at Boiséy, under a minister, Lambercier. There he first began to study with any system, though the usage he received being tender and kind, no reminiscences of irksomeness appear to have remained of his school-boy days.

Already the fatal disease of Rousseau's character was spreading with frightful virulence through his heart and mind. The predominance of animal passions developed itself, and the humiliating account of it in his confessions remains unique among the voluntary revelations of vice. Already, too, the happiness of his childhood was drawing towards a

close. The power of feeling which made him peculiarly susceptible of innocent as well as criminal pleasure, rendered him keenly alive to insult, suffering, or disappointment. An unjust punishment inflicted on him at Boissy rankled in his breast. The place was the same—beautiful, serene, with orchards, gardens, and pleasant walks, but it was Eden without innocence, and the whole charm of it was gone. With his little cousin Rousseau became a rebel against the authority of Monsieur and Mademoiselle Lambercier. He became sly, he disobeyed, he uttered falsehoods to conceal his faults. They became weary of him, as he of them, and after a residence of many months, he went back to his uncle at Geneva.

There he passed two or three years, while his friends concerted how to dispose him for the great experiments of life. His cousin was studying to become an engineer, and with him Jean Jacques took lesson, though he never displayed so fine an aptitude for this, as for that other science which taught him how to undermine and blast a throne. The persons he was with aided little in guiding his pursuits or elevating his desires. His uncle was dissipated and careless; his aunt devoted to superstition, and more charmed with the psalmery than with training to good the minds of the children. Rousseau and his little companion therefore enjoyed a licence, which encouraged them in indolent habits, or rather habits of frivolous activity. They made engines, flutes, kites, tambourines, but, and bower; they imitated the marionettes brought to Geneva by some strolling Italian; and Jean Jacques wrote comedies for representation. Thus a glimmering of his genius was already visible, and the author of the "New Heloise" may be imagined declaiming as a child the earliest effusions of his pen among the lakes and mountains which gave to him his inspiration. There too, among his playfellows, he might have been seen attempting to redress the wrongs of any that were injured, and to be a paladin in perfection he must engage in some amorous adventure; to emulate the chivalry of the Crusades. There was a Madame de Vulson, who cured him sometimes, and with her this half-grown boy played the part of a tyrannical lover. And then as a Dora to this, Agnes there was Mademoiselle Gaton,

with whom he held brief and serious interviews, as the more playful of his early sentimentalities. As he felt like a Turk or a tiger, dared to spare a smile for any one. With the other he was a stern, and peremptory despot, and so, fantastic follies, colouring his mind every unnatural hue, forcing him to a preternatural growth, and making him a stranger to the crowd of his own race. He spent a part of his life which have been dedicated to a fruitless career.

But this illusion was not of long continuance. The friends who had not left him till now, at last determined on his career, and he was apprenticed to M. Ducommun, a metal-graver at Geneva. His master was a rough, violent young man, who appeared resolved to break the spirit of his servant into a humility consistent with his condition. He thought, with his condition elegant requirements were now ten. Latin, history, romances were replaced by the manipulations of the engraver. Still, this was a rather repulsive to the youthful imagination. He had a talent for design, and since the requirements of his were very limited, hoped to arrive at speedy perfection. In this probability would have succeeded had not idleness and despotism of his master quenching the aspiration. Instead of steady application to the legitimate branches of his art, he soothed his mind by kindred occupations more congenial to his mind. He engraved and imitated the decorations of chivalry detected by Ducommun and punished, because, as the petty tyrant pretended, he was copying base and forging the arms of the Republic.

The invariable influence of this was to corrupt. Rousseau was corrupted by the tyranny of his master. He to his service with a determined act, honourably, but the treatment received disgusted him with his service. He began by idleness, then on to falsehood—from a liar he became himself into a thief. With his he had been free and high-spirited with his schoolmaster independent with his uncle cautious and dexterous but now he became timid, and intriguing, "lost already," according to his own confession. He had been

customed to an equality with all around him; to share in all they had; to enter into all their amusements; but now he was compelled to silence; to leave the table before the repast was over, to submit to every command, whether reasonable or not, and to refrain from uttering a word in his own behalf. The results were lamentable. They were also not surprising. I do not mean that they were inevitable, but they were inevitable on Rousseau. Many a character has come out purged from such an ordeal, and no one commands respect who yields to influences so continually active in society. But the young poet of Geneva had not within him that unflinching faith in virtue which is the foundation of self-respect; he had not that love of the good for its own sake, which is at once the revenge and the consolation of other men. When he was injured, he injured himself still more; he reckoned always with the world, and never with himself.

Be this as it may, it is undoubted that under M. D'ecommon he practised dissimulation, lying, and even theft. He was not allowed to share in the delicacies of the table—so he stole asparagus; he was excluded from the dessert—so he stole apples. But amid all these inventions to beguile his weariness reading was the supreme pleasure of his mind; and thus he entered on his seventeenth year, a son of Hagar, a tutored enemy to all the powerful among mankind. On Sundays it was his custom to stroll with some companions in the neighbourhood of the city. Twice he delayed his return so long that the gates were closed, and on the morrow he suffered the harshest punishment which his master's severity could devise. The third time, he was warned, would expose him to a more disgraceful penalty. That he determined to avoid. Accordingly he was more watchful of the hours, and for a long time was not again shut out. But at length the unfortunate chance occurred again. There was a certain captain of the guard, whose usage it was to close the barriers half an hour earlier than any of his colleagues. By this the vigilance of Jean Jacques was defeated. Returning one evening from a ramble, he heard, when about a mile and a half off, the sound of the evening bell. He redoubled his pace. The beating of the drum began. With all the power of his limbs he ran, in order

to be in time. Coming within sight of the postern he saw the platoon of soldiers moving down to close it. He fled forward, cried aloud, and was all but on the drawbridge when it reared backwards, and its ponderous iron arms were flung up into the air.

Rousseau, in a convulsion of that passionate rage, which was a symptom of his character, flung himself on the glacis, and ground the dust between his teeth. Then starting up, he swore never to enter again his master's house. To his companions he made an adieu, telling them to confide in his cousin the place of his flight, and then he turned his back upon Geneva. Had it not been, he solemnly avers, for the cruelty of his master, he would never have gone thence; he would never have resigned his country, or forgotten his religion, or exchanged the life of a simple republican burgher, for that of an Ishmael, pouring out against the rulers of earth an imperial eloquence from the midst of a desert of his own creation.

Here was Jean Jacques quitting his country, his parents, his means of living, to plunge, though still a boy, into an unknown labyrinth of adventure. He was not yet sufficiently skilled in his calling to gain a livelihood by it; but he was free, independent, full of heart and soul, and he struck out boldly upon the wilderness of the world. Wealth, pleasure, excitement, friends ready to serve him, beauty glad to smile on him—these were the pictures of his reverie; not a tumultuous confusion of all the earth's delights, but one light, brilliant, happy castle in the air. Some one to respect, and some one to love, and some one to be tenderly caressed by—this was the triple-tinted star that glimmered far off, over the fleeting horizon of his hope.

For some days he remained near the city, lodging in the cottages of peasants who knew him well, and hospitably entertained him. Then he went to the house of M. de Pontverre, the minister of Cassignon, about two leagues from Geneva. This good man first spoke to him of hierarchical disputes, and heresies in general, finishing by an invitation to dinner. To an argument so concluded Jean Jacques had little to say. He was too convivial to be a good theologian. And thus he listened willingly to the diatribes of his host against the Reformed Church, which prepared him

for an apostacy to the superstition of Rome.

M. de Pontverre directed his young friend to go to Annecy, where he would find a charitable lady, a new convert to Catholicism, who, living on a pension from the King of Sardinia, shared it with the needy. Rousseau was humbled by the necessity to obey. He desired to be provided, but not by alms; and the acceptance of these was not the less painful, because they came from a religious devotee. Nevertheless he went to Annecy, walked up to the chateau, and sang a song under the most attractive window. There was a sort of madness of romance in his mind. He expected that some beautiful maiden would be in the chamber above, soothing her heart by listening to the modulations of his voice; or that some train of stately ladies would appear and invite him to partake of the hospitality of their abode.

It was the day of a religious festival, in 1728. Rousseau stood trembling between excitement and timidity. Who that, looking at that humbly attired youth, trilling madrigals under a window, could have prophesied that his genius would vibrate in the heart of a whole nation for a hundred years, and be repeated from mother to child, in songs and proverbs, which speak of him as another Muse born among the Alps? He was then in the middle of his seventeenth year. Without being handsome he was of attractive appearance. His form was good; his carriage was easy; his face was animated; and his black hair and brows gave additional expression to the small deep-set eyes which shot forth some of the fire that heated all the blood in his frame.

There was still a little more delay, for the lady of the chateau was at church; but she soon returned, and Rousseau was introduced to Louise Eleonore de Warens. Her countenance composed of every grace, her large blue eyes filled with sweet expression, her delicately tinted cheeks, her neck of lovely contour and white as snow, made an absolute enchantment for his fancy. Proselyte he already was, but the beauty of this woman baptized him, as it were, by a second sacrament into his new religion. He had written a letter, in which the eloquence of a poet was combined with the phraseology of an apprentice, and he stood abashed while the lady

read it. When she had finished, she raised her face, looked at him mildly and said, "Well, my boy, you are very young to be alone in the world." The voice made him tremble, and when she said she would talk to him after mass he gave no answer.

Madame de Warens belonged to an ancient family of Vevay, in the Pays de Vaud. She had married early, but crossed by some troubles, deserted her husband and fled to Victor Amadeus, of Savoy. He gave her a pension, and sent a guard of horse to escort her to Annecy, where she became a recluse devotee, at twenty-eight years of age. Her youthful graces were still fresh because they blended in all her countenance, instead of being inserted in each particular feature. She had, says Rousseau, a tender and caressing manner, a sweet look, an angelic smile, a mouth small, like his own, and blond hair disposed in classic tresses. Tall she was not; but, he adds, it was impossible to see a more beautiful head, a more beautiful bosom, more beautiful hands, or more beautiful arms.

The education of this celebrated woman had been one not very dissimilar in its irregularity to that of Rousseau. Philosopher and charlatan divided the empire of her mind; but her heart was compassionate and forgiving, while her disposition was cheerful and even gay. Whether it was a sudden perception of any of these qualities, with the nameless essence of them all combined, that inspired the Genevese youth who now stood before her, certain it is that her first word, her first look, chained her to him by a feeling more than admiration if less than love. It was a sympathy, a perfect confidence, a yearning to remain with her and converse with her as his friend. She apparently, also, conceived some fondness for Jean Jacques, and she immediately asked him to stay and dine with her, that she might talk with him at her ease. It was the first time in his life, he tells us, that he ever sat down to a meal without being hungry. He was looking into her blue eyes when he should have been eating, and his brain was already too bewildered to need the stimulus of wine.

He related his story to Madame de Warens; she expressed her pity, and sought to induce him to go back to his father, but every eloquent word imbued him with a deeper resolution not to leave

place made beautiful by her presence. But how was he, so young, to live in exile from his country? At Ancy there was clearly no chance of success. So, in spite of resolution, he departed thence. Whither to go it was so easy to see. Nevertheless, with the counsel of his friends he left for Italy. There he proposed to enter a cloister of the Catechumens, where he might employ himself and gain the rest he desired. On the way a thousand brilliant visions played before his eyes. Italy to him appeared the created land of romance. He thought of her cities, ringing for ever with festal sounds; of her lawns, bright with Boccaccio's vigils; of her lakes, her baths, her marbles, that rival the pure snowy marble quarried from Pentelicus; and her pictures, excelling the tints of nature. He thought of alluring beauty in her cities, and in her woods of voluptuous reveries. His ideas dilated as he entered the Alps, where Hannibal had opened his way; and leaving the Swiss mountains for the serene and balmy climate of the south, a delicious enervator relaxed the inmost fibre of his mind. In this tone of mind he reached Naples, with the fumes of ambition in his brain, and every faculty of soul and sense absorbed by anticipations of the future.

Madame de Warens and his other friends of Ancy had paid his expenses in the Piedmontese capital; but he had nothing left—no money, no clothes, no prospects, but within the narrow walls of a monastery. Thither, however, he boldly went, and was at once admitted. The sight fell blank upon his eyes. A ponderous door, with porous bars of iron, opened, as it were to engulf him, in a hall, at one end of which a gigantic crucifix loomed out of two lights upon a wooden altar. Four or five hard grim chairs were set around, with as many men, with the appearance of banditti, who seemed, to the imagination of Rousseau, so many familiars of the infernal Power. Some of them were said to be Jews, or Arabs, pilgrims from the ancient haunts of the race in Spain. Another door of which he was then swung back, and through which he entered the sisterhood—a train of the most slatternly creatures that ever appeared within the pale of a church. There was only one either young or pretty. She had large speaking eyes, which

Jean Jacques felt were cast upon himself. He desired to address her, but during the whole time she remained in this place no opportunity ever came for a word to be exchanged between them. The assembly on this occasion was to welcome the new arrival. A short religious exhortation was pronounced; the virgins retired to their cells, and the Genevese fugitive was left at leisure to marvel at the phantasies he had beheld.

To this seclusion Rousseau came with a mind considerably imbued with religion. Apostate he was in profession, if not in spirit, yet there was the sentiment in his breast, ready to become a vitalising principle. But the neophytes who now surrounded him created an atmosphere by no means congenial to the growth of genuine piety. They were inclined to submit, he to discuss. Yet he had a force of character which prevented his cringing with an intellectual servility to every dogma of his instructors; when, therefore, the first "conference" was held, he observed with some surprise, that the disciples answered as though to a catechism, and controverted none of the priests' assertions. It came to his turn. Immediately his early studies strengthened him for a debate. He at once checked the friar and argued against him. Nor was he a weak antagonist. The father saw this, and fenced adroitly, pretending that he was imperfectly acquainted with the French language. Next day, however, to prevent such a dangerous display before the other pupils, Rousseau was put into a separate chamber with a younger priest, and more skilful rhetorician, who sealed every difficulty with a long phrase, though even he found the young philosopher apt at all the weapons it had hitherto been his own peculiar pride to employ.

At length, after a sufficient probation, Rousseau solemnly abjured the Protestant faith, and was formally received into the bosom of the Holy Roman Church. On the threshold of this iniquity he trembled, and he shuddered again when a father inquisitor required him to utter his belief that his mother had been damned; but he evaded this point, and while the monks were grinning, received absolution for the heresy of his earlier years. Then with twenty francs of money in his possession he was placed outside the door of the College, exhorted to be a good Christian,

and left to fall in with the crowding ranks of the worst part of humanity perpetually pouring along the earth, to fill up the chasms which wars, and plagues, and the course of centuries make in the population of the world. He had imagined that once under the shelter of the Church a broad approach to honour and to fame had been opened to him, but these hopes were in a moment eclipsed. He had signed the bond, and they who profited by it immediately cast him adrift to see how his proselytism would avail him in the battle of life.

Rousseau remained some while floating about Turin, living frugally, regaling his sight with its pugeants, palaces, and monuments of art, and sipping now and then the sweets of some romantic adventure. In his conception of the character of women, he had idealized a creature too fanciful, and, if I may so speak, too picturesque for the intercourse of common life; but in his own behaviour towards them there was a blending of childish fear with vanity, voluptuousness, and respect. No beautiful woman could approach him without troubling his breast with strong emotions; he always was friendly with her, and never succeeded in becoming more than a poetical lover. Sometimes an indiscretion put him in peril; sometimes a folly caused him to curse himself, but he was one who learned from experience. Ignorant with all his acquirements, improvident in spite of probation, he was a very butterfly, revelling now in the light of ethereal day-dreams, and now counting sons to ascertain his chances of a dinner.

Even Jean Jacques, however, must find a means of livelihood. He could not exist on the gifts of an ideal future. Therefore he sought employment, and his friends found it for him. The Countess de Verceillis required a lacquey. Rousseau became one, only distinguished from the other servants by wearing no epaulettes. This, then, was the realization of all his burning desires for elevation and renown. He who had wrought his mind to raptures with the eloquence of Tully, who had soared with Hyperion into the upper realms of Heaven, who had throbbled with anger for the usurpation of the Cæsars, and cultivated with every grace of learning, aspired to rise through the splendours of Italy as a star conspicuous between

the Tyrrhene and the Adriatic sea; he was now a liveried menial, but among the proud, indignant among the happy, yet often debasing himself to level of his poor condition. In histories of most men we lament the conduct of the world; in that of I saw we lament his conduct to him. For, assuredly, many as his misfortunes were, vitiating as were the influence that presided over his youth, bitter was the malice of his enemies, chill as was the sympathy of those called themselves his friends, Rous it cannot be concealed, was his chief foe. Had he never had a w the most melancholy episodes of career might never have excited pity of mankind. And this suggests a curious reflection. We commend the poets, who, like Grecian Keats, wished the victims of others; but we more deeply commiserate men, who the political prophet of Geneva, like the victims of their own follies and refined desires.

In the household of the Countess Madame de Sévigné, reduced to proportions—Rousseau found the elements of happiness to an ordinary man. The lady was beautiful, cultivated, good in her manners, kind in her disposition and intellectually developed to an appreciation of the true spirit of virtue. Towards her young servitor she behaved with affable dignity. When he showed her the letters which he wrote to Madame de Warens, describing the progress of his fortune and the state of his feelings, she questioned him coldly, and answered him with reserve; gradually even this little discourse ceased. Rousseau was no more than the manservant.

There was, however, a species of sanity allaying the intellect of the strange adventurer. There was within his reach an old piece of rose-coloured ribbon, to which an infatuated fancy had attracted him. He stole it. There was an inquiry. It was found in his possession. The Countess asked him how he had obtained it? What then did the future preacher of the noble ethic of the *Contrat Social* do? With a conscience scarcely to be accounted for in one who afterwards gave voluntarily a humiliating confession to the world, one who braved every persecution boldly avowing his opinions, he sought to exculpate himself by a device of

meanest thieves have been ashamed. He was a fair young damsel in the se, bred amongst the mountains of the Pyrenees, and upon her Rousseau laid the seduction. All the people of the place assembled. She was brought face to face with him. With an effrontery well known to reflect upon, he charged her with having stolen the piece of ribbon, and presented it to him. For a moment confusion rendered her speechless, immediately with the clear front of a young lady she refuted the calumny, excused Rousseau not to dishonour an innocent girl who had never wronged him, and turned on him a look which might have melted a worse man, and when she found he was implacable, broke into passionate tears. "Ah, Rousseau," she said, "I thought good of you; you have brought misery on me, but, nevertheless, I could not be in your place." What the fate of poor Marion, thus slandered, never was known. It may have been happy; but it may have been, through this loss of reputation, infamous and terrible. How bitter must have been the pains of remorse for a crime; and how much must it have cost to make the degrading atonement.

The Countess soon afterwards died, and Rousseau, turning to the dwelling of his humble friend, remained there five or six weeks, while he awaited the next event of his life.

During this period we see him, in his record, the strange being whom no man could instruct, and to whom the variety of human nature scarcely supplied a parallel. Unquiet, distracted, nervous, he was, by turns, overpowered by every emotion without comprehending why. Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he shed tears. He sighed at the good which he was unable to imagine; he shed tears over some sorrow which he could not define. Most men are what they desire, and taste in the anticipated joy. With him it was not so. His warm blood beat through his veins exciting strange desires; his thoughts dwelt on beauty, and, at times, his whole soul was thrilled by feelings which he had away unremembered, before he could interpret them to himself.

Influenced by this curious susceptibility, he again entered a noble's service, waited at table behind the chairs of a man in whom posterity would never have

known had their names not been recorded by his pen. The Count de Gouvon was his new master; and Mademoiselle de Breil his mistress. She was young, beautiful, fair, with black hair, and was exquisitely formed. To gain her notice, Rousseau was day and night devising schemes; but she continued in the haughty seclusion of her tutored pride, never deigning to cast a look on the young man waiting to obey even an intelligible look. At length, however, an opportunity occurred. One day, at the dinner-table, a philological discussion arose. There was a difficult question raised, which the combined resources and learning of all the *savans* present were not sufficient to unravel. Jean Jacques was observed to smile. This was noticed. His master asked him if he had anything to say. Then, modestly, but with manly confidence, he developed, with artistic brevity, his theory on the point under investigation, clearing off the obscurity which had perplexed them all. The company were astonished, and gazed upon Rousseau with silent admiration. To only one face, however, was his inquiry directed. It was to that of Mademoiselle de Breil. And when he saw that she was smiling upon him with an air of wonder and respect, he felt a pride that could not have been more genuine, had he been crowned laureate in the Academy of France. It was to him one of those moments which level the distinctions of men, and carry them back to the kindred sources of their blood. Soon after, the noble beauty asked him, in an affable, timid tone, for a glass of water. While obeying her, such a trembling passed through his frame, that he sprinkled her plate, and even her clothes. Her brother roughly asked why he shook so; but looking at the girl herself, Rousseau perceived that she had crimsoned to the brow, and was in an agitation scarcely less than his own.

Here, however, where we seem to be unfolding a new romance, the episode concludes. So far from obtaining the smiles of Mademoiselle de Breil, Rousseau could not secure the favour of her waiting-maid. Nevertheless, his literary achievement gained him the respect of his master; and from the situation of lacquey, he rose to that of secretary. Every one in the palace, too, appeared anxious to promote his welfare. But the caprice of his dispo-

sition, impelling now to one object, now to another, and then forward without any object at all, prevented him from reaping all the advantages which he might have derived from his success in the Piedmontese capital. On a slight excuse he left Turin, or rather escaped from it, and made his way back to Annecy. Madame de Warens' mansion, was, of course, his goal. Approaching it, a trembling seized his limbs, a mist fell over his eyes, his breath became heavy, and he passed old friends without the capacity to recognise them. It was not that he feared blame, that he dreaded to be cast out desolate on the world, or that the prospect of little vicissitudes terrified him. That lady of the chateau was to him the *Ageria* of another Numa, and he advanced towards her presence with an awe equal to that which the mythical heroes are represented to have experienced when drawing near the shrines of their protecting divinities.

Once in the presence of Madame de Warens, all Rousseau's fearful emotions ceased. His heart rose at the sound of her voice; he bent before her and kissed her hand. "Poor fellow," she said, "are you come back again?" and then she made him relate his adventures, telling him, at the conclusion, that he might occupy a chamber in her house. He was established, therefore, at Annecy, in an extraordinary position, partly that of a son, partly of a friend. The lady called him *Petit*, he called her *Maman*, and this continued even when the lapse of years had almost effaced the difference between their ages. At that early period, however, the sanctitude of this most beautiful relation of life was well preserved. If Madame de Warens kissed and otherwise caressed Rousseau, it was truly as a mother; and if he reciprocated her tenderness, it was with the affection of a son. Afterwards, there came a new phase of their intercourse; but it will too soon be time to speak of it.

The fatal malady of his passions, however, continued to corrupt the whole nature of Rousseau. While the baroness watched over him in this seductive pupilage, directed his readings, cultivated his ideas, taught him music, and in many ways aided in developing that mighty intellect which soon began to throw its rays over France, he secretly insulted her, while he degraded himself, mixing up with the study of the modern

classics the occupations of a sensual mind. A peculiarity in his nature seems to have added to the force of tendencies derived from early education. He possessed an extreme keenness of feeling, but was equally slow in his reflections. His ideas arranged themselves in his brain with incredible difficulty; while his emotions, once stirred, flowed in an instant to the very brim and became his master. On this account, he always wrote very laboriously—all his manuscripts being copied four or five times before going to the press. Sometimes he sat down five or six evenings following, with the paper before him, without penning a single word; but when he did begin, and his finished production lay ready for printing, what an harmonious, fluent, inspired combination of sweetness and power did it appear to be! "Easy writing," says Pope, "is *decidedly* hard reading;" and so with Jean Jacques, his most painful elaborations are among the master-pieces of light, running, and aerial diction. There is nothing of superior modulation to his "Reveries," in the spiritual songs of Racine. In the "Letters from the Mountain," the style is elegant, sublime, and rich; while it is so pure, that Quintilian himself might have selected it as a model.

This digression left Rousseau happy in the dreams of beauty which he enjoyed under the roof of his protectress at Annecy. There he remained some time, when accidental occurrences separated him from his friend, and he travelled about Switzerland with a pretended Greek Bishop, who said he was making collections for the guardians of the Holy Sepulchres, and for whom he acted as secretary. At Soleure, the adventures of this impostor were cut short by an arrest, but the French ambassador took care of Rousseau, gave him money, and enabled him to reach Paris, where the Baroness de Warens was said to be staying. The capital had been to him what Rome is to the devotees of the Catholic church—a city of triumph for the great, of hope for the humble, of glory and splendour for the ambitious, with a fire of genius in their minds. Thither, therefore, he went, burning with expectation, and thirsting to renew the happiness of an intercourse with the delightful recluse of Annecy. But to his surprise and grief she was no longer there.

Rousseau, however, was then at an age when disappointment soon finds a consolation. His friend was gone, but at Annecy he might remain till news of her reached him. There he enjoyed awhile the society of many young girls of the neighbourhood, who talked with him, flattered him, caressed him, but failed to satisfy his wishes. They were not of the class with which he desired to mingle. Strange though it may seem, it is true, that this poet, the eloquent pleader for the equal rights of men, the enemy of artificial rank, the inheritor of that ancient spirit of liberty which made it a pride *debellare superbos*, found no permanent gratification but in the society of women belonging to the patrician order. Horace had not inspired his philosophy on this point. It was not however the vanity of blood which he confessed. It was that he was charmed by the serene demeanour, the beautiful hands, the delicate and graceful air, the refinement of taste, the hair so classically disposed, the apparel so brilliant, the whole aspect and behaviour so noble, which he found in "demoiselles," in contrast with the "filles," of whom I have spoken.

Besides, the pleasures of Annecy were insipid to one who had not forgotten the spiritual beauty of Eleonore de Warens. Jean Jacques travelled thence to Lyons in search of her, breasted the river, suffered hunger, climbed the mountains, slept in miserable places, for the sake of finding the lost treasure of his heart, and at length, discovering this, fell into a voluptuous oblivion of all his griefs in the poetical solitude of Charmette. The fulness of friendship, the bloom of the encircling fields, the happiness of studying in companionship with the noble lady of Annecy, threw him here once more into those deluding reveries which led him, forgetful of the real purpose of life, into an unholy paradise of his own. From these, indeed, he awoke continually to explore the philosophy of Locke, the essays of Montaigne, the mathematics of Laury, the metaphysics of Descartes, and the inquiries after truth of that disciple of Sozomen and Eusebius, Father Malebranche. Amid these varied studies his intellect rose to that dignity which made it an oracle for France, though his heart was engaged with passions as fervent as that which still asks a tear over the tomb of Abelard at Paraclet, but less pure than that which

haunts with other witchery the rocks and waterfalls of Meillerie and Vauluse. But a malady assailing him, cut short this happy episode, and he was forced to seek the aid of physicians at Montpellier. Leaving thus his beautiful retreat, and all that made it beautiful to him—his friend—he returned to find the one desolate, because the other had been false. He had not, indeed, consecrated his own affection by fidelity, yet, with the selfish vanity conspicuous in his character, he felt mortally grieved by the committal of an act in imitation of his own.

Charmette was no longer in his eyes the enchanted ground, where all his thoughts and wishes bloomed, as if by magic, into flowers and fruit. He left it, and went to Lyons, where he took a situation as teacher, and in this barren labour spent a year. Then, inspired by a presentiment of fame, he once more sought his fortune in Paris, where he arrived with fifteen golden louis, in the autumn of 1741. He had invented a new system of musical notation. He hoped it would bring him profit and renown, but he was disappointed. Rameau combated the idea; it was rejected first by the public, and next by its author. Yet, failing in this, he succeeded in acquiring some useful friends who procured him the post of secretary to Monsieur de Montaigu, ambassador to Venice. In that old festal city, with its traditions of glory, already fading into a dream, Rousseau first felt his heart beat with a passion for the native music of Italy. That country has been for ages the cradle of singers. Its soft climate favours the voice, and as if in concert with this, the minds of its composers have elaborated the richest and sweetest works of harmony ever known, from heroic hymns, full and deep as the Doric pean, to soft thrilling canzonis, fitted to be sung by pastoral maidens in the Tuscan vales—from the sublimest swell of the organ to the watery tinkling of the lute. His enthusiasm readily gave an echo to the melody of the Adriatic isles. Nevertheless, his first opera, "Les Muses Galantes," which he finished on his return, was not admitted to the honours of a representation. There are in it passages of singular beauty, but the texture on the whole is rude, and the criticism of Rameau may almost be excused—that it was the production of a quack, without talent

or taste. Jean Jacques was sufficiently ignorant of himself to be humiliated by the failure of this attempt, though afterwards he saw in providence the accident which deterred him from renewing it, and pointed out to him the mine where the golden treasure of his genius really lay.

At the age of thirty-seven, in the summer of 1749, the son of the watchmaker went to visit his friend Diderot, imprisoned at Vincennes, on account of his "Lettres sur les Aveugles." In the *Mercur* he saw an announcement that the Academy of Dijon had proposed a question, "Whether the progress of the arts and sciences had tended to corrupt or to purify public manners?" "If ever," says Rousseau, "an inspiration fell on any man it seemed at that moment to fall on me. A thousand colours seemed to play their dazzling beauty before my eyes; my brain swam as though swooning to the earth; my heart burned and beat, my whole frame trembled, and sinking down under a tree, I remained half an hour so subdued by these emotions, that when I rose I found I had sprinkled all my garments with tears." From this ecstasy he awoke, wrote in crayon the prosopopeia of Fabricius, showed it to Diderot, and from him received encouragement to contend for the great prize.

Rousseau took up his pen. He wrote that brilliant declamation which was as it were a challenge to the opinions of a whole age. It gained him the prize. From that hour his resolve was formed. He would have liberty; he would break the shackles of opinion, and as a prelude to the sacrifices called for from the pilgrims in such a crusade, he swept from his table the few luxuries that had found a place on it, and prepared to throw the sparks that should kindle a volcanic fire of revolution in France. He had gained employment as the cashier to an important firm, but this he renounced because the guardianship of a treasure disturbed him in his dreams. As a less troubling resource he announced that he would copy music at five pence a page. This excited such notice that he had speedily more offers of work than he could undertake, for he would not devote all his time to an occupation so poor and fruitless. A little play produced at Fontainebleau in 1752, enjoyed so brilliant a success, that his name began to pass through society,

and the king of France himself desired to see him. But Rousseau was like Voltaire. He would never set out as the lettered lacquey of a Court, though when the Academy of Dijon invited him to a second triumph he warmly applied himself to win the approval of that learned body.

The question was, "On the Origin of Inequality in the Condition of Man." To meditate in favourable solitude, Rousseau retired into a sequestered valley in the forest of St. Germain, there to trace the picture of those times when manhood stood on a pedestal, and tyranny on the one hand had begun, and apathy on the other had perpetuated a race of slaves. It is here and violent satire on human society. The dedication is a masterpiece of pathos, but the essay is a compound of passion and fantasia, with philosophy and logic. When Burke wrote in imitation of St. John his vehement tirade against civilization, he shadowed forth more truth than he pretended, or, perhaps, designed. When Rousseau conducted his more theoretical attack, he lost sight of the truth, while he chased from his mind those fleeting shapes which appeared to him under its disguise. It is stated, the substance of the two is this. The one showed that congress and kings have committed more murders than all the lions, tigers, hyenas, wolves, and jackals, that ever preyed about since aurochs disappeared from the primeval earth; and caused more misery than all the famines and plagues that nature ever sent to devastate the world. This was the theory announced through the trumpet of the Irish patriot. The other sought to prove that rule and nobles have robbed, plundered, and defrauded mankind with more flagrant enormous villainy than all the highwaymen, cut-purses, footpad forgers, that ever loaded or escaped the gallows, from Genesis to Jericho, from Jericho to the New Jerusalem. This doctrine, in another phase, developed in the declamation of the Swiss philosopher. A bold and striking doctrine, upon the truth or falsehood of which we make no argument, leave it to the reflection of the reader.

It was now, too, that Rousseau made atonement for the apostasy of his earlier years. At Geneva he solemnly revoked the abjuration he had

need of the Protestant religion. y of the people there desired him remain, but the neighbourhood of aire deterred him, and to Paris he t once more. About this time ame d'Espinay, who possessed near mtorency the chateau de la Chev-, built for him on a spot he loved, de dwelling which she named the mitage. "In this, my dear," she "is your retreat. You have chosen ourself, and friendship offers it to use." He accepted the proposal, installed himself, with his two go-esses, as he called two women, Ma- and Mademoiselle Levasseur. The ager of these, whom he had become ainted with at an inn, did not know month of the year, and could not the figures on a clock, yet she domied over the mind of Rousseau. If, fault of intelligence, she had been ewed with those natural instincts h nature gives to unreasoning as, she would, says a French writer, spared the philosopher, whom she e a father and who afterwards mar- her, the reproach and the remorse aving abandoned his children to ie charity.

an Jacques settled in the Her- ge in 1756. It was there that imposed those famous works which e him in the first rank among mo- writers. But amid the pleasant cares h then occupied his days, a new un- y passion again mingled bitterness the reflections of his life. He could ee without loving the Countess of detot, a relative of his protectress. result of this mad amour was a are with Madame d'Espinay, with rot, and with almost all his friends. sing them of treachery, he quitted eclusion that had been prepared for about of his prime, and took refuge ruin at Montmorency, where he red in the cold of winter. There Marshal of Luxembourg visited and, willing to conciliate so terri- an enemy of social privileges, in- him to his chateau, where he lived chose, and wrote as he desired.

three years the "Nouvelle Heloise" ared. The sensation produced hroughout France by this work, was that it created, as it were, a new ion in the heart of that country. y one loved his Julie, every one the friend of his Saint Preux; and gh fierce critics rose up about the

book, it circulated with an expanding fame from the Alps to the Pyrenees.

Next, he wrote the "Emile," which embodied his theories on education. It was directed to proclaim a religion without a formula, and a moral world without dogmatic laws, and constituted a calm but virulent attack on Christianity. This miserable blot defiles that which as a literary work is one of the most splendid monuments of the glory of Rousseau. In it he showed so many ideas of his own, and so beautifully construed the ideas of others, that it may be said to furnish a treasure of rhetorical gems. The philosophy of Locke is indeed adopted, but the reasonings on education which in the one are full of force, are in the other irresistible. The ideal he conceived and realized came before the world, with a brilliance which drew all attention to the Genevese. The "Emile," printed in Holland in 1762, excited a fermentation that might have warned its author of the fate which now awaited him.

But, with his powerful friends, Rousseau imagined himself safe from persecution. He was wrong in imputing feebleness to the orthodoxy of France. News reached him that his arrest had been ordered. He must escape. The Duke of Luxembourg facilitated his flight. At first he thought he might hide in Switzerland, but at Geneva he found his book condemned to be burned by the common executioner, and his body under sentence of arrest. Menaced by the senators of Bern, he found an asylum in Neuchâtel, where in a little village he abode for a while, living on a pension granted by some wealthy friend. There, obeying every fantastic impulse, he dressed him in the costume of an Armenian, gave up writing, took to making laces, and worked all day before his cottage-door, chatting with the girls as they went by. But as the archbishop of Paris was anathematizing his "Emile," he could not but resume his pen for an hour, and wrote that lofty eloquent letter, which for style and logic was so remarkable that all the nobles and clergy of France began to fear him.

Then came the "Letters from the Mountain," directed against the ministers of Geneva, which excited new tempests, brought down the curses of the church upon him, and so infuriated the populace of the place in which they resided, that they, hallooed on by their clergy, ap-

peared ready to tear him to pieces. Once more he was obliged to fly. He took refuge in a little island in the middle of the Lake of Bienné, but after a few weeks, in the depths of a rigorous season, he was expelled thence and ordered to quit the Bernese territory within four-and-twenty hours. At this point the "Confessions" break off, so that we can no longer use them as a commentary on the biographical, correspondence, and historical passages which we have collected with reference to this wonderful man.

Pelted with stones at Motiers, ignominiously hunted at Berne, turned to derision at Bienné, and expelled from his native soil, he lived for a while at Paris, known to and knowing nearly all the distinguished writers of the age. Among the zealous and hospitable friends, who professed their attachment to him, was Horace Walpole. This individual, I hope, will one day find his proper place in our literary history. He was a sort of pigmy Diogenes, and at the same time very like the nobleman whom Diogenes visited. He was a cynic in satin breeches, a quack in kid-gloves, a picture-dealer with a pedigree. If we like his manners, it is because they are amusing; if we read his letters, it is because they are useful; but for the man himself we never feel respect. Mr. Macaulay describes him as the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most capricious, and the most fastidious of men. Let me add that he was the most conceited, the most puerile, and as a critic the most ridiculous. It was this personage who now, while honeying his lips with the politest phrases, undertook to lampoon Rousseau. He forged a letter, purporting to be addressed to the Swiss philosopher from the King of Prussia, who was well known to affect, with a spurious enthusiasm, the society of men of genius. In this epistle, worthy in its flimsy cunning of Sans Souci, the mania of Rousseau for believing himself an especial victim marked out for persecution by all the world, was represented in the light calculated to produce most ridicule. It was published by that Maccaroni, Horace Walpole, at the instigation of Madame Geoffrin, of Helvetius, and of the Duke de Nivernois.—persons whom Rousseau had never injured, but who seemed to be moved by an instinct of hatred against him.

The letter appeared about the end of

December; but Rousseau never of it till he reached England, who shortly did by the assistance of the torian, David Hume. After living months, partly in London and partly at Chiswick, he went down to Wootton Bassett in Derbyshire. There was, however, tranquillity in store for him. The *Lith press*, which had, hitherto, been very favourable to his fame, now in every way to revile him, and Jacques saw, at first with surprise then with suspicion, that though and his other "friends" were influential in the papers, not a libel was known nor was a pen employed to defend. The effect of Walpole's forgery, was very striking. It roused the laity of the people, and satire, that means of slander, ran high in a literary circle of the capital. In the belief of Rousseau, and it is that Hume brought him over to complete a scheme he had formed to shipwreck of his reputation. malignity alone could have proposed this design. It was not for the enemy of Christianity to avow the pious persecutor of the Gen who shared that false philosophy him. Had he professed the extreme bigotry, his conduct would have been contemptible, but it might not have been so contemptible as it was. secret conspiracy ended in an open and all we need say is, that when Rousseau lost, David Hume got nothing to his honest fame. And, it is added, that to cover the perfidy of Hume, Horace Walpole condescended to a public lie, not that he loved the historian—whom he despised, but he hated the philosopher—who feared, it becomes clear that while tracing the sinuous labyrinths of a disreputable transaction.

While these machinations of his enemies embittered him against, at the teachers of mankind, Rousseau composed the early part of the "Confessions," aided by the leisure of a small pension from the English government allowed him. But the worst of his repose was Therese de Leva who followed him from France to his Derbyshire retreat, where he was troubled by her, as well as by the calumniators who plotted with David Hume. History, however, does not regret the satirist of Hampden and the libeller of Cromwell should have been the

ciate of Nivernois and the maligner of Rousseau.

In 1767, after a sojourn of sixteen months, Jean Jacques quitted England. He had then no intention of going back to France, proposing a return to Venice, whose beauty still haunted his mind among the dearest memories of youth. But Mirabeau, then appealing to the reason of France against the corruptions of her oppressors, solicited him to remain on her soil, for a great work was at hand for the friends of freedom; and though Rousseau refused to adopt the economical theories of the orator, he was persuaded to instal himself in the Chateau de Tryes, under the protection of the Prince de Conti. His repose there, however, was not of long duration. Stewards and servants, the moment he arrived, punctiliously insulted him, and he left the place, where spies were planted in every corner, and proceeded to herbalise about Lyons, Grenoble, Chamberry, and, finally, Monguin, where, in 1768, he was married to Therese. This woman throws a shadow over his fame. She was long with him before she became his wife, and then he connived at her dishonour. She bore him children, and these he abandoned among the outcasts of the Foundling Hospital, because, he said, with dangerous sophistry, they should not be nurtured in that hatred of their father, with which his female relatives would surely seek to inspire them. There was a selfishness in this idea, which takes nothing from the flagitious character of the action which it suggested. Here, for twelve months, he stayed, pursued by fear, remorse, and unavailing sorrow, for he had no true friends; he had many irreconcilable enemies; he could not repose with an honourable conscience on the past; he could not look with eyes of confidence or hope to the future. He had wasted himself; he had spurned his own feelings; he had to repent the imbecility of his own resolves and the treachery of others. And this, perhaps, was a reflection rendered more bitter by the thought that he had found it easy to be magnanimous; that there were noble acts recorded of him; and that among all his foes, there was none who need have terrified him had he never been a foe to himself.

At length a lull in the ferocity of the ruling faction permitted him to return to Paris. Not without danger, indeed,

because no man of liberal opinions could live in that *cloaca maxima* of the monarchy, without the risk of being stifled by pestilent libellers, in the pay of the Court; but with comparative safety, especially as the welcome of the people was loud and cordial. His "Considerations on the Government of Poland," were soon afterwards published; and this eloquent analysis was followed by the "Dialogues," in which, with a freshness of thought and a power of logic that seemed to grow more redundant with his increasing years, he pleads an apology for the various episodes of his life. Then came the "Reveries," which are incomplete. They are classical in the language of France. The last of them is consecrated to the sad memory of Madame de Warens. It is a warm, pathetic picture of days which he still counted happy, for he chiefly remembered them with regret because they could return no more. Who that pauses over the musical periods of these records in memory of a guilty but only half-repentant passage in the vicissitudes of Rousseau's career, will refuse to pity him for his misfortunes, if he must despise him for the moral imbecility which was their primal cause. Let it be repeated, that he was faithless to himself. It cannot be denied that the falsehood of almost all he met was more contemptible, though it need not have been so dangerous. This suggests the inquiry into that subject which has divided so strongly the critics of Rousseau. Was he mad when he supposed that the world was in a conspiracy against him? Or, rather, was this fixed idea of his mind a proof of his insanity? It may have brooded over his intellect so continually and so heavily that what was at first a reasonable conviction became a monomania; I think it did. But I do not think that there was any proof of a disorganized brain in his belief that mankind were leagued against him. He could only judge of mankind, in this respect, by that portion of it which came in contact with him. And when, or where, did he live without persecution? In Geneva, the blows of a cruel master; at Annecy, the hypocrisy of a bigoted priest; at Turin, the duplicity of a whole college of fanatics; at Charmettes, the dishonour of Eleonore; at Montmorency, the hostility of his old friends; in Paris, the ferocity of the Government; in Berne, the savage

fury of the citizens; in Motier, the curses of the Church and the violence of the mob; in St. Pierre, the inhuman cruelty of his enemies; in England, the forgery of Horace Walpole, the perfidy of David Hume, and the calumnies of the whole press; in France, the industrious, incessant, and unmitigated malignity of an immense troop, composed of those who knew him, echoed by those who knew him not, and loudest from those who had professed their amity for him;—all this, I say, to a vain, irritable, tender character like Rousseau, might well appear to indicate the existence of a universal conspiracy for his destruction.

It is true, on the other hand, that he could claim for himself little reverence, and might have recalled acts of treachery equally base with those of the maligners who pursued him. But these were the repented acts of his earlier life. He sought by his "Confessions" to make some atonement for them; and whatever the value to morals of revelations such as he made, it is certain that the memory of these crimes constituted the bitterest affliction of his maturer age. Besides, when men imagine society to be in league against them, they do not inquire whether they have provoked its hostility, nor have we, in a question of fact, to press the retort upon them. However, though Rousseau might not have been insane, because he thought the world made him an Ishmaelite among the children of Israel, his brain certainly became affected towards the close of his life. This was attributable, I think, to a cause which may not here be discussed, as well as to the united influence of remorse and sorrow preying upon his mind.

In the beginning of the year 1778, this marvellous being, after a life of trouble, only varied by a few brief summer-dawns of peace, retired to Ermonville. Madame Rousseau was ill, and the salubrity of that place seemed likely to restore her health.

On Friday, the 1st of July, he walked in the afternoon, as usual, with a young friend. It was very hot weather, and, contrary to his general habits, he paused several times for repose. Soon after, he complained of pains in his body, but these were soothed by the time that he returned to the chateau, and he sat down in comfort to supper. Next morning he rose, according to his custom,

went out to observe the rising sun, and came back to take coffee with his wife. At the moment when leaving the room, to occupy herself with the cares of the *ménage*, he remembered her to pay a man who had been sent for him, and, because he was an idle fellow, to deduct nothing from his salary. When she returned, she found him stretched on a large couch, appearing to be in grievous suffering. "What is the matter with you, my friend?" she asked. "I feel a great pain," he answered. "I will go, Therese, to avoid alarming him, but I must be going on some errand, and I must leave you for the people at the chateau. I will come back, but Rousseau desired to be left alone with his wife."

When the door had been closed, she asked her to sit down by him. "I have," she said, placing herself on the couch. "How are you?" "My suffering is very little," he answered. "I pray open the window, I may once more look out upon the green earth." "Mon bon ami," she turned, "why do you say that? You have always prayed to God," said Rousseau, "that I may die without a doctor and without a physician. You close my eyes, and then my wishes are fulfilled." After this, he asked her to pardon him for any wrongs he might have done her; assured her that her consent his friends would never make any use of the papers he had left to their hands; and recommended a formal medical inquiry should be placed into the mode and cause of his illness. Meanwhile the last agony of his chest was, as it were, pierced by indescribable physical anguish, racked by pains, which blinded him, and lay trembling in the sufferings of death.

His wife, fond of him, though she contributed little to his prosperity, felt an unutterable misery at the sight of his affliction. Rousseau, in the expression of his own suffering, offered a balm to hers. "Ah, my sweet friend," he said, "how I love you, if you weep over my happiness. Behold, now the pure purpose of my life is accomplished. A gateway opens for me, and I go within." With these words he fell back on his head downwards, and was dead. Therese sought to lift him up, but he was heavy and insensible. He shrieked; the door was burst open, friends came in, and the wife, with blood which was flowing from

forehead of the dying man, helped to place him again on the couch. She put her hands within his, he clasped them firmly; the warmth of affection was lingering in them still, and then, leaning his face forward towards her bosom, he died.

It was long believed, and there are many who still credit the story, that Rousseau put poison into his coffee, or shot himself with a pistol. The evidence on both sides is voluminous, and minute. I cannot analyze it now; but I think his death was not by suicide; and it is, perhaps, unjust to disbelieve Therese, his wife, when, before God and man, she declares that Rousseau died in her arms, of a natural malady. With this the principal testimonies concur.

After Rousseau's death a great coinage of libels took place, which continued long to circulate, as if the offences he did commit were not sufficient to degrade his memory. From the ink-pot of a scribe, skulking under the anonymous in the *Drapeau Blanc*, to the lips of Napoleon himself, all the sources of falsehood were opened to pour out vituperation upon the philosopher of Geneva. But France, in the fervour of her revolution, did justice to his name. He was decreed a statue, and his statue was decreed a crown. Therese was accorded a pension from the State; and the nation, by reading and applauding the works of Rousseau, gave him, in this honouring voice, the most splendid tribute that their gratitude could bestow, or that his genius could receive:

The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's loud acclaim.

Rousseau was first buried in the Isle of Poplars, at Ermonville. There on his empty tomb may still be read the inscription, which was at once his motto and his epitaph:

Vitam impendere vero.

But in October, 1794, his remains were removed, to be deposited in the vaults of the Pantheon, where they now lie near those of Voltaire. On the stone is inscribed:

Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la verité.

Of the works of Rousseau no critical description can now be attempted. The "Essay on Inequality" is a brilliant picture of a state of society which never could have existed. There is much that is equally visionary in the "Emile," but

far more that is profoundly philosophical. Its theory is that man is born good, and is corrupted by civilization. In the "Savoyard Profession," and the "Letters from the Mountain," there is the fatal infidelity displayed, but never made loathsome by those horrible phrases with which Voltaire sometimes degraded his pen. It is, however, in the "Nouvelle Heloise," that we find the secret of the immense popularity of Rousseau in France. Its passion, its tenderness, its dreamy grace, its emotion, its rich painting of the action of love, its sweet diction, and the softness and beauty of Julie, render it one of the most brilliant and seductive visions of romance that ever the fancy conceived. The "Contrat Social" is of quite another order, and is filled with political wisdom, the maxims of which are gradually permeating through the mass of the intelligent people of France. There, indeed, the justice and the honour accorded to men, and to works such as Rousseau's, and the "Contrat Social" is far greater than in England. "They manage these things better in France," says Mr. St. John in his delightful "Isis," "where Corneille, and Racine, Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Jean Jacques Rousseau, monopolize a far larger amount of the feeling and admiration of the country than all the kings since Pepin. Turenne, Condé, Vendôme, and Catinat, are familiar only to the historical student, but the author of the 'Contrat Social' lives in the very heart of the people; his fame constantly expanding with their expanding intelligence. Who, therefore, would not rather have been Jean Jacques Rousseau than Sesostris, or Rameses, or whatever else the learned please to call him?"

The character of this man, exhibited in the actions of his life, is a strange study for the theorist on human nature. His was an irregular, convulsive career; his was a vast, but wild and mystic genius; his was a fate partly the most happy, and partly the most miserable that can be imagined. He had vices, and the most secret of his vices he himself made known; but he possessed also virtues, not unworthy of an heroic age. Simple and frugal, his intellectual ambition aspired out of sight of the meaner appetites of man. While his works were enriching the libraries of Europe, he drank water at one repast that he might be able to have a little unmingled

wine with another. Ardent and irascible by nature, he was neither jealous of his friends nor vindictive to his enemies. Voltaire wronged him and never made amends, but he did justice to Voltaire. "He could hate him," says a French biographer, "without insulting him." His health was usually equal, though weak, and while abhorring the idea of a physician, he often imagined himself ill. The toil of the pen was irksome to one who loved so much to be breathing freedom on the mountains, to be pulling flowers in the vales, to be musing poetically in the woods. Spots that were beautiful he never ceased to remember, and hours that were happy his fancy dwelt on, as though they were to him a fountain of perpetual joy. Yet he also lingered over every melancholy souvenir, until the tone of his mind was sad, and he complained continually of the solitude of desolation.

Politically, Rousseau was the oracle of hope to an abased and harassed land; religiously, he was the foe, the dignified and respectful foe, but still the foe, of Christianity; morally, he was his own victim, and a problem to all other men. Intellectually, he was the most splendid genius of the century. The writing of the "Confessions" can never be too much regretted. Pity it is that Rousseau did not bury with himself the record of crimes that otherwise need never have been revealed. The lesson they convey is not worth the harm that one page of the grosser parts must cause in the incautious reader's mind. Purified of these wretched episodes, they might have remained a romantic and historical treasure of the times in which their author lived, but, as it is, the truth cannot be concealed that their influence is vitiating on the morality, literature, and sentiments of the country. They are, nevertheless, for candour and simplicity, superior to all other writings of the kind. The Confessions of Montaigne are neither so fresh, so faithful, nor so interesting. Those of Chateaubriand have all the egotism, without the genius which gives a grace even to egotism itself. Evelyn's are equally honest, though they have nothing disgraceful to reveal, but they are bald and feeble; while Pepys, with all his frankness, all his vanity, and all his cunning, was nothing but a truckling impostor, participating in the grossness of a vulgar age.

The genius of Rousseau, however, is that which has made his apotheosis. It was rare, commanding, enormous. It grasped and penetrated the most portentous problems of philosophy; it inspired and excited a whole people; it made itself felt through Europe; and it left a response to the inquiries of every future age. So vast was its range; so varied were the objects of its comprehension; so luminous was the atmosphere it created for itself, that the profoundest minds, and minds the most humble, found in its works something to remember and to admire. There never was a writer more eloquent in his pleas for the liberty of man; there never was one more dangerous to the false and corrupted system which, by the aid of a confederate imposture, loaded the people of France. Daring always, and sometimes reckless, Rousseau feared no opinions; but formed his own, and expressed them whatever they were. Especially did he aim at refuting the old lies which knit together the gradations of French society, instead of harmonizing them by a beautiful assimilation into a proportioned and perfect whole. Full of enthusiasm and of eloquence, he coloured his declamation with the most brilliant fancies; and wrought his reasoning into the most persuasive forms. A familiar pathos, a melancholy at once passionate and egotistical, a sympathy with nature approaching to Pagan adoration, enriched those fluent effusions of lyrical prose which were then a marvel and are now a glory to the literature of France. No feeling mind ever dwelt without emotion on those passionate fragments which embalm the griefs he endured, and the deep agony of sorrow and remorse which perpetually came like the phantom of Nemesis to darken his solitude and to break his sleep. His eloquence was at once poured forth, as if from inspiration, and polished with an art the most delicate and pure. The pomp of Bossuet's diction, the glossy bloom, if we may so speak, of Racine's, the glittering *staccatoes* of style by which some of the livelier writers of that country played with the resources of their mother tongue, are wanting in the works of Rousseau; but for the easy, full, pure expression of elevated and beautiful ideas; the embodiment of the feelings in their own best language which is that of pastoral simplicity; the

wing forth of philosophy in clear majestic eloquence, he remains undimmed among the ornaments of letters in distinguished age. He was great, and was partly good, and if we must

despise some of his acts, while we pity his unhappiness, let us remember that while he lived he suffered misery enough to atone for the offences of a man far worse than he.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Among the many lady writers of the last century, few have higher claims on our gratitude and regard than Felicia Hemans. The hearts and "homes of Merry England" have often been warmed by the music of her plaintive verses, sublimated by their lofty moral, ennobled and refined by their teachings of faith, and of love; their holy aspirations after all that is beautiful and true. The poetry of Hemans may not possess the individuality, the massive power, the deep earnestness, the beauty, which distinguish that of Mrs. Barrett Browning; nevertheless it is full of sweetness and earnestness, and of a soft, subdued enthusiasm, breathing, moreover, throughout a trusting and affectionate faith that it must ever find a welcome rest in all true, loving hearts.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was the daughter of an eminent merchant of Liverpool. She was the fifth of seven children, and born on the 25th of September, 1793. While she was still very young, her father suffered a reverse of fortune, and consequently left Liverpool with his family, to reside in Wales. In the deep seclusion of a romantic valley, in a fine old mansion at Denbighshire, Felicia Browne spent many happy years of childhood. The wild far-distant murmurs of the ocean sea, with its teachings of the infinite, the soft, undecaying whisperings of the free, green land, the song of birds, the fall of leaves, the changeful skies, and all the variety of mountain scenery, early imbued her with an intense love and deep reverence for nature, that silent, ever true, and noble educator of poet's soul. She was early distinguished by mental precocity. At six years of age Shakspere was the companion of her solitude; and many a quiet hour she passed in sweet communion with the lofty spirits of old, in

a rustic seat she had chosen amid the boughs of an old apple tree. She was a rapid reader, and her fine memory easily retained whole pages of poetry after having only once read them over. Her juvenile studies were superintended by her mother—a noble-minded woman of high intelligence, and sweet simplicity of character, and of a calm cheerful temperament—in every way admirably adapted for the guidance of a spirit so bright and beautiful, so exquisitely sensitive as that of the young Felicia. And in after years when the wreath of fame encircled the fair brows of the poetess, she turned from the world's praises to the soft glance of those beloved eyes, and felt that her best reward still lay in the glad, approving smile of the dear face "that on her childhood shone."

When about eleven years of age, she spent a winter in London with her parents; and the following year repeated the visit—and this was the last time of her sojourn in the great metropolis. The contrast between the confinement of a town life, and the bright, happy freedom of the country, was by no means pleasing to her. She longed most earnestly to return to her romantic home among the mountains of Wales; and again to join in the merry sports of her younger brothers and sisters. We can well imagine how distasteful the noise and hurry of London life, the crowded streets, the cloudy atmosphere, would prove to the fair child of the hill and the forest; how she would miss the sweet music of nature, the rich melody of birds, the mountain echoes, the woodland murmurs; but most of all the fresh, pure air, and the clear, bright, open skies. Many things, however, she saw during these London visits, which ever remained most vividly impressed upon her remembrance. Collections of art were objects of her especial interest. On entering a hall of sculptures she exclaimed, "Oh, hush!—don't speak;"

well knowing that the spirit of the place was silence. Felicia Browne was not more than fourteen years old when her first volume of poems was published, in the form of a quarto volume. It was very severely criticised, and although, at first, the young poetess felt much depressed, she soon recovered from the effects of this harsh judgment, and again poured forth her melodies in strains more rich and varied than before. One of her brothers was then serving in Spain, under Sir John Moore, and of course her enthusiasm was enlisted on his behalf, and visions of military glory, and scenes of martial heroism became at this time the sources of her poetic inspiration.

The commencement of her acquaintance with Captain Hemans dates from about this period. On his first introduction to the family at Gwrych, Felicia was a lovely girl of fifteen—with rich golden ringlets shading a fair face of radiant and changeful expression. She was a dream of delight, a vision of beauty, a creature all poetry, romance, and enthusiasm, in the first bright flush of the sunshine of life, and as such she was eminently calculated to inspire sentiments of admiration, of devotion, and of love. Captain Hemans pleaded eloquently, and received in return the first affection, deep, and sincere, of that warm young heart. Her friends trusted this might be only a fleeting fancy, but it proved on the contrary a constant one, although Captain Hemans was immediately ordered to embark with his regiment for Spain, and Felicia did not see him again for three years.

Mr. Browne removed with his family to Bronwyllfa, near St. Asaph's, Flintshire, in 1809. Here our poetess entered upon new studies with her accustomed ardour. She read Spanish and Portuguese, and commenced the study of German, although it was long years after this before she drank in the spirit of the latter language with thorough appreciative enjoyment. She possessed some taste for drawing, and had a decided talent for music, which over powerfully influenced her highly susceptible mind. The strains she preferred were chiefly of a pensive character. The simplest national melodies had a charm for her—the wild airs of Ireland and of Wales, the pathetic ballads of Scotland, and the melancholy, but chivalrous songs of Spain

were especial favourites. And we imagine the strange, entranced with which she would listen to the impressiveness of the cathedral with its thrilling accompaniment.

When the depth profound of the solemn
echoed sacred story,
And one sweet voice heard lone and clear
on the Lord of Glory!

Strange and mysterious is the music when heard in some fair minster, with the fading light falling through the stained glass with no step to disturb the aisles, and the white immortal standing out dim in the twilight indeed we seem to be near the land. The glory streams through golden gates, we half see the flash the star-germed diadems, for truly indeed we hear the angel voice it is too much. 'The spirit faints' the weight of too divine a joy, the caged bird beats vainly against prison-bars, such in that instant moment are the soul's wild effluvia the real, the infinite, the

In after years there were times Mrs. Hemans found music too p exciting, and the voice of her husband echoed to the exclamation of Paul's immortal old man;—"away! Thou speakest of thing throughout my endless life I have not, and shall not find!"

About this time Felicia Browne enjoyed much pleasant intercourse with some friends at Conway; and the beautiful scenery by which she was surrounded, was a fount of constant never-failing inspiration. Here she came acquainted with Mr. Edwa blind harper of Conway, to whom she addressed some spirited stanzas:

Minstrel, whose gifted hand can brl.
Life, rapture, soul from every string
And wake, like buds of former time
The spirit of the harp sublime.
Oh! still prolong the varying strain
Oh! touch th' enchanted chords ag

Thine is the charm, suspending care
The heavenly swell, the dying close
The cadence melting into air
That lulls each passion to repose;
While transport lost in silence near,
Breathes all her language in a tear.

In 1812 appeared the "De Affections, and other Poems," among the same year the marriage poetess with Captain Hemans too. They went to reside at Davent year, where their eldest son was Mrs. Hemans regretted bitter

of residence from the mountain so flat and uninteresting as ; and with exceeding delight turned to Bronwylfa with her the following year. Here she with her mother until the death true and devoted friend. Her sometime previously had again in commerce, and emigrated to where he died. Mrs. Hemans' ce at Bronwylfa was passed in etest retirement, and entire conon to study and the requirements family. She had five sons, and ention was necessarily directed s their education. In 1818 she ed a collection of translations, afterwards in rapid succession, Restoration of the Works of Art y," "Modern Greece," "Tales istoric Scenes." It was about riod that Captain Hemans re-to Rome, to try the restorative of the warm climate of the South is health, which had become imby the vicissitudes of a soldier's He made Rome his permanent and Mrs. Hemans never saw him

To quote the words of her "It has been alleged, and with truth, that the literary pursuits s Hemans, and the education of ildren, made it more eligible for remain under the maternal roof o accompany her husband to

It is, however, unfortunately well known that such were not ly reasons which led to this l course. To dwell on this sub-uld be unnecessarily painful, yet st be stated that nothing like anent separation was contem-at the time, nor did it ever t to more than a tacit conven-arrangement, which offered no e to the frequent interchange of nor to a constant reference to ther in all things relating to the d of her boys. But years rolled enteen years of absence, and conntly alienation, and from that time hour of her death Mrs. Hemans r husband never met again."

increasing popularity of her writrought her many new friends, whom none more valued than uxmore, bishop of St. Asaph's. k great interest in her poem "The i," which made its appearance in Just before this publication she ed the prize of fifty pounds for

the best poem on the "Meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the banks of the Carron." The prize being awarded to her was a pleasing surprise to Mrs. Hemans, as she had not the slightest expectation of obtaining it, for the number of competitors was perfectly overwhelming. In the spring of 1820 she was introduced to Bishop (then Mr.) Heber, whose eminent literary taste proved of material service to her in the course of her poetical career.

Mrs. Hemans was employed at that time upon a poem, entitled, "Superstition and Revelation," which was intended to comprehend a great variety of subjects. Everything relative to the graceful and sportive fictions of ancient Greece and Italy; the ruder beliefs of uncultivated climes; the Hindoo rites; the worship of the sun, moon, and stars, was to be laid under contribution; but of this extensive plan only a fragmentary portion was ever completed. This poem is alluded to in the following extract from a letter on the commencement of Mrs. Heman's acquaintance with Heber: "I am more delighted with Mr. Heber than I can possibly tell you; his conversation is quite rich with anecdote, and every subject on which he speaks had been, you would imagine, the sole study of his life. In short his society has made much the same sort of impression on my mind that the first perusal of 'Ivanhoe' did; and was something so perfectly new to me that I can hardly talk of anything else. I had a very long conversation with him on the subject of the poem, which he read aloud and commented upon as he proceeded. His manner was so entirely that of a friend, that I felt perfectly at ease, and did not hesitate to express all my own ideas and opinions on the subject, even where they did not exactly coincide with his own."

In the autumn of 1820 Mrs. Hemans paid a visit to the family circle of Henry Park, Esq., Wavertree Lodge, near Liverpool. Here she writes: "I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed the novelty of all the objects around me. The pastoral seclusion and tranquillity of the life I have led for the last seven or eight years had left my mind in that state of blissful ignorance, particularly calculated to render every new impression an agreeable one; and accordingly Mr. Kean, casts from the Elgin marbles, and the tropical plants in the Botanic

gardens, have all in turn been the objects of my wondering admiration." It was while visiting these kind friends that the *jeu d'esprit* was written with reference to the word "Barb,"—a gentleman having requested Mrs. Hemans to supply him with some precedents from old English writers, proving the use of the word as applied to a steed. The following imitations were the result of his inquiry, and the forgery was not discovered until after some time.

The warrior donn'd his well-worn garb,
And proudly waved his crest,
He mounted on his jet-black barb,
And put his lance in rest.

Percy's Reliques.

Effoons the wight withouten more delay,
Spurr'd his brown barb, and rode full swiftly on
his way.—*Spenser.*

Hark! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard?
The soul of battle is awake within me!
The fate of ages and of empires hangs
On this dread hour. Why am I not in arms?
Bring my good lance, caparison my steed,
Base, idle grooms! Are ye in league against me?
Haste with my barb, or by the holy saints,
Ye shall not live to saddle him to-morrow!

Massinger.

No sooner had the pearl-shedding fingers of the young Aurora tremulously unlocked the oriental portals of the golden horizon, than the graceful flower of chivalry, the bright cynosure of ladies' eyes—he of the dazzling breast-plate and swan-like plume—sprang impatiently from the couch of slumber, and eagerly mounted the noble barb presented to him by the Emperor of Aspramontania.—*Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia.*

See'st thou yon chief whose presence seems to rule

The storm of battle? So where'er he moves
Death follows. Carnage sits upon his crest—
Fate on his sword is thronged—and his white barb,
As a proud courser of Apollo's chariot,
Seems breathing fire.—*Potter's Æschylus.*

Oh! bonnie looked my ain true knight,
His barb so proudly reining;
I watched him till my tearful sight,
Grew amais't dim wi' straining.

Border Minstrelsy.

Why he can heel the lavolt, and wind a fiery
barb, as well as any gallant in Christendom. He's
the very pink and mirror of accomplishment.—
Shakspeare.

Fair star of beauty's heaven! to call thee mine,
All other joys I joyously would yield;
My knightly crest, my bounding barb resign,
For the poor shepherd's crook and daisied field.
For courts or camps no wish my soul would prove,
So thou wouldst live with me and be my love!

Earl of Surrey's Poems.

For thy dear love my weary soul hath grown
Heedless of youthful sports; I seek no more
Or joyous dance or music's thrilling tone,
Or joys that once could charm in minstrel lore;
Or knightly tilt when steel-clad champions meet,
Borne on impetuous barbs, to bleed at beauty's
feet.—*Shakspeare's Sonnets.*

As a warrior clad
In sable arms, like Chaos grim and sad,
But mounted on a barb as white
As the fresh new-horn light,—
So the black night too soon
Came riding on the bright and silver moon,

Whose radiant heavenly ark,
Made all the clouds beyond his influ-
ence,
E'en more than doubly dark.
Mourning, all widowed of her glorious
beam.—*Cowley.*

In 1821, Mrs. Hemans obtained prize offered by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on subject of Dartmoor. An extract from one of her letters at this period ingeniously illustrates the bright sunshiny joy which ever lit up her family on the occasion of her literary successes:—"What with surprise, and pleasure, I am really almost dazed. I wish you had but seen children when the prize was announced to them yesterday. Arthur, you had so set his heart upon it, that quite troublesome with his constant inquiries on the subject. He sprang from his Latin exercises, and stood aloud, 'Now, I am sure mamma better poet than Lord Byron!' acclamations were actually deaf and George said, that the excess pleasure had really given him a ache."

The next production of Mrs. Hemans was the "Vespers of Palermo," a tragedy which she was induced to offer for stage, through the kind encouragement of Bishop Heber and Mr. Mitford. This step occasioned her considerable anxiety as to its ultimate success. A letter to a friend, she writes:—"I have not been able, I am sorry to say, to attract the least attention to my Welsh since your departure. I am so full of not having the copying of the tragedy completed by the time my brother's sister return, and I have such a variety of nursery interruptions, that what the murdered *Provençals*, George's clothes, Mr. Morehead's *Edinburg Gazette*, Arthur's cough, and his holidays, besides the dozen little which occur in my colony ever, my ideas are sometimes in such a state of rotatory motion that it is with difficulty I can reduce them to any order."

Some time about this period the return of her sister from Germany, a large stock of books sent her brother from Vienna, supplied her with inducements to return to her German studies with increased ardour and interest. This magnificent language opened to her delighted mind a new world of feeling, of thought

of sentiment, so that she could scarcely talk of anything else. She revelled alike in the warm-hearted enthusiasm of the noble-minded Schiller, in the infinite variety of the wonderful and many-sided Goethe, in the poetry of Herder, and the fiery lyrics of Theodore Körner. Tieck and Novalis were also among her favourite authors. Of the "Sternbald's Wanderungen," she thus speaks in a letter:—

"Now let me introduce you to a dear friend of mine. Tieck's Sternbald, in whose 'Wanderungen,' which I now send—if you know them not already—I cannot but hope that you will take almost as much delight as I have done amidst my own free hills and streams, where his favourite book has again and again been my companion."

The fine lyric, "The Grave of Körner," procured Mrs. Hemans the honour of some lines from Theodore Körner's *vater*, which she ever valued most highly. This interesting tribute has been well translated by W. B. Chorley, Esq. We will, therefore, transcribe it:—

Gently a voice from afar is borne to the ear of the mourner;
Mildly it soundeth, yet strong, grief in his bosom to soothe;
Strong in the soul-cheering faith, that hearts have a share in his sorrow,
In whose depths all things holy and noble are shrined.
From that land once dearly beloved by our brave one the fallen,
Mourning blest with bright fame—cometh a wreath for his urn.
Hail to thee, England, the free! thou see'st in the German no stranger,
Over the earth and seas, joined both lands, heart and hand!

In 1823, the well-known little poem, "The Voice of Spring," was written. It is singular that the fair spring-time of the year should ever have spoken to the mind of Mrs. Hemans in tones breathing more of sadness than of joy. "If," she writes, "if I could choose when I would wish to die, it should be in spring—the influence of that season is so strangely depressing to my heart and frame."

In December 1823, the "Vespers of Palermo," was produced at Covent Garden. Mr. Young, Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Yates, Mrs. Bartley, and Miss Kelly taking the principal parts. Chiefly owing to the inefficiency of the last-mentioned actress, the piece proved a complete failure, and was the cause of bitter disappointment to the authoress and her friends. The following April, however, the play was brought forward

at Edinburgh with eminent success, exceeding even the "most sanguine expectation." Mrs. H. Siddons recited an epilogue written expressly by Sir Walter Scott. On this joyful occasion Mrs. Hemans writes to a friend:—"I knew how much you would rejoice with me in the issue of my Edinburgh trial. It has, indeed, been most gratifying, and I think amongst the pleasantest of its results, I may reckon a letter from Sir Walter Scott, of which it has put me in possession. I had written to thank him for the kindness he had shown with regard to the play, and hardly expected an answer, but it came, and you would be delighted with its frank and unaffected kindness."

Her next production was the tragedy of "De Chatillon; or, the Crusaders;" and at the close of the year 1824, she commenced her longest poem, "The Forest Sanctuary," which refers to the sufferings of a Spanish Protestant in Philip the Second's time, and the hero, who escapes to the wilds of America, is the supposed narrator.

In 1825, our poetess removed, with her mother, sister and children, from Bronwylfa to Rhyllon, a house belonging to her brother, and only a quarter of a mile distant from her former residence. The new abode was not nearly so romantic, externally, as Bronwylfa. At Rhyllon, however, Mrs. Hemans spent many happy years, and it was ever to her the home of sweet remembrances. And here, on a soft, grassy mound, beneath the shade of a beech tree, she enjoyed the first perusal of the "Talisman," so gracefully commemorated in her lines, "The Hour of Romance:"—

There were thick leaves above me and around,
And low sweet sighs, like those of childhood's sleep;
Amidst the dimness, and a fitful sound
As of soft showers on water; dark and deep
Lay the oak shadows on the turf, so still,
They seemed but pictured glooms; a hidden rill
Made music such as haunts us in a dream,
Under the fern-tufts; and a tender gleam
Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm shed,
Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down,
And steeped the magic page wherein I read,
Of royal chivalry and old renown,
A tale of Palestine.

The year 1825 brought several tributes to the fame of our authoress from America. Amongst the most pleasant was a letter from Professor Norton, of Cambridge University, New England, offering to superintend the publication of a complete edition of her poems, which

was projected at Boston, and also to secure the profits for her benefit. Bright and beautiful must have been the atmosphere of the household of Rhyllon, gladdened by so many tokens of goodwill from afar, and blessed with health, sustaining love and social enjoyment at home. At this period she writes:—"Soft winds and bright blue skies make me, or dispose me to be a sad idler; and it is only by an effort, and a strong feeling of necessity, that I can fix my mind steadily to any sedentary pursuits, when the sun is shining over the mountains, and the birds singing at heaven's gate; but I find the frost and snow most salutary monitors, and always make exertion my enjoyment during their continuance. For this reason I must say, I delight in the utmost rigour of winter, which almost seems to render it necessary that the mind should become fully acquainted with its own resources, and find means in drawing them forth to cheer with mental light the melancholy day!"

In 1826, however, a deep gloom overshadowed the family circle at Rhyllon. There was mourning in the household of the eldest brother of Mrs. Hemans for those "who were not," for the sound of the beloved voices now hushed in the silence of death,

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth.

And a sadder trial was yet in store. The frame of the aged mother whose presence had been like the sweet star trembling over bright waters, was rapidly yielding to decay, and soon the hand was cold, the eyes closed, never to open again on earth; "the silver chord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken." It was in the anticipation of the decease of this dear parent that Mrs. Hemans wrote the following lines:—

Father! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son;

Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down bless'd relief;
Or, to the chaste'n'd let thy might
Hallow this grief!

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begin,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done;"

By Thy meek spirit, Thou of all
That e'er have mourned the chief;
Thou, Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief!

After the last remains of her mother had been consigned to the dark & silent grave, she writes in a letter to friend.—"My soul is indeed 'exceed sorrowful,' dear friend; but, thank God, I can tell you that composure is returning to me, and that I am enabled to resume those duties which so imperiously call me back to life. What I have lost none better knows than yourself. I have lost the faithful, watchful, patient love, which for years had been devoted to me and mine; and I feel that the void it has left behind must cause me to bear 'a yearning heart within me to the grave,' but I have her example before me, and I must not allow myself to sink."

From the date of her mother's death, the health of Mrs. Hemans, which had ever been delicate, became still more so, and she experienced frequent recurrences of inflammatory attacks.

She writes of herself about this period:—"My spirits are as variable as the light and shadow flitting with the winds over the high grass, and sometimes the tears gush into my eyes, when I can scarcely define the cause." And again:—"I am a strange being, I think. I put myself in mind of an Irish melody, sometimes, with its quick and wild transitions from sadness to gaiety."

In June, 1827, Mrs. Hemans wrote a letter of self-introduction to Miss Mitford, which met with a cordial response, and thus opened a pleasant correspondence with the authoress of "Our Village."

The state of her health often confined her to her bed, and being unable to use her pen under such circumstances, she was obliged to have recourse to the services of an amanuensis. On one of these occasions the friend who acted in that capacity wrote thus:—"Felicia has just sent for me, with pencil and paper, to put down a little song which, she said, had come to her like a strain of music, whilst lying in the twilight under the infliction of a blister; and as I really think, that 'a scrap' (as our late eccentric visitor would call it) composed under such circumstances, is, to use the words of Coleridge, 'a psychological curiosity,' I cannot resist copying it for you. It was suggested by a story she somewhere read lately of a Greek islander, carried off to the Vale of Tempe, and pining amidst all its beauties for the sight and sound of his native sea:—

Where is the sea? I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks in fleet career,
And flags and breezes free?

I miss that voice of waves which first
Awoke my childish glee;
The measured chime, the thundering hurst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtle breath may rise,
Soft, soft your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree,
The echoes of my soul are mute,
Where is my own blue sea?

"The Records of Woman," dedicated to Mrs. Joanna Baillie, was published in 1828. In a letter to a friend who had lost a beloved child, Mrs. Hemans writes: "And I, too, have felt, though not (through the breaking of *that tie*) those sick and weary yearnings for the dead, that fervent thirst for the sound of a departed voice or step, in which the heart seems to die away, and literally to become 'a fountain of tears.' Who can sound its depths? One alone, and may He comfort you!" In the same year, Mrs. Hemans again visited her kind friends at Wavertree Lodge, near Liverpool; and in consequence of many changes having taken place in the family circle at Rhyllyn, she decided upon fixing her residence in the village of Wavertree, where she had extensive facilities for literary enjoyments. She here formed several new and interesting friendships, and was delighted in making the personal acquaintance of her New England friends, Mr. and Mrs. Norton. It was sometime about this period that she became on terms of intimacy with the gifted and noble-minded Miss Jewsbury. A warm and sincere attachment sprang up between them; and Miss Jewsbury's enthusiasm and admiration for the character of her friend, were beautifully exemplified in her eloquent delineation of *Egeria*, in the "Three Histories," which is generally understood to be a portraiture of Mrs. Hemans. We have not space for the whole, but cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the following passage:—

"*Egeria* was totally different from any of the women I had ever seen, either in Italy or in England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute; but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. . . . Her strength and her weakness alike

lay in her affections; these would sometimes make her weep at a word, at others imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately a 'falcon-hearted dove,' and 'a reed shaken by the wind.' Her voice was a sad, sweet melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange tree with its

Golden lamps hid in a night of green;
or of those Spanish gardens, where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if, in her depression, she resembled night, it was night bearing her stars. I might describe and describe for ever, but I should never succeed in portraying *Egeria*. She was a Muse, a Grace, a variable child, a dependant woman, the Italy of human beings."

At last the time drew near for Mrs. Hemans to take a farewell of her Welsh home, and remove to the residence she had engaged at Wavertree. It was a severe trial, leaving the "old familiar place," and still more so, as she was obliged also to part with her two eldest sons, who were sent to their father at Rome. She writes: "I am suffering deeply, more than I could have dreamt or imagined, from this farewell sadness! My heart seems as if a nightmare weighed it down. . . . You know it is impossible I should be better till all these billows have passed over me. The improvisatore talent has scarcely deserted me yet, but it is gushing up from a fountain of tears. Oh! that I could but lift up my head where alone the calm sunshine is!"

Many new friends clustered around the poetess on her removal to Wavertree. She was, indeed, almost overwhelmed by the overtures of strangers desirous of making her acquaintance. In a letter to Mrs. Howitt, written shortly after her change of residence, she says: "My health and spirits are decidedly improving; and I am reconciling myself to many things in my changed situation, which at first pressed upon my heart with all the weight of a Switzer's home-sickness. Among these is the want of hills. Oh! this waveless horizon, how it wearies the eye accustomed to the sweeping outline of mountain scenery! I would wish that there were, at least, woodlands, like those so delightfully pictured in your husband's 'Chapter on Woods,' to supply their place; but it is a dull, uninvective Nature all around here, though there *must* be somewhere

little fairy nooks, which I hope by degrees to discover."

In the summer of 1829, Mrs. Hemans was induced to visit Scotland, after having received many invitations from Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, of Chiefswood, near Abbotsford. She writes to a friend at St. Asaph's:—"Now I am going to excite a sensation, I am actually about to visit Scotland—going to Mr. Hamilton's, at Chiefswood. Charles has been longing to communicate the important intelligence, as he and Henry are to accompany me; but I could not possibly afford that pleasure to any one but myself. And you *are* as much surprised as if I had written you word that I was going to the North Pole." Shortly after her arrival at Chiefswood, she writes again:—"You will be pleased to think of me as I now am, in constant, almost daily intercourse with Sir Walter Scott, who has greeted me to this mountain-land in the kindest manner, and with whom I talk freely and happily, as to an old familiar friend. I have taken several long walks with him over moor and brae, and it is indeed delightful to see him thus and to hear him pour forth, from the fulness of his rich mind and peopled memory, song and legend, and tale of old, until I could almost fancy I heard the gathering-cry of some chieftain of the hills, so completely does his spirit carry me back to the days of the slogan and the fire-cross."

On another occasion, after having walked with Sir Walter to see the Yarrow;—"This day has been, I was going to say, one of the happiest, but I am too isolated a being to use that word—at least one of the pleasantest and most cheerfully exciting of my life. I shall think again and again of that walk under the old solemn trees that hang over the mountain-stream of Yarrow, with Sir Walter Scott beside me; his voice frequently breaking out, as if half unconsciously, into some verse of the antique ballads, which he repeats with a deep and homely pathos. . . . Before we retired for the night he took me into the hall and showed me the spot where the imagined form of Byron had stood before him. This hall, with its rich gloom shed by its deeply coloured windows, and with its antique suits of armour and inscriptions, all breathing of 'the olden time,' is truly a fitting scene for the appearance of so stately a shadow. The next morning I

left Abbotsford, and who can leave a spot so brightened and animated by the life, the happy life of genius, without regret? I shall not forget the kindness of Sir Walter's farewell—so frank and simple, and heart-felt, as he said to me, 'There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin; and *you* are one of those.' It is delightful to take away with me so unmingled an impression of what I may now call almost affectionate admiration."

Mrs. Hemans was delighted with Edinburgh, where she formed several agreeable acquaintances; among whom were Captain Basil Hall, and Jeffrey of the "Edinburgh Review." At Holyrood House, she was vividly impressed by the picture said to be a portrait of Rizzio, and she embodied her thoughts in the "Lines to a Remembered Picture."

They haunt me still—those calm, pure, holy eyes!
Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams;
The soul of music that within them lies,
Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams
Life—spirit-life—immortal and divine—
Is there; and yet how dark a death was thine?

Could it—oh! could it be—meek child of song?
The might of gentleness on that fair brow—
Was the celestial gift to shield from wrong?
Bore it no talisman to ward the blow?
Ask if a flower upon the billows cast
Might brave their strife—a flute-note hush the blast!

Among the numerous friends of Mrs. Hemans, in Edinburgh, none were more highly valued than Sir David Wedderburn, and his kind lady. At their house our poetess ever received a warm and hearty welcome. After a short sojourn with Sir Robert Liston, at his pleasant residence at Milburn Tower, Mrs. Hemans returned to her own house at Wavertree, where she was soon after visited by Miss Jewsbury. The principal lyrics in the "Songs of the Affections," were written during this winter. Of one of them, "The Spirit's Return," ever a great favourite with us, she writes to a friend: "Your opinion of the 'Spirit's Return,' has given me particular pleasure, because I prefer that poem to anything else I have written; but if there be, as my friends say, a greater power in it than I had before evinced, I paid dearly for the discovery, and it made me almost tremble as I sounded the deep places of my soul." Mr. Chorley gives an interesting account relative to the production of this poem.

"It was suggested," he says, "by a fire-side conversation. It had long been a favourite amusement to wind up our evenings by telling ghost-stories. One night, however, the store of thrilling narratives was exhausted, and we began to talk of the feelings with which the presence and the speech of a visitant from another world (if indeed a spirit could return), would be most likely to impress the person so visited. After having exhausted all the common varieties of fear and terror in our speculations, Mrs. Hemans said, she thought the predominant sensation at the time must partake of awe and rapture, and resemble the feelings of those who have listened to a revelation, and at the same moment know themselves to be favoured above all men, and humbled before a being no longer sharing their own cares or passions; but that the person so visited must thenceforward and for ever be separated from the world and its concerns; for the soul which had once enjoyed such a strange and spiritual communion, which had been permitted to look, though but for a moment, beyond the mysterious gates of death, must be raised by its experience too high for common grief again to perplex, or common joy to enliven." She spoke long and eloquently upon this subject; and I have reason to believe that this conversation settled her wandering fancy, and gave rise to the principal poem in her next volume."

In the summer of 1830, Mrs. Hemans visited Wordsworth, at Rydal Mount. And here we must again quote from her picturesque letters:—"My nervous fear of the idea of presenting myself to Mr. Wordsworth grew upon me so rapidly that it was more than seven o'clock before I took courage to leave the inn at Ambleside. I had indeed little cause for such trepidation. I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant-looking old man greeted me in the porch. This was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I told him that, having rather a large party of visitors in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure this little trait will give you an idea of considerate kindness which you will both like and appreciate."

Again:—"I seem to be writing to you almost from the spirit-land; all

here is so brightly still, so remote from every-day cares and tumults, that sometimes I can hardly persuade myself I am not dreaming. It scarcely seems to be 'the light of common day,' that is clothing the woody mountains before me; there is something almost visionary in its soft gleams and ever-changing shadows. I am charmed with Mr. Wordsworth, whose kindness to me has quite a soothing influence over my spirits. Oh! what relief, what blessing there is in the feeling of admiration when it can be freely poured forth! There is a daily beauty in his life which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed, and felt it. He gives me a good deal of his society, reads to me, walks with me, leads my pony when I ride; and I begin to talk with him as with a sort of paternal friend."

After spending above a fortnight with the venerable poet of Rydal Mount, Mrs. Hemans engaged for a few weeks a pretty little cottage on the lake called the "Dove's Nest." She writes of it:—"I am so delighted with the spot that I scarcely know when I shall leave it. The situation is one of the deepest retirement; but the bright lake before me, with all its fairy barks and sails, glancing like 'things of life' over the blue waters, prevents the solitude from being overshadowed by anything like sadness."

But even in this romantic seclusion Mrs. Hemans was not free from the annoyance of "lion-hunters," and she complained bitterly of the vexations to which such visitors subjected her. On quitting the "Dove's Nest," late in the summer, she made another tour into Scotland. During her sojourn at Milbank Tower, she had formed a friendship with J. C. Graves, Esq., and his family, of Dublin; and by them she was induced that autumn to effect a long-projected visit to Wales, by way of Dublin and Holyhead. Not having found the neighbourhood of Waverley to agree with her health, she determined upon taking up her permanent residence at Dublin the ensuing spring, particularly as her brother was residing in Ireland. She paid a last farewell-visit to her former home at Bronwyllfa, on her return from Ireland. During Mrs. Hemans' residence near Liverpool, she enjoyed much of the society of Mr. Roscoe, the author of the "Lives of Lorenzo the

Magnificent, and Leo X." The last winter she was in Wavertree, she took lessons in music, and derived much pleasure from a newly-discovered faculty of musical composition. At this time her health began decidedly to fail, and her physician enjoined upon her "great care and perfect quiet," to prevent her disease (an affection of the heart) from assuming a dangerous character.

In the spring of 1831, Mr. Hemans removed to Dublin, and shortly after paid a visit to her brother, Major Browne, at Kilkenny. She writes:—"The state of the country here, though Kilkenny is considered tranquil, is certainly, to say the least of it, very ominous. We paid a visit, yesterday evening, at a clergyman's house about five miles hence, and found a guard of eight armed policemen stationed at the gate; the window ledges were all provided with great stones, for the convenience of hurling down upon assailants, and the master of the house had not for a fortnight taken a walk without loaded pistols. You may well imagine how the boys, who are all here for the holidays, were enchanted with this agreeable state of things; indeed, I believe they were not a little disappointed that we reached home without having sustained an attack from the White-feet."

Mrs. Hemans did not go into society much at Dublin. She formed, however, several very interesting friendships. Among them may be mentioned Archbishop Whateley, Sir William Hamilton, and Mr. Blanco White. It was here that she heard Paganini for the first time. She alludes to his magical performances in the following letter:—"To begin with the appearance of the foreign wonder. It is very different from what the indiscriminating newspaper accounts would lead you to suppose. He is certainly singular looking, pale, slight, and with long, neglected hair; but I saw nothing whatever of that *wildfire*, that almost ferocious inspiration of mien which has been ascribed to him. Indeed I thought the expression of the countenance rather that of good-nature—a mild *enjouement* than of anything else; and his bearing altogether simple and natural."

She writes again:—"—related to me a most interesting conversation he had had with Paganini, in a private circle. The latter was describing to him the sufferings—(do you remember a line of Byron's?

"The starry Galileo with his woes"—by which he pays for his consummation excellence. He scarcely knows sleep is; and his nerves are weak to such almost preternatural acuteness that harsh, even common sound often torture to him; he is unable times to bear a whisper in his ear. His passion for music he describes as all-absorbing, a consuming fact, he looks as if no other life than the ethereal one of melody, were circumscribed in his veins. But, he added, glow of triumph kindling through sadness: 'Mais, c'est un don du ciel.' I heard all this, which was no more than I had imagined, with a still deeper conviction, that it is the gift of God to all others—those whom the many believe to be rejoicing in their fame, strong in their own resources who have most need of true help, rest upon, and of hope in God's support."

After some reference to the interestingly delicate state of Mrs. Hemans's health, her sister remarks:—"A sacred literature, and particularly the writings of some of our old bards, became from henceforward her constant taste; and her earnest and diligent study of the Scriptures was a spring of daily increasing comfort. . . . She now sought no longer to forget her trials—('a wild wish, longing vain!') as such attempts ever have proved;—but rather to contemplate them through the only and reconciling medium; and relief from sorrow and suffering which she had once been apt to find in the fictitious world of imagination now afforded her by calm and constant meditation on what can alone be 'the things that are.'"

A very pleasing incident occurred at this time. A stranger called upon Hemans one day, while she was very unwell and obliged to decline from all, except her nearest friends. He begged, however, so earnestly of her, that refusal was impossible. Then, in terms of the deepest feeling, he expressed his warm gratitude for that through reading her poem of "Sceptic," he had passed from the darkness of infidelity to the light of faith, and in all the infinite consolation of the Christian religion.

In 1833, Mrs. Hemans designed a plan of a volume of sacred poetry.

wards published under the title of "Scenes and Hymns of Life." She writes:—"I have now passed through the feverish and somewhat visionary state of mind, often connected with the passionate study of art in early life; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I even feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which, though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long wander from without some sense of dereliction. I hope it is no self-delusion, but I cannot help sometimes feeling as if it were my true task to enlarge the sphere of sacred poetry and extend its influence. When you receive my volume of 'Scenes and Hymns,' you will see what I mean by enlarging the sphere, though my plans are as yet imperfectly developed."

In 1834, the "Hymns for Childhood," the "National Lyrics," and lastly, the "Scenes and Hymns of Life," were published. All were favourably received, and especially the latter. In a letter to a friend, Mrs. Hemans observes:—"I find in the 'Athenæum' of last week, a brief but satisfactory notice of the 'Scenes and Hymns.' The volume is recognised as my best work, and the course it opens out, called 'a noble path.' My heart is growing faint. Shall I have power given me to tread that way much further?"

In the summer of the same year, Mrs. Hemans was startled and deeply affected by the news of the death of her friend, Mrs. Fletcher, late Miss Jewsbury, who died in India. The following extract from one of her letters, will best describe her state of feeling on the reception of this melancholy news:—"I was, indeed, deeply and permanently affected by the untimely fate of one so gifted and so affectionately loving me, as our poor lost friend. It hung the more solemnly upon my spirit, as the subject of death and the mighty future had so many times been that of our most confidential communion. How much deeper power seemed to lie coiled up, as it were, in the recesses of her mind, than were ever manifested to the world in her writings! Strange and sad does it seem, that only the broken music of such a spirit should have been given to the earth, the full and finished harmony never drawn forth."

Mrs. Hemans was obliged to relinquish a projected visit to England

about this period, in consequence of an attack of fever. On her recovery she went on an excursion into Wicklow county, for change of air, but, most unfortunately, the inn to which she repaired was infected with scarlet fever, and both herself and servant "caught the contagion." On her partial convalescence she returned to Dublin; and, the same autumn, through being exposed to the evening air, she took a cold, that was followed by distressing ague attacks, from the effects of which she never more recovered. In December, for the sake of change of scene, she removed to the country residence of Archbishop Whateley, at Redesdale, which was kindly placed at her disposal. Here she writes:—"My fever, though still returning at its hours, is still decidedly abated, with several of its most exhausting accompaniments, and those intense throbbing headaches have left me, and allowed me gradually to resume the inestimable resource of reading, though frequent drowsiness obliges me to use it very moderately. But better far than these indications of recovery is the sweet religious peace, which I feel gradually overshadowing me with its dove-pinions, excluding all that would exclude thoughts of God. I would I could convey to you the deep feeling of repose and thankfulness with which I lay one Friday evening gazing from my sofa, upon a sunset sky of the richest suffusion, silvery green and amber kindling into the most glorious tints of the burning rose. I felt its holy beauty sinking through my inmost being, with an influence drawing me nearer and nearer to God."

The state of her health being rather worse than better, Mrs. Hemans left Redesdale for her own home at Dublin, in March, 1835. She was, henceforth, confined to her room, and often the prey of acute suffering. But her soul was ever enwreathed with a sweet serenity, an atmosphere of joy and love—the "peace that passeth all understanding." Her spirit was haunted at times by dreams of immortal beauty, as if borne by ministering angels to illumine her couch of death. She would sometimes say, "no poetry could express, no imagination conceive the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy." Again, she remarked, "I feel as if hovering between heaven and earth." She assured one of her friends that "the

tenderness and affectionateness of the Redeemer's character, which they had often contemplated together, was now a source, not merely of reliance, but of positive happiness to her—the *sweetness of her couch*."

On Sunday, April 26th, she dictated her last poem to her brother. It was the "Sabbath Sonnet." Throughout her illness, she enjoyed the watchful care of her brother and sister-in-law, and was tenderly and faithfully attended by her servant, Anna Creer, a young woman of singular intelligence and warm-heartedness. On the evening of Saturday, May the 16th, 1835, the bright and gentle spirit of Felicia Hemans passed peacefully away from an earthly slumber to that divine rest which "God giveth His beloved." A simple tablet was erected to her memory, inscribed with some lines from a dirge of her own composition:—

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trode,
Thy soul was on thy brow,
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Having thus taken an imperfect glance over the life-history of this sweet singer, and most amiable woman, let us proceed with a brief but comprehensive survey of the writings on which rest the foundation of her literary fame. We will endeavour to trace the connection between her life and her poetry, which we believe will be found to be attuned in perfect harmony; the one forming, as it were, a kind of complement to the other, the story of her existence, interpreting the burden of her song.

Seldom have genius and Christianity been more beautifully and intimately allied than in the case of Felicia Hemans. Religion with her was not merely a name, but a thing of life and reality. Hence it is the sweet and gentle undertone which runs through all her poetry; the rich perfume in which her most tender and refined sentiment is ever embalmed; the voice that mingles with the music of her every outburst of feeling; the fair soft light in line which rests on each page of her writings. The gift of genius is oftentimes one fatal to its possessor. Such persons are not unfrequently erratic stars. Nor is this a matter of surprise, for their position is one of peculiar trial. We are all more

or less creatures of dependence. We require sympathy, and we derive a pleasure from being understood and appreciated. Herein lies one of the peculiar trials of which genius is susceptible; for by its very nature it is in most instances beyond ordinary comprehension, and consequently it is unrecognised, and of course meets with but little sympathy. Thus the "loneliness amid a crowd," becomes doubly true.

Filled with high aspirations after all that is great and beautiful, the soul of genius is continually doomed to deep and bitter disappointment in this world of ours. Living in a realm of wonder and of strange mystery, the mind thus endowed is liable, in an extraordinary degree, to the assiduous questionings of doubt, and the reasonings of a false philosophy. What marvel, then, if it sometimes go astray? And the method by which such minds have been too often treated acts by no means as a remedy. Oh, world! how many high spirits have been crushed, how many deep true hearts have been broken by thy cold scorn, by thy proud indifference! Better, far better it were to meet them on their ways of wandering, with words of love and of tender entreaty, and thus gently to guide them into the "paths of peace" and of blessedness, to enchant them by a vision of beauty, fairer than their brightest dreams, and to fill their thirsting spirits with all the joy-breathing harmonies of the truth eternal.

Many are the dark histories unveiled by the chronicles of genius. We have the sad record of a Chatterton—

The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul who perished in his pride.

And a Byron, like another Cain, wandering over land and sea, seeking rest, and finding none. And a Keats, "true prophet of the beautiful," bending beneath the weight of ungenerous criticism, like a surcharged lily, to his Roman grave. Here, too, is the "star-eyed" Alastor, with his fair locks disparted Greek-wise over his pale forehead, shipwrecked amid the billows of a cold despair.

Lucertius nobler than his mood,
Who cast his plummet down the broad
Deep universe, and said, "No God!"

Such stories make us sad. We look upon these highly-gifted souls with an admiration mingled with much trembling. We reflect on what they might have been, compared, alas! with what

were, and are. How great and how truly angelic, had their noble *ers* been rightly directed! For there *met*hing so bright and beautiful, so like in genius, that we must love it. *shes* with such a regal majesty, that it *erally* asks for our homage—it *com-*els it. It is so unearthly, too, in its *acter*, like some "lonely light from *en's* shore," and in very truth, it is *urnful* thing when its fair radiance *mmed* and darkened by the clouds *is* lower world. In proportion, *fore*, to our sorrow, on observing *is* misguided, and falling short of *ity* mission, is our joy on beholding *alliance* with all that is fair, and *ely*, and of good report."

Mrs. Hemans we are presented the almost ideal of feminine char-*r*. We should imagine, judging *ly* from the tone of her writings, in all the relations of life she was *graceful* and loveable; gentle in *ners* and fair in person, with per-*ee* a shade of sadness on her brow. *tant* in her friendships and tenderly *denate*. Intellectually, not over *ound*, but still on all subjects think-*almly* and well. A woman of deep *or*, tremulously susceptible, thirst-*ing* a love and a sympathy which may *be* found on earth. And such we *been* told she was in reality—

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.

be highly gifted L. E. L. has ob-*ed* in reference to Mrs. Hemans:—*at* is poetry, and what is a poet-*career*? The first is to have an *nization* of extreme sensibility *h* the second exposes bare-headed *be* rudest weather. The original *dse* is irresistible—all professions *engrossing* when once begun, and *g* with perpetual stimulus, no-*g* takes more complete possession *a* follower than literature. But *r* can success repay its cost. The *appears*—it lives in the light of *dar* applause; but truly might the *r* exclaim:

My youth, it is my bloom, it is my glad free
heart,
Away for thee; for thee, ill-fated as thou
art.

is be true even of one sex, how *more* true of the other? Ah! *e* to a woman is but a royal mourn-*n* purple for happiness!"

Such are the words of one who lived *amid* the dazzle of the world's applause, and who felt how false, and how vain the glitter after the fading of the flowers, and the quenching of the festal lights. Not that we *entirely* coincide with her; for we think that the joy of genius is as deep and intense as its sorrow. It is evident, however, that Mrs. Hemans felt painfully at times the unsatisfying nature of literary fame. She sang, men listened and admired. Another sweet singer amid the green boughs and the pleasant hills—that was all. There was the loud acclaim, but other response was there none; and so she "lays her lonely dreams aside," or what is better still, she "lifts them unto heaven."

Oh! ask not, hope not thou too much
Of sympathy below:
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow.
Few, and by still conflicting powers,
Forbidden here to meet;
Such ties would make this life of ours,
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns!
It may be that the breath of spring
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring,
A dream to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night;
The wind that with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill—
These may have language all thine own,
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne past,
Or watched through sickness by thy bed,
Call him a kindred heart.

Perhaps few writers who have written so much as Mrs. Hemans, have uni-*formly* written so well; yet it might have been better for her fame had she left fewer long pieces. She does not possess that lofty power of thought, that intense concentration of ideas, that striking and passionate depth of expres-*sion*, which is requisite to sustain the attention through a long succession of pages. Her genius is not dramatic. Hence her more ambitious productions are those which are least known. Al-*though* it contains many fine passages, few persons are intimately acquainted with her "Forest Sanctuary," and still fewer with her "Vespers of Palermo,"

and the "Siege of Valentia." It is in her charming relation of striking incidents and in her shorter lyrics that Mrs. Hemans particularly excels. Her poetry is ever elegant, true and tender in sentiment, perfect in harmony, and somewhat mournful in tone. It is the aspiration after a higher and holier sphere; the soul weary and dissatisfied with earth; the exile sighing for its home; and the heartfelt longing for the love and the truth divine. In common with all high souls Mrs. Hemans often gives utterance to feelings similar to those which prompted Margaret Davidson to exclaim :

Earth! thou hast nought to satisfy
The cravings of an immortal mind!

And it is this sentiment, together with the deep thirst for some true fountain of affection, which may be said to form the key-note of her poetry. Her music is a soft bird-like melody; low and plaintive, sometimes rising into strains of generous enthusiasm; and as the zephyr amid the forest greenery, it ever breathes if not of gladness, of all that is fair and free. The "vision and the faculty divine" appear seldom to have oppressed Mrs. Hemans as with a woe and a burden, and a strange joy, which must break forth in a wail of impassioned music or in a gush of wild exultation. The realm of poetic enchantment in which she delighted to wander was encircled with a kind of dreamy beauty, like one of Turner's landscapes; it was the home of all sweet and tender remembrances; of high and noble hopes; of warm patriotism and of undying love. A land moreover filled to overflowing with the whispers of searaphic song; those "lays of Paradise," o'er which as they vibrate amid his spirit chords, the poet vainly weeps, in his inability to interpret them more fully.

The serene repose of Mrs. Hemans' world of thought was seldom disturbed by the voice of the "rushing winds of inspiration." Her poems, therefore, seldom bear the impress of intense excitement, of strong and fervent impulses; they are more the expression of habitual states of mind and feeling; hence they have been charged with exhibiting a tinge of monotony. There is not the fall of a mountain torrent, but the silvery murmuring of a rill amid the light and shade, the hills and the meadows. The light of genius with her was not a flash

of restless radiance, but the still, troubled shining of the star. Consequently her muse is invariably of deliciously soothing character. She is unsurpassed in graceful and felicitous expression, and in true and tender sentiment, especially where she has recourse to the domestic affections. [As an example, the "First Grief," o

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are
drest,
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle shower
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth;
Alas! for Love! if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, oh earth!

Few poets have more beautifully adapted their style of versification to the sentiment they wish to convey, Felicia Hemans. Her "Song of Battle of Morgarten," and that sultry little lyric, "The Trumpet," seeing ring like some martial music; solemn and touching as the thoughts they express, is the flow of the following stanzas from the "Hour of Death :

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's blast
And stars to set—but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and woe
There comes a day for grief's overwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose,
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee; but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

And, as strikingly illustrative of our previous observations, we would point to the "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," What a picture is contained in the first two verses. The sea, and the storm, and the wild, dark night!

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er;
When a band of exiles moored their bark,
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

And truly beautiful are the stanzas following. The deep hush, the whispers, as it were, of the first two lines, and then the shout and the exultant music:—

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea:
And the sounding voice of the dim woods
rang,
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared,
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,
This was their welcome home!

It is such noble strains as these, and as the "Treasures of the Deep," the "Voice of Spring," the "Spirit's Return," the "Better Land," and many others, which must ever haunt our memories, like some beloved melody, and which the world "will not willingly let die." There are some nice portraits in the "Records of Woman," the work in which, according to the authoress herself, "she had put her heart and individual feeling more than in anything else she had written." The noble story

of "Gertrude, or Fidelity till Death," is strongly told.

Beautiful and touching are the last lines composed by Mrs. Hemans, the "Sabbath Sonnet," written a few days before her decease, a fitting finale to her literary labours:—

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their way,

Towards spire and tower, midst shadowing elms
ascending

Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day.

The halls from old heroic ages gray
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,

Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness!

Sweet and touching is the spirit of cheerful resignation breathing through the above. The idea presented in the commencement of the sonnet is as fair and truthful, as the conclusion is redolent of the serenest repose.

We experience a sensation of pure and unmixed delight in the contemplation of genius, where, as in the case of Mrs. Hemans, the service of song is united to solemn and entire consecration of soul to the best interests of time and eternity. Poetry should ever have a definite purpose. It should be a thing not merely to gladden our idle hours, though that is well; but, further, it should be devoted to higher ends, and to all great and holy uses. This is not the place for us to dilate upon the poet's work and mission. We would, however, have him to remember that the power and the gift divine were not bestowed upon him to be wasted merely on the things of earth. It is through genius that the spirit of inspiration speaks; and assuredly, the "light that never was on sea nor shore," is not wont to be kindled in vain; and woe be to those who disregard the warning voice within, and who permit that celestial radiance to gild the roses of earth alone, instead of ascending to its native heaven.

M. J. E.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

THE situation of the United States is one of growing importance. Their political influence is growing as rapidly as their material prosperity and strength. They not only sell to Europe their cotton and their tobacco, but have also begun to export their ideas. The citizens of the United States are coming to act more and more each day upon the mind of Englishmen, just as the English act upon the minds of the people of the Continent. If we reproach them with their excesses and injustice, they retort upon us by pointing to the abuses which have been engendered by our own more ancient civilization. Thus, for example, if we in England hold public meetings, and draw up addresses in condemnation of the iniquitous system of slavery, they draw up others protesting against the unfortunate condition in which the Irish nation has now been placed for ages, and, pointing triumphantly to the miseries which for centuries have been accumulating in the old world, proclaim themselves the patrons of the peoples of the future, and the models which must be followed by all the nations of the earth.

If we pass from the influence which is exercised by the Americans over our selves, as a brother people, to the consideration of what has been the nature of their connection with the states of the European Continent, we shall find everywhere the trace of their towering ambition. Austria has been insulted, Russia smugged, and Spain threatened by them; and these menaces cannot possibly be looked upon as any thing but forerunners of conflicts of far greater importance. The doctrine of President Monroe respecting the legitimacy and necessity of excluding in future all the powers of Europe from setting foot in the New World, is now more in favour amongst the Americans than ever. The speech lately pronounced before the senate by General Calhoun given birth to by the mere rumour of the occupation of the Peninsula of Spain by the French, bears abundant witness to the great diffidence with which the citizens of the United States survey the slightest attempt made by Europeans to gain a footing on their Continent. An universal

republican propagandism, not only carried on by words, but also, if need be, by the sword, seems to be a fixed idea of the Americans.

General Franklin Pierce has been elected president of the United States, purposely to give a greater force to the tendencies of these ideas. He is the representative of the party which most violently desires their triumph. The question presents itself, therefore, "What are the character and antecedents of this man?" and it will be admitted to be a question both of interest and importance. Is he a man more sensible than passionate, or more vehement than firm? Is he weak or strong-minded, and will he resist or yield to the pressure which will certainly be thrown upon him, by that large and important section of his party forming that portion of the American public which is the most extreme in its opinions, and the most violent in its disposition? Which will he care most for, the public good, or his own popularity? According to his biographer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the great novelist, these questions all admit of a most favourable solution; and, in truth, moderation, good common sense, a complete absence of vanity, together with firmness of character, and something very opposite to the impetuosity with which some members of his party advocate their exalted patriotic ideas and extreme political opinions, are qualities which we cannot deny to Franklin Pierce. There is plenty of room, therefore, to hope that his advent to power will not prove to have been that of republican excess, and patriotic intemperance.

General Pierce was born in 1804, at Hillsborough, in the state of New Hampshire, which was also the natal State of Daniel Webster, and which has produced several other most eminent statesmen. His father, Benjamin Pierce, came originally from Massachusetts, and, like his son, bore the title of General. He was strongly attached to the democratic party, and *unlike* the present General Pierce, a democratic *de condition*, as the French would word it; that is to say, a member of the industrial

classes. Altogether, Benjamin Pierce was a remarkable character. He lost his parents at an early age, and was brought up by his uncle, with strict economy, and after the severe fashion which anciently prevailed in the Northern States of the Union. Two generations ago, we may remark in passing, the life of the Americans was very different from what it is to-day. It was a life of hardship, labour, and privations; simple, reserved, and without show, as are always the lives of the founders of new states, and even new houses, provided the latter be of any power or importance.

In 1775, at the commencement of the Revolution, Benjamin Pierce forsook his plough, enrolled himself in the army, assisted at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and was made commander of a company. When the war was ended, in 1785, he bought fifty acres of uncleared land at Hillsborough, of which he formed one of the first settlers. There he built himself a house, 'cleared' his ground, married, and gradually caused sterility and solitude to fly from the vicinity of his dwelling. Under his roof grew up nine children, the fruit of two successive marriages. Even in the midst of his rustic labours, he did not, however, forget his ancient trade of a soldier. The recollections of the military period of his life were always present with him, and formed the pride of his old age. He had the happiness of being able to associate with a great human and patriotic interest, the emotions of youth, the birth of the first strong sentiments, and the first important episodes of life—in short all those things which we look back upon in old age with so much gentle, pleasant sadness, or so much deep regret, which are the eternal objects of our pride or our remorse. Hawthorn, on this head, relates some anecdotes which are truly touching. We will speak here of but one. One day, the old Benjamin Pierce gathered round his table all his old brother-in-arms, who were then living, and, in the evening, at the moment of separation, he addressed to them these pathetic words: "We are about to separate, after what will probably be our last meeting upon earth. We shall all soon be called by the rolling of drums, veiled with crape, to rejoin our beloved Washington, and all the other noble comrades who once fought and bled by our sides."

But in reality the military period of his life did not come to an end until his death; for in 1789 he was made General of Brigade in the militia corps of his adopted country, and this post he continued to fill until he died, educating in arms several generations of the young Americans of the County of Hillsborough. Under the presidency of John Adams he refused an important and lucrative command in the army—raised in consequence of the then existing fear of a war with the French Republic—which was offered to him, because his political opinions would not allow him to accept it. "No, gentlemen," he replied, to the deputation of senators, which was sent to try to induce him to accept it, "No, gentlemen, I am poor, it is true, and under other circumstances your proposition might have been acceptable; but rather than give my support, however humble, to the design for which this army has been levied, I will retire to the most distant mountains of my country, and myself a cabin, and live solely upon potatoes!" He thus refused to make war upon a republican government, and against a country which had rendered aid to the United States at their foundation. This occasion, however, was the sole one on which he refused to serve his country by the sword, and he brought up both his two sons in the army in which his son-in-law, General MacNeil also served. The old patriot died in 1839, after having been Governor of New Hampshire, and a member of the legislature of his own State for thirty consecutive years.

This old Benjamin Pierce suggests to us a reflection which does not apply only to the United States, but also to the whole of Europe; it is that in several countries the generations of the eighteenth century, with all their faults and comparatively deep ignorance, were far superior to those of the present century. We are not so fond of the men of the past century, as to be in the least degree tempted to be unjust to others for their sake. They knew that they owed themselves to their country; that it was their duty to die for it, if necessary; and always to sacrifice to its welfare their own private fortunes and interests. This was most especially the case in America, and upon the Continent: alas! the idea was sometimes carried to such an extent as to induce some individuals to believe that it was also their duty to

sacrifice even their souls unto their country, and that it was excusable for them to appear before God charged with all manner of crimes, provided, they were only committed, as they believed, for the public good. No generations of men have ever been more attached to the things of this world, to mundane pleasures, and to dreams of perfect happiness, than those of the last century; but none ever forsook them more nobly when it was necessary, or exhibited less regret at parting with them. We have spoken in this last sentence more especially of the inhabitants of continental Europe, for those of America of that period were of plain and simple habits, as befitted the first descendants of the founders of a republic. There is a story told of one of them—a contemporary of Benjamin Pierce—which illustrates the position we have asserted. It is related by N. P. Willis, who tells us that he once encountered, living in the utmost poverty in a village of Massachusetts, a centenarian who had been several times offered a pension by the government in reward of his past services—for he had fought in nearly all the battles of the revolution, and fought bravely too—which pension he had as often refused to accept. People had never been able to make him understand that he had any right to any pension. "My country," he used to say, "when I was younger, claimed my services and my blood, and, in duty bound, I responded to its call. It was simply natural and right that I should do so, why, therefore, trouble with such offers the peace of my last day?" It is true that to-day, as of old, we find great numbers of Americans who are capable of devoting themselves to their country; but how few are capable of refusing all recompense for their devotion!

It was by a father imbued with such principles that Franklin Pierce was brought up; and, in truth, it is not difficult to recognise in several acts of his past life the traces of his early education. The most memorable example which we are able to cite is that of his speech upon the subject of revolutionary pensions, which, as Mr. Hawthorn says, "is a good exponent of his character; full of the truest sympathy, but, above all things, just, and not to be mislead, on the public behalf, by those impulses which would be most apt to sway the

private man." He objected to the granting of these revolutionary pensions, not because he was ungrateful to the veterans of the war of independence, but upon ground which will be gathered from the following extract from his speech:—"I am not insensible, Mr. President, of the advantages with which claims of this character always come before Congress. They are supposed to be based upon services for which no man entertains a higher estimate than myself—services beyond all praise, and above all price. But, while warm and glowing with the glorious recollections which a recurrence to that period of our history can never fail to awaken; while we cherish with emotions of pride, reverence, and affection, the memory of those brave men who are no longer with us; while we provide with a liberal hand, for such as survive, and for the widows of the deceased; while we would accord to their heirs, whether in the second or third generation, every dollar to which they can establish a just claim—I trust we shall not, in the strong current of our sympathies, forget what become us as the descendants of such men. They would teach us to legislate upon our judgment, upon our sober sense of right, and not upon our impulses or our sympathies. No, sir; we may act in this way if we choose, when dispensing our own means; but we are not at liberty to do it when dispensing the means of our constituents.

"If we were to legislate upon our sympathies—yet, more, I will admit—if we were to yield to that sense of just and grateful remuneration which presses itself upon every man's heart, there would scarcely be a limit for our bounty. The whole exchequer would not answer the demand. To the patriotism, the courage, and the sacrifices of the people of that day, we owe, under Providence, all that we now so highly prize, and what we shall transmit to our children as the richest legacy they can inherit. The war of the revolution, it has been justly remarked, was not a war of armies merely—it was the war of nearly a whole people, and such a people as the world had never before seen, in a death-struggle for liberty.

"The losses, sacrifices, and sufferings of that period, were common to all classes and all conditions of life. Those who remained at home suffered hardly less than those who entered on the

active strife. The aged father and mother underwent not less than the son, who would have been the comfort and stay of their declining years, now called to perform a yet higher duty—to follow the standard of his bleeding country. The young mother, with her helpless children, excites not less deeply our sympathies, contending with want, and dragging out years of weary and toilsome days and anxious nights, than the husband in the field, following the fortunes of our armies without the common habiliments to protect his person, or the requisite sustenance to support his strength. Sir, I never think of that patient, enduring, self-sacrificing army, which crossed the Delaware, in 1777, marching barefooted upon frozen ground to encounter the foe, and leaving bloody footprints for miles behind them—I never think of their sufferings during that terrible winter without involuntarily enquiring where were then their families? Who lit up the cheerful fire upon the hearths at home? Who spoke the word of comfort and encouragement? Nay, sir, who furnished protection from the rigours of the winter, and brought them the necessary means of subsistence?

The true and simple answer to these questions would disclose an amount of suffering and anguish, mental and physical, such as might not have been found in the ranks of the armies,—not even in the severest trial of that fortitude which never faltered, and that power of endurance which seemed to know no limit. All this no man feels more deeply than I do. But they were common sacrifices in a common cause, ultimately crowned with the reward of liberty. They have an everlasting claim upon our gratitude, and are destined, I trust, by their heroic example, to exert an abiding influence upon our latest posterity."

The argument may appear strange, but it is the entertainment of such sentiments by General Pierce—sentiments by which he attaches himself to the tradition of the founders of the republic—that have caused him to be esteemed worthy, and indeed made him worthy, of being elected to the important office of President of the United States. The virtues which the universal tradition of the human race attributes to republicanism truly animate this fine oration, in which the two grand supports

of states and kingdoms, family and love of country, are brought in the presence of each other, and in which private and domestic devotion are estimated at the same price as military and political sacrifices. Such sentiments as those which inspire it are not common in the present day, at least in such a form, and Franklin Pierce is undoubtedly indebted for the possession of them to his early education.

Old Benjamin Pierce—like all illiterate men, who exaggerate, in some measure, the advantages derivable from intellectual culture—wished, in spite of his poverty, that his children should have the fullest benefits of that literary instruction which he himself had never enjoyed. Accordingly, he sent his son Franklin—for with him alone is it that we have now to do—after he had undergone several years of preparatory study, to Bowdoin College, in the town of Brunswick, state of Maine. There he was the fellow pupil of the famous Nathaniel Hawthorne, who has since become his biographer. Mr. Hawthorne leaves us to suppose that the future president's progress in his studies was slow and difficult, and that he was only able to keep up with his companions by the force of extra perseverance and tenacity. He appears still as not to be possessing any very brilliant mental qualities, but as more than making up for all he lacks in this respect, by the patient perseverance with which he endeavours to counteract and make up for his own deficiencies. He has neither brilliant nor lofty faculties; everything that he has done he has accomplished slowly, by means of his force of character, perseverance, calculation, and exactitude. His qualities are those of an excellent man of business. He departed from College in the state of what the Americans call "an excellent subject;" that is as one to whom it was known that the performance of the most wearisome duties or the most uninteresting functions, might be confided with assurance. He was at the time the president of an association named the "Athenian Society," and we are told he not only performed the duties of his own office, and performed them well, but he also fulfilled most of those of his colleagues in the bargain. After he left college, Mr. Hawthorne tells us that every time he saw him he was struck with the remarkable progress which his

mind had made since the period of his last meeting him; and this we can very easily account for. This indefinite progression is precisely the quality which distinguishes men of his character, who do everything with slowness, but never cease doing. They appear, too, to the observer, to rise higher than men of genius, because we can always follow them with the eye. If we watch them, we see them marching onward patiently and doggedly, sometimes forcing themselves to run, but not often, at last reaching a summit, but not lingering at it, but setting themselves to work to escalate another without delay. They are always progressing, but they are never lost to view. It is not so with men of genius. They sometimes soar out of the sight of common mortals. Moreover, whenever they make progress it appears but small, in consequence of their having leaped with their earliest effort, to the highest peak.

We do not wish these words to be misunderstood. In putting down Franklin Pierce as a mere man of business, we do not pretend to disparage him. Few American statesmen, not even excluding their most passionate ones, as Henry Clay, Calhoun, and Daniel Webster, are, or have been, any thing more. But the qualities of a man of business are by no means despicable; even among us they are of the most useful character, and with the Americans they almost touch on genius. American statesmen are pre-eminently practical. They have nothing of that unpassioned temperament which has characterised the greatest of the statesmen of the old world. They are sage and calculating—very cold, even under a seeming heat of very high temperance. Their eloquence is often only exterior, and their enthusiasm and exaltation are not of the heart but of the head. No American, from the foundation of the Republic to the present hour, has ever possessed any of those brilliant and poetic qualities, or any of that real passion which distinguished a Fox, a Sheridan, a Bolingbroke, or a Mirabeau. But is this fortunate or otherwise for the Union? Those who know the dangers of political life, will be best able to answer.

Besides the distinguishing qualities of an American statesman, General Pierce possesses others which are perhaps more valuable. He is religious and tolerant, and capable of tasting—nay,

it may be said indeed created for—the joys of the fireside and of domestic life; that he is of a good and affectionate nature is evidenced by an anecdote which is related of him by Hawthorne, who tells us that one day during his return from the campaign of Mexico, he travelled a distance of some miles out of his road, in order to shake hands with a poor ploughman who had been an old friend of his father's. There are numberless stories of a like nature told of him, and the deeds which they record could not have been with any view to the attainment of popularity is proved by the general tenour of his history and character.

Having left college, and being free to face with the necessity of making choice of a profession, in spite of many vague inclinations towards a military life he decided to embrace that of the law, and in 1827, after several years of study, he was received as a member of the bar of Hillsborough. His debut was a complete failure, but the remark which he made upon the occasion, is one worthy of being recorded, and one which gives us the key to his whole character. One of his friends expressed to him sentiments of condolence and encouragement, thinking, without doubt, that this first unsuccess would tend to abate his courage and self-confidence. "I have no need of your encouragement," was the reply of the future President; "I have failed this time, but I will succeed in the end. I will make the attempt nine hundred and ninety-nine times, and if I fail then, I will make it for the thousandth." Such is the man. He knows how to wait, and has confidence in time. Such knowledge and confidence are always excellent virtues, more especially in a statesman; but in the case of Franklin Pierce, the chief of the democrates, and head of a party which is naturally most unquiet and impatient, this want of feverish impatience and inquietude is an invaluable possession and a guarantee of peace and conciliation. It was long before he was successful at the bar. But he succeeded at last, and when the popular vote called him to fill the post of supreme magistrate of the Union, it found him the most renowned of all the lawyers of New Hampshire. During his life as a simple lawyer the confidence of his compatriots often drew him into the political arena; and at the time of

the candidature for the presidency of General Jackson, he supported his cause with ardour, and was himself elected member of the legislature of New Hampshire, of which he was also for two years the president. At the expiration of his governorship, the confidence which was placed in him rising daily higher, he was elected one of the representatives of that state in Congress.

Some of his opinions and votes respecting questions long since solved, have been recorded by Mr. Hawthorne, from whose "Life of Pierce," we learn, that he supported the vote of General Jackson relating to the celebrated "Mayorville Road Bill." During the presidency of Quincy Adams, the Whigs had attempted to establish the principle, that all great works of public utility ought to be constructed at the expense of the general treasury. It was against this system of centralization that General Jackson protested, and Franklin Pierce, in the Chamber of Representatives, was his constant defender. With regard to public works and commerce, General Pierce has, in general, had little confidence in governmental interference. He doubts the power of legislation in this respect, and the efficacy of any governmental measures, even in instances in which it would seem that good laws and regulations would be of the greatest service. Here we have the secret of the power which the democratic party possesses in America. It cares less than the Whigs for mere political abstractions and legal formulas, and has more confidence than they have in the free movements and spontaneous instincts of mankind. The Democratic system, however, carried to the extreme, produces as many ill effects as does the opposite one, as Mr. Pierce has had opportunities of learning from experience. Thus he opposed, in Congress, a bill for the creation of a military academy; but afterwards, seeing the services which this academy rendered in the course of the Mexican war, he publicly acknowledged that he saw he had been mistaken in the course which he had pursued in this respect. Shortly afterwards, he declared his belief that he had been hitherto mistaken with regard to another far more important and interesting subject, namely, the great question of slavery. He began to see, he said, that the Union must not be put in peril by a question of philanthropy; and from this

opinion he has never since varied. Singularly enough, too, Hawthorne himself has praise for him there, notwithstanding his ex-membership of the Association of Brook Farm.

In 1837, Franklin Pierce was elected a member of the Senate, before which assembly he delivered his famous speech respecting revolutionary pensions. In 1840, fortune seemed to have abandoned the democratic party. Power passed into the hands of the Whigs, after the presidency of Van Buren; and their only idea was that of endeavouring to undo everything that had been done by the Democrats during the last ten or twelve years. The Whigs did that which they repeated, very impolitically, in 1848; namely, they deprived of their offices all the functionaries who had been named by the two last Presidents. The subject was brought before the Senate, and Franklin Pierce was inspired to make a noble speech upon it, in which he protested against the deprivations which had been made in the name of the public good and the necessities of the country. This hateful practice, which, under the pretence of being only made use for the furtherance of the public prosperity, is, in reality, merely a weapon in the hands of a triumphant party, and the instrument of political vengeance and reprisals, was attacked by him with very extraordinary force and vigour. In the course of his speech he resumed the history of the whole world, and showed by the example of all the nations of the earth, that the doctrine he condemned, the doctrine by which the Whigs justified their actions, had never resulted in anything but oppression and violence, and that it was only the doctrine of hypocrisy and deception. To prove this, he adduced such examples as those which he conceived to be afforded by the Romish Inquisition, the massacre of the Indians by the English, the silent executions of the Venetians, the beheading of Strafford, the reign of terror in France, etc. His speech, though remarkably powerful, was not entirely *hors de propos*. The "doctrine" it protested against has produced in all countries incalculable evils; but what have the excesses committed by the Inquisition, or during the French Reign of Terror, in common with the expulsion from office of a few American functionaries? The fault which Franklin Pierce committed in this speech, is one which few Americans are free from.

This speech constituted almost the last act in the drama of the first period of the political life of Franklin Pierce, for soon after its delivery, in 1842, he resigned his post of senator, and retired into private life. His object in so doing was evident. His life as a politician had made him poor, and he was now a married man, and the father of a family. He took this step, therefore, in order to create for it resources for the future. He renewed his attempts to gain success at the bar, resolutely determined to overcome all difficulties, and he *did* overcome them. Then commenced his successful career as an advocate. As such he possessed the quality most essential to success, namely, sound common sense. He had also, in a high degree, the sentiment of the ridiculous, and the art of skillfully interrogating witnesses. He carried into the exercise of his functions as a barrister a strict sense of equity; and he showed himself always ready, even at the expense of his pecuniary interest, to take the part of the oppressed and spoiled. The consequence was that every one regarded him with the highest possible respect. "The feelings of respect and affection which the citizens here entertain toward General Pierce," wrote once one of his colleagues, to a mutual friend, "are exactly such as the poor Scotchman must have been inspired with towards Henry Erskine when he said, 'Not a poor man in all Scotland will want a friend, or have need to fear an enemy, so long as Henry Erskine shall remain alive.'"

Franklin Pierce cannot be reproached with ambition, for he has several times refused the most important and lucrative posts. A democratic convention once nominated him for the governorship of New Hampshire, but he decidedly refused to let the matter proceed. In 1846, Mr. Polk offered him a post in his cabinet, namely, that of attorney-general, but he declined the offer in a note in which he said, "when I resigned my seat in the senate, in 1842, it was with the determination not again to separate myself for any lengthened period from my family, unless my country should need my military services." His country *did* need them almost immediately after, for this was just before the period of the breaking out of the Mexican war.

When that war broke out Franklin Pierce enrolled himself as a simple vo-

lunteer, but he soon rose to the rank of colonel, and soon after to that of brigadier-general. He set out for the seat of the war, at the head of his brigade, which consisted of regiments from all parts of the union. Nothing could bear less resemblance to a body of regular troops than this brigade, all the soldiers who constituted it being, like their commander, simple citizens, merchants, lawyers, agriculturists, and men of all professions.

He embarked with his detachment in May, 1846, at Newport, in the ship *Kepler*, and landed at Vera Cruz, about a month after setting sail, without knowing to anything like a certainty in what part of the country the main body of the United States army was situated, or in which direction he must proceed to join it. We have the journal which he kept during his march from Vera Cruz to Puebla, where was stationed the army of General Scott. This march, through a burning desert, with here and there a few little villages scattered over it, bears a singular resemblance to some of Wellington's marches in India, and to the marches of some of the French troops in Africa. At each instant General Pierce was placed upon the *qui-vive*. He would hear a pistol shot, and, turning the corner of a mountain, find a detachment of the enemy placed to oppose his passage. His progress was rendered wearisome and difficult by all manner of little obstacles, and was in reality a kind of rolling battle; it being very seldom that a couple of miles were gone over, without a body of the enemy having to be encountered and put to flight. The guerilla harassed the men under his command unceasingly, small bodies of them appearing always when the least expected, taking aim at whatever officers were within their reach, and when they could shoot none of them, resting content with a few privates, securing as many prisoners and as much booty as they could, and then galloping away with the utmost possible fleetness. Add to all this, the inconveniences caused by the climate, the excessive heats or torrential rains which often interrupted the march, and the maladies of the country which put *hors de service* a large number of both officers and privates, and we shall have some faint idea of the difficulties which beset the transport of General Pierce and his soldiers from Vera Cruz

to Puebla. More interesting to us than all the accidents which are recorded in the General's journal put together, are the evidences which are always peeping out of the superiority of the race of the Anglo-Americans over that of the Spanish-Americans. This superiority reveals itself in all manner of ways, and in numberless instances; in *bon mots*, in acts of energy, and in resolutions made and executed without fear or hesitation. Thus the Mexicans had destroyed a magnificent bridge, the work of their more energetic ancestors, and the army of General Pierce is compelled to stop. "These people have destroyed," an officer remarks, "that which they will never be able to reconstruct." However, it is necessary for the brigade to pass. A Captain Bodfish demands five hundred men, and promises to construct within four hours a bridge over the river which shall be sufficient for the passage alike of men, stores, guns, and the heavy baggage of the detachment. The promise is fulfilled, and the troops pass over, railing at the Mexicans, who thought they had placed an invincible barrier in their way. "Bodfish's road," writes their general in his journal, "unless the Mexican nation shall be unexpectedly regenerated, will be the road, at this place, for Mexican diligences for half a century."

At last, after more than a month's march, General Pierce came up with the principal body of the army, on the 7th of August. Twelve days afterwards, namely, on the 19th, took place the battle of Contreras. The American army was commanded by General Scott, and that of the Mexicans by General Valentia. The former had taken all possible precautions to prevent the junction of the troops of Valentia with those of Santa Anna. The result was equal to his hopes, for the battle was decidedly gained. General Pierce, during the course of it, was wounded by a fall from his horse, but, in spite of the entreaties of the officers who surrounded him, he obstinately refused to abandon his command. His leg was severely bruised and his thigh-bone broken, and they told him that it would be impossible for him to hold himself on horseback. "Ah! well, then," was the reply, "you must tie me in my saddle;" and he did not retire from his post till the completion of the victory. General

Scott himself endeavoured to persuade him to retire, but all in vain. Mr. Hawthorne thus relates the conversation which passed between the two generals. General Scott, having ridden from one end of the line to the other, on hearing the news of Pierce's wound, on purpose to try to persuade him to leave his post. "Dear fellow," was his exclamation, in coming up to him; and that epithet of familiar kindness and friendship, upon the battle-field, was the highest military commendation from such a man; "you are badly injured; you are not fit to be in your saddle."—"Yes, general, I am," replied Pierce, "in a case like this!"—"You cannot touch your foot to the stirrup," said Scott; "One of them I can," answered Pierce. The general looked again at Pierce's almost disabled figure, and seemed on the point of taking his irrevocable resolution. "You are rash, General Pierce," said he; "we shall lose you, and we cannot spare you. It is my duty to order you back to St. Augustine."—"For God's sake, general," exclaimed Pierce, "don't say that! This is the last great battle and I must lead my brigade." The commander-in-chief made no further remonstrance, but gave the order for Pierce to advance with his brigade.

Some days after the battle, General Scott gave another proof of the high esteem in which he held the man who became soon after his competitor and rival. Santa Anna, after the defeat of the Mexicans, at Contreras, proposed an armistice, and Franklin Pierce was named by the American commander as one of the commissioners charged with drawing-up of the treaty of peace. The treaty was soon broken, however, and the contest recommenced with renewed vigour, and General Pierce distinguished himself remarkably in all the ensuing actions, particularly in the battles of Chapultepec and Molinodel-Rey. Indeed, throughout the whole war his conduct was unimpeachable, courageous, and honourable. He was not a professed soldier, and did not possess any scientific military knowledge; but he knew how to do his duty, and to execute with promptitude and courage the commands of superiors. Upon the field of battle he exhibited no more presumption than in his own house; he remained there, as everywhere, a modest, simple citizen and a patriot.

Since the conclusion of the war with Mexico, General Pierce has taken no part in the general politics of the Union, but has confined his action to, and been content to exercise his influence only in, his own neighbourhood. He has taken part only in the political affairs of his own state of New Hampshire, but these local affairs have closely touched upon the one or two great questions which, *par excellence*, interest the whole Union. Thus he has sustained with energy, in opposition to the Free-soilers, who are so numerous in New Hampshire, Henry Clay's measure of compromise; and on the occasion did not hesitate to pronounce himself against a personal friend, Mr. Atwood, who, being put in nomination by the democratic party for the governorship of New Hampshire, had made engagements with the Abolitionists and Free-soilers. In 1850, a democratic convention assembled at Concord, for the purpose of revising the constitution of New Hampshire, and General Pierce was named its president. In that character he essayed, but it was without success, to obtain the abolition of a certain clause in the constitution, which provided that no public office in the state should be filled by any but Protestants. The old Puritan spirit which is still so strong in some of the States of New England, twice carried the proposition to be rejected, and still maintains the clause as an arm of oppression and insult, in spite of the general spread of tolerant ideas, and the almost universal acknowledgment of the principle of liberty of conscience.

This was the last political action of General Pierce before he was put in nomination for the presidency. In January, 1852, certain democrats of New Hampshire began to speak of him in connection with the forthcoming election, but he wrote to inform them that the use he made of his name was one entirely contrary to his wishes and inclinations. His name was not placed upon the democratic list of candidates at first. It was only when the democrats had begun to despair of their cause that it was really brought forward. It answered the triumph of his party—a triumph which was welcomed, as we all know, with the utmost enthusiasm to the whole Union.

He has subsequently given his inaugural address, and thereby raised himself

still higher in the estimation of citizens. A describer of the scene—"The sentiments, the tone of the address, the earnest manner in which it was spoken, his beautiful action, his erect appearance, his pale cast of countenance, in which intellect and energy were the predominating features, his clear, loud voice, distinctly heard to the remotest of his audience, all combined to make a deep impression in favour of General Pierce, and manifested that this was the best inaugural address ever delivered from that place. He is, undoubtedly, a very efficient speaker. He remained with his audience until the close of the proceedings, ladies were in ecstasies, and so were some who happened to be near to see and hear him, that climbed upon the pediments of the columns of the capitol, to their no danger. Altogether it was a spectacle of sublime majesty, and into the shade the idle pomp and meaningless pageantry of the coronations of kings and emperors."

Such has been till now the General Franklin Pierce; such a man who is now the first magistrate of the United States. In the incidents of his former life, as we have seen, has been nothing extraordinary. Epochs of the world's history there have been men, who have been more capable than their positions, and suited to the affairs of which they have employed in the direction. In this instance, whatever may be the undoubted merits of General Pierce, the case is the same. The situation is more important than the man, the circumstances by which he is surrounded of great moment than himself. We shall see, uselessly, in General Pierce for any besides modesty, patriotism, liberal indefatigable perseverance, and a immense capacity for work. In the words we have a resume of his character. What effect that character will have upon the destinies of the Union, it would be hard to say; its future only can reveal. But that is not a distant one; it is contained within the narrow limits of four years. It can only be said that should this President cause evil to the Union giving way to the violence of the extreme section of his party, he will be the lie to the whole honour of his life.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

ONE morning, in the year fifty-seven, or thereabouts, of the last century, a lady waited upon a respectable school-master, just commencing practice in Dublin, for the purpose of placing under his charge two of her sons, who were rapidly growing out of nursery control. Entering graciously into conversation with the inexperienced Dominie, she ventured to impress upon him how needful a thing was patience, in the profession which he had perhaps inconsiderately undertaken. "These boys," said she, "will require a good deal of it. Hitherto I have been their only instructor, and they have sufficiently exercised mine; for two such impenetrable dunces I declare I never met with."

One of the youngsters, thus contemptuously introduced, was RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN; afterwards the brilliant and witty dramatist and politician whom we all know, and whose memory not a few of us delight to honour. He was scarcely at this period seven years of age; a boisterous, impetuous fellow, whose aversion to useful knowledge was probably the counterpart of a lively disposition. Utterly stupid we cannot conceive him to have been; but only indifferent to the popular hornbooks of the day, whose select narratives of good and naughty boys might seem to inculcate a too severe morality. What progress he made under Dominie Whyte's training, neither authentic chronicle nor tradition has been careful to inform us. The perplexities he encountered and overcame, the difficulties that were too hard for him, the birchings he underwent, the practical jests and whimsicalities he perpetrated—the whole mingled tragedy and comedy and farce, which made up the drama of his school-days, went out of recollection for ever with the extinguished memories of the boys that were at school with him.

About the year 1762, father Sheridan, for reasons of his own, packed up his household and settled his family in England. Harrow was then selected as the school considered most suitable for advancing Brinsley's education. The reputation of dulness still clings to him; he exhibited as yet none of those superior qualifications for which he was afterwards illustrious. So at least it has been affirmed by those who had

opportunities of judging;—what the affirmation may be worth the present writer will not undertake to say. Kindly reader, bethink thee, how learned block-headism is apt to draw its inferences respecting genius, of which it has in itself no forecast or apprehension, and doubt not that the grave authorities were in this case mistaken. One can admit Dr. Parr's competency to report of Sheridan's deficiency in regard to those "studies which were the pride of Harrow seminary;" but of his ability to understand the character of his pupil's capabilities one can hardly entertain so confident an opinion. The Doctor, however, observes that "He was a favourite among his schoolfellows, mischievous, and his pranks were accompanied by a sort of vivacity and cheerfulness; he was a great reader of English poetry, but was careless about literary fame." In after life, indeed, when Sheridan had given proof of superior talents, the Doctor could remember that he had at one time been addicted to classical reading, and was "well acquainted with the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes," and had even impressed him with the notion that "his classical attainments were considerable."

During his residence at Harrow, Sheridan learnt his first lesson in the "significance of sorrow." He had to lament the loss of his mother, who died, at Blois, in 1766. The wild reckless nature of the boy was for a while subdued and softened by the mournful thoughts which this sad event awakened. With bowed dejected head he shunned converse with his gay companions, and sounded the awful depths which till now lay unrevealed within him. Time, however, brought back the olden cheerfulness. Bright sanative season of blessed youth, how it soon dries up with its joyful sunshine the dreary fountains of grief, and repair the ruins of its habitation with the flowers that grow spontaneously in its path! We shortly find Sheridan assisting a fellow pupil in the composition of a farce; from which they expected to realize a sum of not less than £200. Fortune, however, seldom grants her bounties to that extent, to striplings; and this golden expectation was destined to be suddenly cut off. Other schemes were

projected; a miscellany in the manner of the British Essayists, which did not proceed beyond the first number; a translation of Aristanatus, an obscure Greek author, into English verse, which was published but did not sell; occasional poems, tales of love and wonder, and other general medley of authorship, enthusiastically undertaken but never finished. Of the translation of Aristanatus a certain reviewer of the period candidly remarks, "We have been idly employed in reading it;" and adds, ungraciously, "Our readers will in proportion lose their time in perusing this article." It is clear, nevertheless, from these several crude performances, that Sheridan is beginning to care a little about "literary fame;" from the bleak Pisgah of popular indifference he is looking down over the confused valley of Literature; and though the scouts which he has sent forth bring him but unfavourable tidings, he does not abate one tittle of his faith that it is a land flowing with milk and honey.

After leaving Harrow, Sheridan spent for some time rather a gay life at Bath, where his father, a distinguished actor and teacher of elocution, had fixed his family while he pursued his engagements elsewhere. In the idleness and dissipation of the place the young man readily participated. Of a lively social sensitiveness, he rapidly makes acquaintance with many men and women of consideration, of rank, of even questionable reputation; sees into the splendour and insipidity of fashionable circles; captivates young maidens by his lively brilliant talk; and makes a laughing-stock of elder ones by his witty and ingenious sarcasm. Any day in the year he might be seen lounging about the Crescent, the Circus, or the Parades; in the Pump-room, at concerts, at private parties, at the theatre; living a very butterfly's existence, and draining the cup of pleasure to the very dregs of weariness. Among the illustrious people whom Bath society included, was the respectable Hannah More, pious, and clever, and insipid; Mrs. Thrale, the lively and the vain, who could relate personal anecdotes of Dr. Johnson; Fanny and Harriet Bowdler, blue-stockings both, of very deep complexion; Anstey, the author of the "Bath Guide," "with an air, look, and manner, mighty heavy and unfavourable;" Mrs. Dobson, who translated Pe-

trarch; Mr. Pliny Melmoth, "thinking nobody half so considerable as himself, and therefore playing primary violin without further ceremony;" Cumberland, "the querulous, the dissatisfied, determined to like nobody and nothing except Cumberland;" Dr. Harrington, "dry, comic, and agreeable;" and a whole host besides of magnificent obscure mortals, who had the luck to be celebrated in their day, but whose memory has now gone to that bourne whence no memory returns. All these, in their several degree, fluttered and danced attendance at the court of a certain allegorical-fantastic-fashionable Queen of Bath—one Lady Miller, admirably described by Horace Walpole and Madame D'Arblay, and living in barbaric splendour at Bath Easton, where she held every Thursday a wonderful and brilliant entertainment, poetically styled a "fair of Parnassus." In London it seems Bath Easton was much reviled and laughed at; but Madame D'Arblay asserts that nothing was here "more tomish than to visit Lady Miller, who is extremely curious in her company, admitting few people who are not of rank or fame, and excluding all who are not people of very unblemished character." Horace Walpole says, it was the practice of "all the flux of quality" to contend for prizes gained for rhymes and themes. "A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtle, received the poetry contributed, which was drawn out at every festival. Six judges of these Olympic games retired and selected the brightest composition, which was rewarded by permission for the author to kneel and kiss the hands of Lady Miller, who crowned the victor with myrtle." Flimsy foolish mortals! heard ye never how poor men toil and spin in this weary workshop of a world, that ye could find no worthier pastime than even this? Pitiful truly, and empty beyond conception, must have been all that paltry worship and apotheosis of vanity.

Nevertheless, one can well enough understand that to any one in the midst of it, it might seem not altogether deficient in elegance and grace. For though Dame Miller turns out on near inspection to have been only a coarse plump-looking vulgar personage, "aiming to appear a woman of fashion, and succeeding only in having the appearance of an ordinary person in common

life with fine clothes on,"—still she was an undoubted and acknowledged Queen of Fashion, and could dispense favours and distinctions not elsewhere attainable in Bath. Her bustling manners and mock important air, her wondrous condescension and good humour, were things of great attraction for the time; and gave her the power of making fashionable whomsoever she was pleased to honour. Sheridan, scarcely in his twentieth year, earned among the rest an occasional wreath of myrtle. Many of his compositions, written chiefly to this end, or celebrating some local event or topic, remain unto this day. They are for the most part good for nothing; unless it be to show us how a clever man could cleverly waste his time. Take, for example, a few lines from a satirical poem, written on the opening of the Upper Assembly Rooms, September 30, 1771. It is entitled, "An Epistle from Timothy Screw to his brother Henry, waiter at Almack's."

Two rooms were first opened—the long and the round one;
(These hogstyeon names only serve to confound one.)

Both splendidly lit with the new chandeliers,
With drops hanging down like the bobs at Peg's ears;

While jewels of paste reflected the rays,
And Bristol-stone diamonds gave strength to the blaze;

So that it was doubtful to view the bright clusters,
Which sent the most light out, the ear-rings or lustres.

There are a few sentimental pieces, but they are scarcely more poetical than the above; as how, indeed, could they be—produced under such absurd circumstances?

Bath was at this period highly distinguished for its music. The public concerts held there are said to have been the best in England; though the private ones were thought detestable, notwithstanding the "first-rate talent, and the many amateurs of high consideration" that were engaged in them. Among the most memorable of all the singers of the day, and not to be forgotten for many a year to come, was Miss Linley, the daughter of an eminent musical composer. She, singing according to her vocation, in the "ancient city of King Bludud," turned the heads of nearly all the gentlemen of the place, and innocently drove many a married lady to the verge of jealousy. The catalogue of her lovers is almost as long as the pension list. There was a gentleman

named Halhed, Sheridan's former partner in translation; also Sheridan's brother Charles; Norris, a singer, "who was supposed to have sung himself into the lady's secret affections;" Mr. Watts, a gentleman commoner of Oxford; Mr. Long, a man of fortune; Sir Thomas Clarges, and "several others known to fame;" Captain Matthews, a married man, a person of large property in Wales, and gentleman by courtesy; besides "every student at Oxford," who were severally and simultaneously "enchanted when she sang at the oratorios!"

Every other day there was a rumour that Miss Linley had "gone off" with this or the other suitor; which report was as regularly contradicted by the assurances of those who knew that she had done nothing of the kind. One morning, however, the rumour proved to be a fact. She had actually eloped. Not, indeed, with any of the gentry known most prominently as her admirers, but with Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who had silently and unsuspectingly succeeded in winning her to himself, while some of his friends thought him only using his influence to forward their own pretensions! In Bath there was no little rage and consternation; public curiosity was sufficiently busy and entertained; public and private scandal did not fail; jilted lovers felt themselves jockeyed beyond redemption. One jilted lover in particular, namely, the aforesaid Captain Matthews—married man, a person of large property in Wales, and therefore gentleman by courtesy—even made a public demonstration by advertisement in the *Bath Chronicle*; wherein he states that Mr. Richard Sheridan had left behind him a letter "to account for his scandalous method of running away from the place, by insinuations derogatory to his (Matthews's) character, and that of a young lady innocent as far as relates to him or to his knowledge;" which statement, owing to grammatical peculiarities has rather bewildered the present writer, and will likely enough leave most readers in doubt as to what might be the advertiser's meaning. From other documents since published, however, it appears that Miss Linley had been induced to elope with Sheridan, principally to avoid certain scandalous advances which Matthews had been for

some time making towards her; and that in revenge for the repulses he had received, he was prepared to sacrifice the young lady's reputation. Sheridan had adroitly insinuated himself into his rival's confidence; seen what temper and disposition he was of; watched the progress of affairs to a crisis, and then struck in at the right moment with frank and honourable proposals. All accounts acquit Miss Linley of any serious indiscretion; but as uniformly agree in representing her as a coquette of the first magnitude. It was the fault of her position, perhaps, more than anything besides; as a public singer she was liable to dishonourable propositions, which however much she might disdain, she could not readily avoid being made to her. A long letter, of somewhat doubtful authenticity, very much in the style of the *Clarissa Harlowe* correspondence, was written professedly by Miss Linley after the elopement, and still exists; whereby it is apparent that her intercourse with Matthews had been extremely foolish and imprudent; but it affords no warranty for further allegations. Sheridan himself seems to have been always satisfied of her substantial innocence; and her entire affection for him has seldom been called in question.

At any rate the two had agreed to wed; and they were accordingly married at a village in the neighbourhood of Calais. For some time, however, the marriage was kept secret, and the lady meantime retired into a convent, until Sheridan should be able to claim her publicly as his wife. Father Linley, scarcely knowing what to understand by the affair, went speedily after the fugitives to France; where, after an explanation with Sheridan, it was resolved that the engagement should be fulfilled, and the parties very shortly returned to England.

After their arrival, a series of proceedings ensued, of the most ludicrous, romantic and absurd description. Young Sheridan, incensed by the accusations and abusive threats which Matthews, the gentleman by courtesy, had been making in his absence, declared he would not sleep until he had obtained an ample and just apology, or otherwise received such satisfaction as by law of honour gentlemen, in such circumstances, are bound to render to each other. There was accordingly a duel

in Hyde Park, described as a "most ridiculous rencontre, ending in nothing." Retiring for fear of observation to a coffee-house, a scuffle there took place by which Sheridan, "at the point of the sword," obtained from Matthews the demanded apology. The gentleman by courtesy retracted what he had said, and begged pardon for the advertisement in the *Chronicle*. Retiring afterwards to Wales, he, according to Moore's relation of the story, found himself received with great coolness by the gentry of his district; whereupon another duel was determined on, at the instigation of a Mr. Barnett, whose propensities for participating in such affairs are understood to have been rather more violent than wise. Another meeting took place, as ridiculous as the first; and was succeeded by representations on both sides so utterly contradictory and incongruous, as to render it impossible for any one to form a just conclusion about the facts. Statement and counter-statement, equivocation, exaggeration, of every possible shade and degree, not unattended even with downright lying, have involved the matter in such "confusion worse confounded," as to cut off all chance of ascertaining where truth ends and falsehood begins; accordingly, in this inexplicable state it remains to this day, and for ought the present writer is concerned, may now remain forevermore.

Immediately after the public announcement of their marriage, Sheridan and his wife lived for a short time in retirement at East Burnham, and it was soon generally understood that the lady had retired from her profession. She had property, it appears, to the amount of £3000, obtained under somewhat singular circumstances. One of her former suitors, the before-mentioned Mr. Long, "a man of large fortune," who had honourably solicited her hand in wedlock, and apparently received some encouragement, but being ultimately informed by her that she could never give him her affections, had thereupon, with wondrous magnanimity, not only resigned himself to his disappointment, but even undertaken the responsibility of breaking off the match, and actually paid the sum mentioned as an indemnity for the breach of covenant. Poor insipient Mr. Long! who would have thought it possible for mortal man to suffer himself to be so preposterously

victimized? One cannot like this Mrs. Sheridan, after all, notwithstanding all her reputed beauty and accomplishments.

Here, however, were ample means for commencing housekeeping. For the rest, Sheridan proposed to rely upon his personal intellectual resources; and was ere long, engaged in the composition of a comedy. In the third year of his marriage, and twenty-fourth of his age, namely, in January, 1775, the well-known "Rivals" was brought out on the boards of Covent Garden, and on the first night of representation was pronounced to be a failure. Sheridan was of course sadly disconcerted; his fond anticipations of success grievously marred and well nigh overthrown. The unfavourable reception was attributed to the unusual length of the piece, and to the indifferent acting of certain of the players. The next night, however, owing to an important change in the representation of the characters, the performance was much better received, and continued for several nights afterwards to be acted with increasing success. Gradually Sheridan found himself standing high in public estimation. His play was produced in the provinces with much enthusiasm; and at Bath, especially, it occasioned a sensation which yielded the author the greatest possible contentment.

He had made a brilliant beginning; had successfully invaded the promised land; henceforth the kingdom of renown seemed open for his occupation. Once during the popularity of the "Rivals," Sheridan's father, who had for some years been estranged from him, and obstinately refused a reconciliation, hearing much of his son's play, went to the theatre, accompanied by his daughters, to see it for himself, and pass judgment on its merits. The son was sitting at the side scene opposite to his parent, and "continued throughout the performance to gaze at him with tenderness and affection." Old Sheridan, notwithstanding, remained for the present immovable; no reconciliation was accomplished. On returning home Brinsley was overpowered with emotion, and in reply to his wife's inquiries, observed that he was very much distressed that his father and sisters should sit before him, and be unable to join them. Thus, at the brightest and most agreeable of

Fortune's entertainments, it would seem there is always something to dash one's satisfaction.

But now, what shall a generous dramatist do for the clever and assiduous actor, who, to all appearance, turned the fate of his comedy? What better than write another play for his especial advantage? Accordingly, "for the benefit of Mr. Clinch," the humorous farce of "St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant," was brought out successfully in the following May. It is far inferior both in pretension and execution to the "Rivals," but appears to have served the purpose for which it was written. By the middle of November Sheridan was ready with an Opera, the "Duenna," which immediately became a favourite with the public. It enjoyed at the outset a much longer career of approbation than even the famous "Beggars' Opera," which had hitherto been looked upon as the most successful drama of its class ever placed upon the stage. Three successful plays in one year cannot be considered bad work; Sheridan had reason to be thankful to his stars as well as to his genius.

One would be glad to see a little more of his household life, but cannot so much as ascertain whether he has gained even any apprehension of the nature of curtain lectures. Nay, it is matter of mere conjecture where he lives—whether in London, or at Bath, or in the wilderness of Timbuctoo—only that he emerges occasionally into daylight, or, more properly, into lamplight, in connection with the theatres. We gather, however, from printed statements, that towards the close of this same year (1775) of Sheridan's sudden popularity, the theatrical circles in London were much surprised, and not a little concerned, by a rumour that David Garrick was about to relinquish the management of the theatre in Drury Lane. He had enjoyed a long and prosperous career, and now, at the age of sixty, seemed disposed to retire into the chimney corner of contemplative life, and there adjust himself as quietly as might be practicable. All the theatrical world inquired who was likely to be his successor? Many persons would wish to be, but it turns out eventually that Sheridan is the man. In the month of June, in the next year, a contract was entered into by which Sheridan and responsible friends of

his, became possessed of the whole of Garrick's interest in the house, for the total consideration of thirty-five thousand pounds. For a young man utterly without capital—for what he realized by play-writing was barely a sufficient income—this must be considered as rather a bold stroke of business.

It has been written that "Every one who looked on this transaction was astonished at the speculative disposition of Sheridan; they marvelled at the whole of this singular transaction from nothingness to the possession of an immense property." Truly, the "speculative disposition" of the man is wonderful, enormous, manifestly transcending the bounds of prudent calculation. That is the type of him. Did we not find him of old expecting to realize two hundred pounds for a school-boy's farce? Did he not melodramatically abscond with a young lady of eighteen, who had charmed him by her singing, and her fascinating syren face—confronted by the strongest evidence that she was a practised and practising coquette of the most portentous magnitude? Has he not fought duels as comico-absurd as any he caused to be represented on the stage, and written narratives of them, the speculative audacity whereof borders on the sublime? This egregious disposition and ability to speculate, to make a sensation, to do and to say brilliant and striking things—this, if we mistake not, is the ideal mainspring of his character. He is the incarnation of *Sang Froid*—an easy pleasantry personified. Wit is the central feature of his mind. Almost everything he does, almost everything he says, has some bold peculiarity, indicative of the underlying presence of the witty principle. His cool indifference to the ulterior consequences of his sayings and performances, is but another phasis of the prominent element of his constitution; for wit is essentially indifferent, and cares only for the present display. Thus he leaves his every act and word, as it were, behind him with a sort of unrepenting unconcern. His dramatic compositions are left for years with the printer's errors uncorrected; his pecuniary responsibilities are indefinitely postponed by a witty evasion; he is the crown prince of good fellowship, and speculates upon his expectations, till he is forced to abdicate by anticipation, and sell the reversion of his kingdom to meet his boundless

promises to pay. He is the genius of bankruptcy, cutting a holiday figure in gay attire, among the assembled solvencies of the earth, and by the fascination of his abundant pleasantry commanding their involuntary admiration. His life is a witty speculation—a brilliant headlong hazard to which he commits himself with a pleasant face. The gospel and economy of wit are to him for Bible, prayer-book, day-book, ledger, cash-book, and treasury. His plays are an admirable exposition and illustration of the powers and character of the man. The utmost impression and effect which pure wit in the drama can produce is here produced. Every character, in his or her individual degree, is a wit; delivers himself or herself wittily—with a facetious circumlocution, and selection of phrases, calculated to produce a witty impression. When you have called Sheridan a wit, you have said all that can be said of him, to mark his intrinsic qualities of genius or of character. An electricity of wit pervades his entire personality. His visible conduct is the natural outcome of an undisciplined predominance of this principle; and his life is a failure, because wit was suffered to be its ascendant element instead of conscience.

From the day that Sheridan undertook the responsibilities of an enormous theatrical property, without any actual substratum of capital to sustain them, he became gradually involved in pecuniary embarrassments, from which no after skill or integrity of purpose could deliver him. He was thenceforth the chancellor of the impossible, replenishing his exchequer from the illusory stores of some bank of imagination. It was already whispered that the young author was living far beyond his means; that he was associating with the great and the wealthy, and giving liberal entertainments, while there were no visible funds from which his expenditure was drawn. He is distinguished, nevertheless, by an undeniable talent for raising ready money, which, ever with the pressure of affairs, is brought more and more into requisition. He has an occult power over all manner of brokers, usurers, monied acquaintances, and trades-people; can everywhere command illimitable credit. Such is the fascination of his address, his plausibility, his unimpeachable air of honour and good faith, that he could probably raise money enough on his

personal security to have paid off the national debt. None can doubt his liberality, his generosity, the strict integrity of his intentions; "honest man," is written in his countenance; he shall ultimately ruin himself through sheer repute of honesty. He can make it a pleasurable thing for you to become his creditor; nay, he has the skill to induce you to *borrow* that you may have the gratification of *lending* to him. Such a genius for the ways and means of private life no other man was ever known to have been endowed with.

His commencement as a manager, however, did not give the public any great promise of improvement in the conduct of the theatre. The "Trip to Scarborough," an alteration of Vanburgh's "Relapse," was his first production in this capacity, but yielded little satisfaction to either play-goers or performers. A succession of stock pieces, got up with indifferent spirit, and presented with little skill, contributed to create further disappointment, and to induce general regret at the exchange in the management. Audiences were gradually growing thin, when Sheridan suddenly astonished and delighted them by the production of a new comedy, which has deservedly gained for him a high and permanent reputation. On the 8th of May, 1777, the inimitable "School for Scandal" was first successfully represented. With this brilliant and captivating performance the town was gratified beyond description. It is indeed a composition of consummate skill and genius; light, airy, sparkling, everywhere running over with wit; a genuine effusion of an imagination alive to conversational effect, and endued with a perfect mastery over the power of striking contrast. It is decidedly the most complete and effective of all the author's works. It was not produced rapidly, by a single felicitous effort, but was slowly elaborated into its present shape by a careful and scrupulous diligence. Sheridan's mode of writing was far more artistic than is generally supposed. His most brilliant turns of expression, and happiest gems of thought, were seldom the instantaneous effusions of his mind, but underwent, for the most part, a gradual transformation before reaching the final perfection in which we see them. His genius was not an intellectual daguerreotype, drawing portraits with the rays of the sun, but it worked

with the repeated strokes and assiduous application of a masterly painter, who will spare no pains to perfect to the uttermost that which he has once considerably undertaken. Moore has shown us that of most of his productions there were several manuscripts, exhibiting gradual changes of plan, and variations of the composition, as the writer's inspiration became more clear, and had been more perfectly unfolded. It was the most difficult thing in the world for him to finish any thing, and even when he had succeeded in giving to it all the graces of style of which it seemed susceptible, he was scarcely ever satisfied. It has been affirmed on good authority that notwithstanding the incessant labour which he had for a long time bestowed on the "School for Scandal," it was at length announced for representation before the actors had received their respective parts. On reference to the original manuscript, Moore found that the concluding scenes bore evident marks of haste, they having been written when there was no longer time for fastidiousness. On the last leaf there is inscribed in the author's handwriting, "*Finished at last, thank God;*" to which the prompter, something of a humorist, has added, "*Amen. W. Hopkins.*" Singular as it may seem, there is no printed copy of this play authenticated by Sheridan; he could never complete it to his mind, and so, with characteristic indifference, left it to circulate from hand to hand without taking any steps to be assured of its correctness. He made an arrangement many years after its appearance, with Ridgway of Piccadilly for the purchase of the copyright, but when urged to furnish the manuscript, his answer was, "that he had been nineteen years endeavouring to satisfy himself with the style of the 'School for Scandal,' but had not yet succeeded."

Could Sheridan have produced a new play every three months, he might perhaps have kept Drury Lane in a flourishing condition. But with his comparatively slow and collected manner of writing, this was obviously impossible; and as he took little interest in bringing forward suitable pieces by other writers, the affairs of the house soon became entangled. An obsequious critic, in reference to the success of the "School for Scandal," had observed to Garrick, "This, sir, is but a single play, and in the long run will be but a slender help

to support the theatre. To you, Mr. Garrick, I must say the Atlas that propped the stage has left his station;" and though, the Atlas replied, that he had been fortunate in finding "another Hercules to succeed him," yet it was very soon apparent that the shoulders of the successor were inadequate to the burden he had assumed, and that the obsequious critic had given proof of some discernment. Nothing could exceed the mismanagement into which everything fell. Numerous were the letters addressed to Garrick, respecting the heedlessness and perversity of the new manager. Mrs. Clive wrote, "Everybody is raving against Sheridan for his supineness; there never was in nature such a contrast as Garrick and Sheridan—what have you given him that he keeps so?" But a letter from Hopkins, the prompter will best show the chaotic and unsatisfactory state of the theatre's affairs:—"We played last night 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and had to make an apology for three principal parts. About twelve o'clock Mr. Henderson, from Covent Garden, sent word that he was not able to play. We got Mr. Lewis, from Covent Garden, who supplied the place of *Benedict*. Soon after Mr. Parsons sent word he could not play; Mr. Moody supplied the place of *Dogberry*; and about four in the afternoon, Mr. Vernon sent word he could not play; Mr. Mattock supplied his part of *Balthazar*. I thought myself very happy in getting these wide gaps so well stopped. In the middle of the first act a message was brought me that Mr. Lamash, who was to play the part of *Borachio*, was not come to the house. I had nobody that could go on for it, so I was obliged to cut his scenes in the first and second acts entirely out, and get Mr. Wrighton to go on for the remainder of the part. At length, we got the play over without the audience finding it out. We had a very bad house. Mr. Parsons is not able to play in the 'School for Scandal,' to-morrow night; I do not know how we shall be able to settle that. I hope the pantomime may prove successful, and relieve us from this dreadful situation." These, and endless similar communications, could not fail to be distressing to Garrick, who, independently of the large pecuniary interest he had at stake, felt great anxiety for the welfare of Sheridan and his colleagues; he concludes a corres-

pondence between himself and M with these words:—"Poor old I feel that it will very soon be hands of the Philistines."

The complaints urged against Sheridan were manifold. He neglected his letters, which on that account collected into an indiscriminate and oftentimes when their accumulation rather alarmed the manager, the consigned to the fire, and free communications of importance were sacrificed. Authors complained of loss or neglect of their manuscripts even boldly asserted that their precedents, and conversations, were printed and brought out in such that the parent only recognises offspring by some feature which was unmistakable. This latter accusation, however, Sheridan unhesitatingly and ridiculed in the "Critic;" far as we can perceive, it is wanting sufficient evidence to support it. At the same time, his general heedlessness was indefensible, and he had occasion to pay for it, being now and then pelted to silence some urgent demand with money, by way of indemnifying the unwitting loss or destruction of a manuscript.

Notwithstanding the general disaffection into which the affairs of Drury Lane were falling, Sheridan involved himself in 1788, by the purchase of additional interests in the theatre. His manner still continued to give almost universal dissatisfaction; play-goers were becoming mutiniously disposed, and likely to break out into visible rebellion. Sheridan had the fortune to meet them just at the right time, by the production of his own—the menagerie of "The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed," the last dramatic effort of his genius. Being a clever travesty of the dramatic compositions of the day, and, in part, a satire upon a author whose irritability was the source of much ridicule: it met with bounded approbation. Cumberbund, voluminous play-writer, whose works are now almost forgotten, and were worthy of being remembered broadly, but most ingeniously, tutored, under the character of *Sir Plagiary*, who seems to have been produced solely for the purpose, as in no manner of connection with the *Puff and Dangle* are also understood to have been well-known dabblers

theatrical business of the day. Boundless was the amusement and joy of the playgoers accordingly. What so delightful as to see one's neighbours and acquaintances exhibited for the popular entertainment? The piece, however, has undeniable merits as a burlesque, and is as complete a satire upon the plays of the present day, as it is of those of the last generation. For a long time no tragedy could be produced at any theatre without the risk of creating laughter; and, accordingly, all managers were "bound to decline articles of that description."

There is an amusing anecdote, well authenticated, touching the manner in which the "Critic" was completed. Two days before it was announced to be played, Sheridan had not finished the last scene. Everybody was anxious and nervous; Mr. Linley and Dr. Ford, being joint and responsible managers, were in no enviable state; the performers looked on each other with rueful faces. King, who had the part of *Puff* to sustain, was the stage manager; it was accordingly his especial duty to find out Sheridan, and to weary him with remonstrances on the backward state of things. But matters went on much as usual; Sheridan came to the theatre, made the customary promise that he was "just going home to finish it;" that in fact it was completed, and only wanted an additional line or two. His father-in-law, Linley, knew the only sufficient spur to his industry; he therefore ordered a night rehearsal, and invited Sheridan to dine with him, gave him a capital dinner, proposed a lounge to Drury Lane whilst the supper was preparing; Sheridan assented, and they sauntered together up and down the stage previous to the rehearsal, when King, stepping up to the remiss dramatist, requested a moment's audience, and went with him into the small green-room, where there was a comfortable fire, a good arm chair, a table furnished with pens, ink, and paper, two bottles of claret, a tempting dish of anchovy sandwiches, and the prompter's unfinished copy of the "Critic." King, immediately Sheridan entered the room, withdrew and locked the door, when Ford and Linley made their pleasure known to him, that he was to finish the wine and the farce, but not to be allowed to stir out of the room until both were at an end. Sheridan laughed heartily at

the joke, set to in good earnest, and finished the work to the great delight of all parties.

With the "Critic" ends the series of Sheridan's dramatic writings; for "Pizarro," which was brought out shortly afterwards, is only an adaptation to the English stage of Kotzebue's "Spaniards in Peru," and is in great part a mere translation. He appears to have meditated many other works, slight sketches of which were drawn, the outlines of characters delineated, and heads of conversation prepared, but none of which were perfected, and remain now only as literary curiosities.

When a man by incompetency or negligence has given proof that he is inadequate to the management of his own concerns, he usually feels justified in undertaking those of the nation. With a dissolution of Parliament in 1780, Sheridan was accordingly seized with an ambition to become a legislator; conceiving it to be "the peculiar excellence of the British constitution, that a man could push forward into notice and distinction the talents or abilities, whatever they might be, with which Providence had endowed him." Through the interest apparently of aristocratic friends he sallies forth to canvass the constituency of Stafford. By his winning address, his infinite wit and drollery, his elegant deportment, his liberality of hand, he secures almost universal favour. Such a persuasive tongue, such a felicitous ingenuity in controverting or establishing conviction, such boundless courtesy and unhesitating prodigality of promise, such breadth of urbanity and immeasurable sympathy with all conditions of electors, could not fail with any human constituency to yield results. He was triumphantly returned to represent the burghers of Stafford in Parliament. Singular to say, many of his promises were scrupulously kept. Each voter who wanted a place found to his delight that one had been reserved for him; not a man who asked it but was gratified with an offer either at Drury Lane Theatre or the Opera House, and on repairing thither was promptly installed in his situation. Ever with successive elections he is enabled to accommodate new friends; for most of those who accepted posts under him quickly resigned them, as their salaries for the most part were only promises to pay, which were

realized, if at all, at such a distance of time as to wear out the patience of ordinary placemen. Sheridan, however, has unquestionably become a portion of the collective wisdom of the empire.

The first thing he has to do on taking his seat in the House of Commons, is to answer a petition against his election, involving charges of bribery and corruption. Some of "the lowest and most unprincipled voters" had been seduced into raising the accusation. The young member successfully defended himself and his constituency against the calumny; and "wished that some adequate penalties should be inflicted on those who traduced and stigmatized so respectable a body of men." The petition, as almost uniformly happens in such cases, was instantly withdrawn; Sheridan was confirmed in his seat. He was listened to with great interest and attention by the House, his literary reputation having prepared for him a willing and favourable reception. It appears, however, that even those who were disposed to judge favourably of his capabilities, confidently concluded that "Nature never intended him for an orator." A certain indistinctness of speech, and considerable agitation and hesitancy of manner, impressed the majority that "his mental powers appeared to be very superior to his physical qualifications." On concluding his speech he went into the gallery where Woodfall was reporting, and with evident anxiety tried to obtain from him an opinion as to the probability of his ultimate success. Woodfall candidly advised him to abide by his previous pursuits, for that now he was certainly out of his element, and had little chance of ever becoming properly adapted to it. Sheridan, nevertheless, entertained a contrary belief; "I know that it is in me," said he, "and therefore out it shall come!"

Accordingly, after many efforts, and much diligent study and preparation, it did at length "come out," with rather astonishing effect. He rose into boundless celebrity; becomes the most brilliant and attractive orator in England. He "has it in him," and ever as opportunities occur he makes it visible that here is a man of consummate gifts and cultivation. Hearing him, men learn to comprehend the magnificent powers of human speech. All the splendours of a rich composite eloquence are at his

command, and he has the skill to bine them in grand and irresistible. To have heard him speak is now fiction among men. Yet, doubt he delivered many comparatively speeches. No man is uniformly Still, always with a great occasion ridan rises, to the level of its rements; by force of genius and industry in the acquisition of intion, he invariably equals, and times exceed the expectations of who most intimately knew him who entertained the highest opinion his powers. Burke declared his s in the House of Commons, on the duct of Warren Hastings in India, "the most astonishing burst of quence, argument and wit, unit which there was any record or tradi Fox said of it, that "all he ever l all he ever read, when compared it, dwindled into nothing, and var like vapour before the sun." And Pitt, Sheridan's most uniform arn terminated adversary, acknowledged "the speech surpassed all the eloq of ancient or modern times, and assed everything that genius c could furnish to agitate and contr human mind." The testimony of judges is of the highest, most u tionable character, and leaves n in the way of further eulogy to l duce.

Sheridan's parliamentary career perfectly delineated in his pub speeches, extends over a space wards of thirty years, an eventful exciting period of British hi During the whole of this time, l fluence over the public affairs manifest and considerable, though perhaps, so great as some of h. mirera seem to fancy. In po insight he was probably inferior to of the prominent men of the tim saw into the future quite as far knew as intimately as any wh commotions and distractions of th might signify; many a keen glanc he dart beyond him, many a wis ing vehemently deliver; no on a more clear or comprehensive standing of the political doctrines he espoused, or adhered more co ently to their consequences. Yet all this, Sheridan had nothing of s man like ability. The man wa greater than his time; could in n have successfully directed the tend

of the time. To speak of Sheridan as ranking among great statesmen is absurd. He had no one quality, beyond his gift of speaking, out of the many by which a statesman must be distinguished. He is a splendid rhetorician, an accomplished parliamentary debater; serviceable and illustrious in that capacity, but if lifted into statesmanship must have been utterly insignificant. The man that could not direct the finances and concerns of a theatre, had clearly but an indifferent capacity for guiding the affairs and destiny of a nation. Beyond the distinction here assigned him, Sheridan, in truth, has neither qualification nor pretension. An adroit, brilliant, party politician is all he ever was or aimed to be.

It should not be overlooked that, side by side with Sheridan's public and political life, there was all the time going on some sort of private and domestic one; which, if we could realize, would, rather than the other, be highly satisfactory. A family is gradually growing up around him, sprightly and clever boys and girls, to whom their father's reputation cannot be altogether unknown. "Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan at home," were an agreeable and interesting chapter, had we the materials for writing it. We are able to perceive, however, that Sheridan spends a great deal of his time utterly away from home. He is invited largely into all kinds of distinguished and select society; his fascinating manners and polished wit make his presence everywhere courted and acceptable. He is a diner-out of the first lustre. By his brilliant conversation, his boundless vivacity, and frank sincerity of disposition, he dazzles and delights all manner of high and illustrious men and women, and is, in his turn, dazzled and delighted. His princely liberality of taste leads him to furnish expensive entertainments in his own house; for which, unhappily, the embarrassed treasury of Drury Lane must yield supplies. As this grows more and more inadequate, obliging tradesmen cheerfully contribute; for a time, at least, are nowise urgent about their bills. Thus in a mingled element of splendour and of shiftiness, a gay and pleasant life alternates with mean vexations and restraints; continually demanding some new sacrifice of temper or of principle. An utterly incongruous existence; wherein manly dignity, in-

ward peacefulness, and all true effort and activity, go finally to wreck.

Meanwhile, wonderful to say, his extraordinary talent for raising money is prosperously exercised whenever an emergency arises. Drury Lane Theatre has to be rebuilt; all that was required for the purpose was a sum of £150,000, "which was raised with the utmost facility." Sheridan is at this time at the zenith of his reputation. His popularity, his talents, his exertions in behalf of the public interests, are the theme of general eulogy. Drury Lane Theatre, with much effort, and after "unforeseen difficulties, fresh expenses, and vexatious negotiations," is successfully rebuilt—though destined soon to be disastrously burnt down. All along Sheridan contrives to live like a man possessing a large income. It appears he usually kept up three establishments, and "his style of living was such as became a man mingling in the richer class of society, and enjoying all that luxury can give."

And so the years roll on, downwards to 1792. This year Sheridan has to follow to the grave his beautiful and affectionate wife, whom the then Bishop of Norwich was wont to call a "connecting link between woman and angel;" and whom Wilkes declared to be "the fairest flower that ever grew in nature's garden." She died at the age of thirty-eight, of pulmonary disease. A beautiful "coquette of the first magnitude," but long since sobered down into a loving, helpful, and judicious wife. Deep was the grief of Sheridan, when they bore her away to the "still-dwelling;" sad and irreparable the loss which he sustained. From that moment a blight fell upon him—a secret immeasurable sorrow sapped his remaining strength, and gave a pallor to his noble countenance which no occasional after gaiety could dispel. "I have seen him," says Kelly, "night after night sit and cry like a child, while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song of mine—

They bore her to a grassy grave,

I never beheld more poignant grief than Sheridan felt for the loss of his beloved wife." The lightsome careless nature, with its gay heedlessness and humour, falls suddenly asunder, and is dissolved in mournful tears; like a bright April day, descending into night amid showers of transient gloom.

For transient are the pains of every human sorrow, however profound its recollections. Nature reneweth day by day the broken spirits of whomsoever she ordains to live. Sheridan is recalled by his public duties back into

the world, where he speedily mingled before in the exciting strifes, in the tumult and animosities of the life thus going on. Rest, thou buried one! thy name shall soon be as thou wert forgotten.*

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON, LL.D., D.D.

GREAT intellectual and moral powers must ever command homage in this world. Intellectual power alone, when not associated and directed by a moral purpose, cannot fail to charm and influence its admirers. But when a man gifted with rich intellectual endowments, consecrates them to the performance of duty, and the scrupulous fulfilment of the high behests of heaven, we then see human nature in its most attractive aspect; our admiration warms into love, and our love borders on the reverential. Such a man was Dr. Hamilton, whom we are now about to sketch. Unlike the great philosopher of the New World, whose history we shall hereafter trace, Dr. Hamilton was a sectarian. He confined himself to the boundaries of what may be termed evangelical orthodoxy, and dared not launch out into those bold speculations outlined by Emerson. But as a sectarian, and with a faith shaped, squared, and measured, we shall find that he possessed immense attractions, an original mind, and, what is better, a large heart.

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON was born at Pentonville, London, on the 6th of July, 1794. Of his ancestry it is known only that his grandfather came to London, from Scotland, early in life. This Mr. Hamilton was a member of the Baptist persuasion. He married a Miss Hesketh, one of the company who first joined the Rev. Mr. Wesley, and of whom mention is made by Mr. Wesley in his journal of that time. They had six children, and the Rev. Frederick Hamilton, the father of Richard Hamilton, was one of them. One of Winter Hamilton's uncles, the Rev. Robert Hamilton, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., died October 8th, 1832, in the eighty-first year of his age, after he had been

incumbent of the united parishes of St. Olave's, Jewry, and St. Martin's thirty-three years. This uncle was kind and generous towards his nephew Winter; and when he died, left an equal share of his property.

Mrs. Frederick Hamilton, the mother of Winter Hamilton, appears to have been a woman of great beauty, of cultivated intellect, of gentle disposition, and eminently pious. Many of her letters are preserved to this day, they evince a most loving disposition and a devoted faith to the orthodox. There can be little doubt that it is quite evident, that she much to mould the character and direct the footsteps of her son. And that when he became a man, and had attained an eminent position in the church, which he was a member and advocate, frequently alluded in tender and touching accents to the memory of her whom he owed so much. Though possessing a strong religious faith, affection for her children bound her soul closely to the world, when on the borders of eternity. A little before her death she wrote to a dear friend these words: "When I felt a daily increase of strength—my cough growing worse, and my breath short, I could not but think of what all this must lead to, even to the chamber of grave. I was enabled to hope and believe that I was entirely in the hands of the resurrection and life; but yet, whenever I for a moment soared upward, I was again drawn down by, as it were, a picture presented to my eye, of my person shrouded in a coffin, and all my dear and very affectionate children weeping around me. Indeed, I think I have never been so proved my affection so strong, or

* The conclusion of this life will appear in our next number.

faith so weak." This beautiful minded woman died when her son Winter, who was the cherished child of the family, was about eleven years old. Though he enjoyed a greater latitude of indulgence than his brothers and sisters, fortunately it did not lead to pride in him, or envy in them. They often gladly saw him taken to enjoy pleasures which they would cheerfully have shared; and they welcomed his return from such visits, that they might listen to his graphic descriptions of the persons and places he had seen during his absence, without any admixture of jealousy. While young, he displayed some of those qualities which especially characterized him in after life. When he was only five years of age, an association of ministers had met at his father's table, and the servant who had waited on them told the children the next day, that one of these ministers had described his poverty and his struggles to support a large family at forty pounds a year, which was all his poor village flock could raise. The children felt it very much, and often talked over what ought to be done for the good man. At last Winter thought of a plan, which he imagined excellent. It was—that they should put together all they could call their own, and buy a cheap calf, fully expecting that the little grassplot at the side of his father's house would be sufficient to keep it till in a position to present it to the poor minister. The elder part of the family told him this was impracticable; not only they could not raise money enough, but that they had no place large enough, to rear the calf. Winter was not to be turned so easily from his generous purpose. With the utmost simplicity he proposed that they should buy a little pig, which, he said, could run about the nursery, and sleep under the bed, till large enough to be a valuable gift.

Though this period of his age was so much marked by a generosity of disposition and sprightliness, he did not make any particular progress in the rudiments of education. He had a wise and patient teacher in his mother; but she frequently wept over him for very weariness, and probably from the greater vexation in consequence of the evident talent which he showed in other respects. We mention this so that kind mothers and fathers may not be discouraged when they consider their children back-

ward in learning; for many of the greatest ornaments of our race were slow to learn at first. Precocity is no true sign of future greatness. Neither is inaptitude to learn elementary knowledge any guarantee that the future man shall not be eminent for his abilities. We cannot expect children to be philosophers. Rather should we expect them to be buoyant, sportive, and, it may be, inclined to mischief. In Winter's period of childhood there was no lack of that quickness of apprehension which distinguished him through life; nor were there wanting even these indications of that luxuriant imagination which produced such rich flowers and fruits in after years. He had an unbounded flow of animal spirits; and his wit, or as his brothers and sisters always called it, his *fun*, afforded them perpetual amusement.

When about nine years of age, he was sent to a preparatory school at Hammersmith, near London; after passing about a year there, he was removed to an excellent school conducted by the Rev. J. Petticary, at Newport, Isle of Wight. Here he was superintended by his mother's cousin, the Rev. Robert Winter, who watched over him with constant care. If Winter Hamilton did not in after years become a useful member of society—if not a great and good man, it would have been surprising, as every care and attention was lavished on him by his religious relatives when young. But though breathing such a puritanic atmosphere, his unconquerable love for drollery and mimicry continually manifested itself. He was frequently getting into scrapes of some kind or other on account of his boyish mischief, and though he knew he should not escape punishment, he was never known to deny his faults when questioned, or prevaricate when censured. So completely was his character for truthfulness established in the family, that his parents often said to friends, when he left the room, "There goes a child who, to our knowledge, never told a lie."

From his thirteenth to his sixteenth year, he was at Mill Hill Grammar School, where he made decided progress. The reports of his learning and his conduct were most satisfactory. His religious character was then in the course of formation. Even at that early period he seems to have devoted him-

self to God for the work of the ministry. He grew up to be a minister almost as a matter of course, as he never expressed any wish for any other vocation. From the time when he used to preach to his brothers and sisters, on a box in the nursery, they all considered it a settled point that Winter was to be a minister. But this showed more solicitude than wisdom on the part of his parents. By dedicating a child, before the natural tendency of his mind developed itself, to the important mission of a minister, was not wise, as he might thereby be made a very mechanical and lifeless preacher, when, perhaps, if left to himself, with careful guidance, he might otherwise become a great man. But in the case before us it proved to be successful, as the bent of Winter Hamilton's disposition, and the aspirations of his heart, were naturally inclined in the direction marked out by paternal wishes. Before he was sixteen years of age, he signed a "Covenant," in which he dedicated himself to "his Father in heaven" and to the services of His church. We extract from the "Covenant" a sentence or two, to indicate the condition of his mind at that time. He says, "This day do I, with the utmost solemnity, surrender myself unto Thee. I renounce all former lusts that have dominion over me; and I consecrate unto thee all that I am, and all that I have: the faculties of my mind, and the members of my body, my worldly possessions, my time, and my influence over others, to be all used entirely for thy glory, and resolutely employed in obedience to thy commands, as long as thou continuest me in life, with an ardent desire and humble resolution, to continue them through all the ages of eternity. Ever holding myself in an attentive posture to observe the first intimation of thy will, and ready to spring forward with zeal and joy to the immediate execution of it."

Very soon after, he was admitted, at the age of sixteen, as a student for the ministry amongst the Independents, at Hoxton College. And it rarely happens that one more qualified by mental capacity and spiritual longings, for a sacred calling, enters on such a course. Among the associates and friends of Mr. Hamilton at Hoxton, was the late Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool, whose career opened so prosperously, but whose useful and brilliant life was quenched before it had reached its me-

ridian glory; and the late Rev. John Ely, of Leeds, between whom and Dr. Hamilton afterwards existed such a tender, vital and enduring friendship. When Dr. Hamilton entered Hoxton College, he was younger than most of the students, and was distinguished by great vivacity and buoyancy of spirits. As he had great facility in acquiring knowledge, and had enjoyed greater advantage of early education than most of his associates, the studies prescribed in the courses to which he belonged made but a slight demand on his time and efforts, and left him much leisure for indulging his own taste and inclination. Without any intensity of application it was easy for him to prepare for the ordinary examinations in the lecture delivered, and on the books required to be read. The Rev. Dr. Burder, one of the tutors of the College, appreciated the talents of the young divine. When speaking of his productions at this time, the Rev. Doctor says "They were distinguished by an exuberance and even wildness of fancy which greatly needed discipline and training. The exuberances of his imagination required no ordinary degree of judicious pruning. It became my duty, as one of his tutors, to point out these deviations from good taste with an unsparing freedom. With this unwelcome duty, however, I found no difficulty in uniting ample commendation of budding and unfolding excellences." No doubt Dr. Burder's warning was very judicious, and well it should be, when it attempted to prune the imagination of a young student. There is nothing more delicate and difficult than such a task. And, generally, it is much better for tutors to leave the imagination to take care of itself. Dr. Hamilton, throughout his useful life, was particularly distinguished by a rich imagination; and did he not possess it, there is but little evidence to show that he would have risen above the barren mediocrity of the vast majority of his brethren in the ministry. A vivid imagination is frequently a promise of future eminence; and though for a time it may be wild and luxuriant, as the understanding gets enlightened and the judgment consolidated, that creative faculty, which may be called the handmaid of genius, finds its proper orbit. It is much better for the fledgling to try to fly and fall, than not to make the trial.

In the year 1813, before Winter Hamilton was nineteen years of age, he delivered an oration at the College Chapel, Hoxton, on the anniversary of the Institution. Professor Stowell says, the discourse was characterized by "rare and dazzling splendour." In August, in the same year, one of the earliest of the Bible societies was formed in the Hoxton Academy Chapel. On that occasion the young orator made his first attempt at platform eloquence which was then a comparative novelty, and in which he afterwards attained such eminent celebrity. Precious as is our space, we cannot refrain from giving an extract from the address. Speaking of the value of the Bible Society, he says: "Borne on the angels' wings, we might see the exertions of this Society cheering the wilds of Labrador, and while the natural sun is absent, enlivening the solitude, and relieving the darkness of its caves; we might see the European, amid the shock of arms and the thunder of the cannon, repose in a hope which this Society has revealed, that the sword shall be beaten into a ploughshare; we might see the Musselman throwing aside his Koran for that volume which alone can teach him the true Allah and the prophets—relinquishing his pilgrimage to Mahomed's tomb, having realized the period when no longer in that mountain and at Mecca man shall worship the Father; we might see the Bramin laying aside his caste for the high distinction of Christian, the lies of the Shaster for the oracles of truth—the spikes of Vishnu for the atonement of Jesus Christ—the temple of the Juggernaut for the heights of Zion; we might see the Catholic taking the Bible from the cloisters to which it had been chained, and leaving the shrine of the saint for the cross of his Saviour; we might see the Hottentot, once filthy as the ground in which he burrowed, become the temple of the Holy Ghost; we might see the Negro, with dispositions haggard as the rocks over which he vaults and bounds, ferocious as the torrent which he dares and buffets, now altered and subdued, smooth as the ivory he inserts in his countenance, and soft as the skin which floats around him in the chase." Pretty eloquent this, for a young man of nineteen!

In the spring of 1814, Mr. Hamilton received an overture from the proprietor of Albion Chapel, Leeds, to supply it on the termination of his preparatory

studies. To this he consented with some reluctance. About two years after he was ordained as a minister at Leeds, in Salem Chapel. And now commenced that useful public life,—the constituent elements of which were eloquent pulpit preaching and platform oratory, a tender pastoral care and almost agonizing anxiety for the good of his congregation, practical efforts for the advancement of the general good, co-operation for the furtherance of plans of philanthropy, and above all, an authorship which rendered him popular while living, and celebrated after death. In the course of the ordination service, Mr. Hamilton was requested to give some account of the influence of religion on his mind, and he gave an eloquent statement. Among many other things he said:—"I awakened to the consciousness of spiritual nature under accents of mercy and under the shadow of the cross. . . . No persons could have been more diligent in the instruction, or more attentive to the manners of their children, than my venerated parents, towards whom I cultivate not only the affections of a son, but the sympathies of an immortal. Our domestic economy was not merely a probation for the stations of life, but a pupilage for heaven. . . . No sooner was I capable of the faintest thought and observation, than I aspired to the office as something mysteriously dignified. The predilection was probably strengthened from the celebrity of ancestors, and the reputation of friends who gave attendance to the altar."

Less than a month after Mr. Hamilton's ordination, Mr. Joseph Blackburn, an attorney, in Leeds, was executed at York for forgery, and Mr. Hamilton was requested to visit the unhappy man previous to his trial. This he did, not only once, but several times before the execution. It may easily be imagined from this, that the young minister was regarded with great respect. And in a sermon which he afterwards delivered on the event, it was quite evident he was equal to the painful duty he was called on to discharge. This sermon was published almost as soon as it was delivered. The critics soon cut it to pieces; and, according to Dr. Hamilton's opinion many years after, they were, to a considerable extent, justified in their unsparing criticisms. The result was, that though Albion

Chapel was crowded, the congregation rapidly declined, and the young minister had to walk through a murky cloud of unpopularity. Instead of either sinking in despondency or proudly scorning other men's opinions, he persevered in enriching his mind with treasures of knowledge, delighting every social circle with his good-natured wit and railery, and earnestly consecrating his more serious moments to the great business of his life—the preaching of the gospel. Professor Stowell says that during the twenty years of Mr. Hamilton's ministry in Albion Chapel, he gradually recovered the popularity he had lost. His preaching was eminently instructive. His evangelical tone was lofty and decided. His faithfulness was searching and pungent. The moral authority of his preaching was felt in its practical bearings, in all the varieties of personal and social life.

In 1816, Mr. Hamilton married a Miss Hackney, of Leeds, a lady possessing considerable personal attractions, by whom he had two daughters and one son. Mrs. Hamilton died in her last confinement.

Mr. Hamilton frequently took advantage of important public events, or of things which more than ordinarily agitated the public mind, and made them subjects for pulpit discourses. The persecuted Protestants in the South of France in 1816, and the death of Princess Charlotte in 1817, afforded him admirable opportunities for the display of his eloquence. All efforts for the spread of education found in him a zealous co-operator. Accordingly we find him one of the first members of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society. In the second year he became a member of the Council of the Society, thrice was elected vice-president; and in the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, he was president. He frequently delivered papers before this Society, which displayed great learning and ingenuity. They were chiefly on literary subjects; none were strictly scientific; several were on philosophical questions, others were historical, and some of them were minutely and elaborately critical: all of them were admired for their vigour of thought, variety of erudition, and richness of illustration. The following will show how he treated a subject to which he was opposed. It

is taken from his paper on "Craniology," which he says is a more correct word than "phrenology," for the science of the brain. He says, "A person feels himself in the presence of one who can scan his inward being. He is awed by the credulity of a superior power. The cross examination begins, mixed with most dexterous leading questions, 'You have pride very large.' 'That's a mistake; I am very bashful, and oppressively humble.' 'I mean proper pride.' 'O, yes! that is very correct; I hope always to respect myself.' 'You have identity very large.' 'There you are out. I am a plain matter of fact man, and often admire what the Governor says to Filburn, 'The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because it is not yet in sight.' 'But you like poetry.' 'O, yes! I hope so.' 'You have destructiveness very large.' 'Now I have no opinion of this science at all, for I would not tread on a worm, and conscientiously abstain from lobsters and eels.' 'Yes, now I perceive it will be so, for your destructiveness is counteracted by a very large benevolence.' 'You have causality very large.' 'Further and further from the truth. I never ask a reason, and cannot endure an argument.' 'Stop, do not be hasty; let me see; I have it. Your *comparison*, which is a superficial sort of an organ, is so immense that your *causality* cannot work.' 'You have wit very large.' 'That is not at all in my way.' 'But when you speak do they not laugh?' 'They do, and much more than I like.' 'That is your wit which makes them, for wit consists not only in being so ourselves, but it is the cause that it is in other men.'" It may be seen from this that Dr. Hamilton was no disciple of Dr. Spurzheim. Phrenology was too material for him. He had too strong a faith in the purely spiritual element in man, and of its ability for action independent of organization, to believe in the science. Besides, he saw, or he fancied he saw, that phrenology was allied to infidelity, and *therefore* he discarded it. The above, however, is only given as a specimen of Dr. Hamilton's mode of treating a subject when he felt in the humour to be humorous.

Dr. Hamilton was not merely a nominal Nonconformist, but one from deep conviction. He did not, as do a great many dissenters, worship at the chapel instead of the church, because his fa-

* Memoir of Richard Winter Hamilton, LL.D., D.D., by Professor Stowell.

s did so before him, but because he d go nowhere else, and be faithful be pleadings of conscience. The tion with him was not what might also and objectionable in any spe- religious establishment, but what to him anti-scriptural in all. His of religious liberty was so strong he was resolutely opposed to any- g that at all trenched on the rights e conscience or intervened between soul and God. He sought in vain for archetype or intimation of national stian Churches in Holy Writ, and heir advantages and utility where existed; and he returned from the stigation, convinced that they are not ul if expedient, and that they are expedient if lawful. He saw "the mpatibility of national religion with inquiry and private judgment." He not afraid that the church would ake care of itself if left to win its in the world by virtue of its charms, out the cumbersome aid of the state. principle of perfect religious liberty unconditional freedom of opinion, so closely interwoven in the texture is religious faith, and his idea of iastical government, that he advo- it with unusual vigour, on all ble occasions. It was to him the ity of Protestantism and the birth- of humanity; and by its means to be hastened the triumphant ries of the cross. In reply to the tion—"If Christianity can *now* l, without civil sanctions, could it *ya*?" He boldly answers, "Yes. nAthenian wit, Roman stoicism, and arian ferocity were loose upon it, it strengthened by the shock. When ology was computed by persecu- , it was as uninjured by the tenth e first. For centuries it maintained round, and fought single handed; the world against it, it triumphed the world; and when did it decline? hat date was its primitive purity d, its victorious progress stayed? en it mounted the throne of the rs; when fame and adulation ed in its path; when its scripless was exchanged for gold and silver; the religion of Him, who 'came wearing the crown of thorns and urple robe,' was subject to an equal ion of its character and tendency, the diadem of royalty glittered d its head, and the purple of e flowed around its mien."

In nothing was Dr. Hamilton more zealous than the cause of missions. He rose to the height of the great idea of evangelizing the world; and into the sublime work he threw his best ener- gies. Hence, he frequently preached missionary sermons, delivered speeches on missionary platforms, and sometimes committed to print some of his choicest thoughts on the question. In 1828, he undertook a series of engagements in connection with the Hibernian Aux- iliary to the London Missionary Society, and most admirably did he fulfil his mission.

The ordination of a minister among the Independents is usually an occasion of deep interest. At such times, almost exclusively, the peculiar duties of the minister are set forth and pressed home by some elder minister, or by one who is regarded as endowed with the judgment, experience, and weight of character which are felt to be requisite for the discharge of a duty at once so serious and delicate. Dr. Hamilton was several times invited to perform this office. In 1827, he delivered the ordination charge to the Rev. John Barling, of Halifax; and, in 1829, he performed a similar office at the ordination of the Rev. John Kelly, Liverpool. He said to the former, "I have generally found that the most popular ministers are most in- different to popularity, and disdain a single act to acquire it. Let all, then, inquire—What is my heart's desire and prayer? Is it to divide attention with the Saviour, or to fix it undivertedly upon him? Should I prefer the circle of philosophical minds, applauding my wisdom or supporting my fame, or to stand as my Redeemer stood, when all the publicans and sinners 'drew near unto him for to hear him.' Should I wish to be quoted after death as a scientific authority, and have my splen- did passages recited by a distant gene- ration; or my simple stone distinguished by the embraces of humble converts and washed with the tears of the pious poor." He who really feels this, must entertain a high conception of the min- ister's calling, and possess a heart moved by disinterested and noble feel- ings and resolves. An important pas- sage in his own life-history is recorded in the following. When speaking to the Rev. John Kelly, on the importance of personal faith, he thus alludes to himself:—"I know one (and he would

hide his face in the dust while he could be as the shameful tale) who feels it, too often, difficult to believe what he preaches; who frequently cannot realize with any vividness the ideas of accountability, condemnation, and retribution. He has heard of hearts bursting with agony, the fierce throbbings of emotion; his heart has envied them, while each drop within it seemed to stagnate, and each feeling to be numbed! Ah! happy ye, who never felt the doubt attendant upon enquiry, or, if ye have, could shroud them in obscurity; happy ye who never suffered the horror of conflict which many a minister has known, though they were permitted to try and prove him; happy ye who know not the hell of denouncing everlasting punishment with composure! of unfolding the wonder of redemption with apathy! of describing the glories of heaven without a desire to partake of them!"

During 1828 and 1829, the great question of Catholic Emancipation was agitating this country, and in no town was the excitement more intense than in Leeds. A meeting of Protestants opposed to the Catholic Claims was held in that town; and from the meeting issued a declaration of firm resistance to the expected measure of the government. The Dissenters of Leeds took no part in the meeting; and the reasons why they abstained themselves were expressed in a long letter which appeared in the *Leeds Mercury*. Professor Stowell says, "As a calm, dignified, lucid, and earnest exposition of great principles, it has been seldom equalled; it would be sufficient to gain for the writer a noble reputation. Its effect upon the public mind was great. At one of the largest public meetings ever held in the town, there was a vehement struggle between the opposing parties. The victory was gained by the Liberal party; and their success was ascribed, in no small degree, to Mr. Hamilton's appeal." The spirit of enthusiasm awaked by his letter was not confined to Leeds, but influenced, to a considerable degree, the population of the chief towns of the county; and to some extent facilitated the settlement of the important question in the nation.

Having received an invitation from the English and Reformed Church of Hamburg, to preach their anniversary sermon, Mr. Hamilton, in 1829, visited the Continent for the first time. He ful-

filled his engagement in that city in so doing reflected honour on him and increased the reputation and usefulness of the congregation which invited him. He then visited some of the principal towns and cities of the Continent, and especially those names were most closely associated with the struggles of the Reformation. With an eager eye for the rare and the able, he gazed with rapture on the cathedrals and other monuments which came in his way, and then down, in his journal, his own opinions and criticisms. These jottings were evidence of a richly stored mind, an artistic tact and judgment, found in an English preacher.

It may reasonably be expected that a mind constituted like Mr. Hamilton's and breathing an atmosphere of religious freedom as he did, would abate towards the liberal side of politics, though he studiously avoided to mix himself up with what is usually stood by party politics, he uniformly gave in his adhesion to Brougham, when he was invited by the freeholders of Yorkshire to stand for county. The Protestant Dissenters Association for the Abolition of Slavery circulated an eloquent and stirring address throughout the county, in which they bound themselves to give Brougham the eminent advocate of negro freedom, their most strenuous support. Though the address had several passages appended to it, its peculiar phrases and emphatic diction, bore the unmistakable impress of Hamilton.

In 1831, the foundation of a theological college was laid at Leeds, by Mr. Clifford, Bradford, and Mr. Hamilton, who delivered an address on the occasion. It was an opportunity would be sure to him ample scope for the display of his oratorical ability. According to his own account, he found him taking an historical survey of the principles and progress of the Reformation, and especially in the north of England; and giving a condensation of the proceedings of the church from the earliest times, for securing intelligent and holy ministry. His address, like almost all others of Hamilton's delivered on such occasions, was printed. To a passage enumerating the colleges of Nonconformists, he joined the following note:—"The list has not referred to the self-styled Unitarian academies. He confines his

to Christianity. Such could, therefore, have no more claim to a place in this catalogue, than a school of Confucius, in China, or the colleges of the Der-vishes, in Japan." Not long after, serious notice was taken of these pas-sages in a sermon, entitled, "Unitarians entitled to the name of Christians," by Dr. Hutton. This led to an important theological controversy between Mr. Hamilton and Dr. Hutton. No sooner had the sermon of the latter appeared in print, than the former rushed to the controversy, and drew up a series of letters to Dr. Hutton, entitled "The Religionists designating themselves Unitarians not entitled to the Christian name." To these letters Dr. Hutton replied in four letters, which were published with the title, "Unitarian Christianity Vindicated." This pam- phlet was quickly met by Mr. Hamil- ton's "Animadversions upon the Rev. Dr. Hutton's pamphlets."

These pamphlets of Mr. Hamilton's display a powerful intellect, and great courage, ingenuity and wit. It would not be easy to find, even within a much larger compass, so much information, discernment, keen dissection, close reason- ing, and quick repartee. But their pages are sullied with uncharitableness, if not with the manifestations of an un- generous nature. When speaking of the Unitarians, personally, he says, "For them we can entertain no emotion but of love—love of every variety save that of religious complacency; towards them we can make no approach but that of kindness—kindness of every service save that of religious co-operation. Men, brethren, citizens, compatriots, disciples of science, friends of humanity, we hail, we embrace you!" Immediately after, when speaking of their reli- gious faith, he says, "their *system* is not a sacred nor sensitive thing. It requires—it merits no courtesy. It excites un- mixed loathing and detestation. It is a body of death, a phantom skeleton, threatening, chilling, petrifying, taunt- ing, grisly, ghastly—a king of terrors. Its course is like the scythe-destroyer in the prophecy, borne recklessly, ruth- lessly forward on his pale horse, while Hades follows with him. We can follow it by its blight of piety, simplicity, zeal. It leaves its monuments in dis- peopled sanctuaries, wrecked hopes and ruined souls. . . . Its wreath is a cypress—its robe a *pall*—its bridal is a

funeral. It never taught man to smile but with a sneer, nor to weep but in bitterness. It is in variance and con- flict with all that is stirring in our active, transcendental in our contem- plative, and tender in our moral, nature. It makes war upon the heart. It spares nothing worthy of our love, or potent over our fear. Its brightest day is but the congelation of its cold and darken- ing vapour, by the rigour of its killing frost. Its aggression is the sleet, its mantle of charity is the hoar and snow. It withdraws every support of con- fidence, each precious hold, around which our most exquisite feelings, like the little tendrils, have been wont to insinuate and entwine. All, all perishes before its spell, its basilisk gaze—its torpedo touch. It subtilizes until reason foregoes its last conclusion, and refines until the heart looses its last warmth."

No doubt, Dr. Burder would have called this an "exerescence" of Mr. Hamilton's imagination. It reflects as little credit on his logic, as on his im- agination, and shows that his heart, in this instance, was as narrow, as his logic was imperfect. How he could hail his brethren as "friends of hu- manity," and "make no approach towards them but that of kindness," and "entertain no emotion but that of love," and then describe their re- ligion as leaving behind it nothing but "grisly, ghastly putrefaction" which "spares nothing worthy of our love," whose "wreath is a cypress, and bridal a funeral"; whose "tract is known by the blight of piety,"—how the writer could reconcile these contradictions both of the head and the heart, he has not shewn. It can only be explained on the ground of his zeal for the truth overshadowing his usually large heart, and adding at the same time a broken feather to the wing of his imagination.

That he possessed this large-hearted- ness was evident in what we will next relate. In 1833, the Rev. John Ely re- moved from Rochdale to Leeds. These two good men had been students at the same time in the same college many years before; and from that time there existed between them an enviable fellow- feeling. But when they were brought together in the same town, a beautiful fellowship united their hearts. Perhaps there was never a purer and more un- broken friendship between two men

than existed between Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Ely. And in no more signal way did they vindicate that Christianity which they advocated, than by thus exhibiting it in their lives. In the course of years Mr. Ely died, and it fell to the lot of Mr. Hamilton to write his friend's biography. When speaking of their mutually indent attachment for each other, he says, "It was intimated that the friendship would soon be tried. Thank God! it more than stood the trial. For fourteen years it deepened and grew without momentary pause and flaw, damp and uneasiness. His high-souled honour, his confident ingenuities, his sensitive delicacy, must have conquered even the irritable and morose. The heart of such untruffled friendship is peculiarly his. Its meet and interruption could have found no excuse. I write it for his tomb. It is my offering at his grave. The thornle-wreath is for him."

Just about the same time, in 1833, Mr. Hamilton sent to the press a volume of sermons. The subjects of the sermons were: The Inviolability of Christianity. The Court of Gamaliel Examined. Moral Means preferable to Miracle. The Transcendent Love of Christ. Incarnate Deity. The Christian Doctrine of Divine Grace. The Son of God Anticipating his Reward. The Heavenly Country. Divine Refuge from Judgement. Deity, Christ Creator and Lord of the Universe. Three months after the sermons were published, the late Rev. Dr. McAll, of Manchester, whose opinion would be regarded by all who knew him with the warmest respect, said, in a letter to Mr. Hamilton, "That volume will always rank among my most precious treasures, and I can desire nothing better or with greater fervour, than to be enabled increasingly to realise its noble sentiment, and to display more perfectly in practice the effect and energy of its transforming principles." Many of the most important doctrines of Evangelical Christianity are seriously and argumentatively treated in this volume. Several years after their publication, Walter Scott, the president of Alredale College, said of the sermons, that they were "worthy as it respects metaphysical accuracy, richness of matter, and extent of biblical knowledge, to be ranked with the sermons of Edwards or Howe; and as it regard eloquence and display of imagination, to be joined

with the appeals of a Massillon or a Hall. They are splendid offerings to the Church of genius and piety, and will attract the attention, and awaken the gratitude of generations yet unborn."

In 1834, Mr. Hamilton published "Pastoral Appeals on Personal, Domestic and Social Devotion." These appeals had been delivered from the pulpit, and were published in obedience to the request of his congregation and friends. They were composed under the impression that the author's life was drawing to a close. He said, in the preface, in allusion to himself, "His life is wearing away. Many intimations impress him that it will not be a prolonged one." These appeals have been very widely circulated, and have already taken their place with our standard devotional literature. We cannot refrain quoting a beautiful passage which enshrines the memory of his affectionate mother. "To this moment I recall the soft, kind manner of a mother who left her orphan child for a brighter and more congenial scene. . . . Her instructions are as deeply traced on the memory as her features, and as easily recalled as her tones. It may be weak to say it, but if I can claim any theological facts and store, I owe it all to her. Feeble is the tribute I can pay to her excellence, nor had it been obtained but to illustrate the principle of domestic instruction. She deserved an Augustine's narrative, a Gregory's apostrophe, and a Cowper's strain. How could thy child, blest parent, but remember thee? Ever must he retain the image of thy face, and the picture of thine example. His heart must cease to beat, ere he can refuse to dwell upon that blessing and that embrace which he received from thee, when thy soul was in departing; ere he can, after well nigh thirty years, cease to be bowed down heavily mourning for his mother."

Mr. Hamilton's preaching had been so successful that Albion Chapel was much too small to afford accommodation to his increasing congregation. Consequently it was resolved to build another and a much larger one. The proposal was so readily taken up by the congregation that, within three months, £2,500 were subscribed, Mr. Hamilton himself subscribing £250. The chapel was built on a spot "that they selected mainly because

it was in the neighbourhood of a large population of the poor, for whose accommodation they intended to provide five hundred free sittings." The chapel was opened for public worship in 1836; and the first sermon delivered in it was preached by the Rev. Dr. McAll, of Manchester. Mr. Hamilton had now a larger field of action in which he could apply his useful and pious labours, and right earnestly and manfully did he perform his task.

His "Pastoral Appeals" having been read with such avidity, he was importuned to publish some family prayers. He complied with the request, and in 1838 he published a volume containing "Morning and Evening Prayers for four weeks, with twenty-seven Prayers and Thanksgivings," which were adapted for special and occasional uses. A highly intelligent hearer said to another minister on one occasion that he should prefer Dr. Hamilton's ministry were it only for his prayers. "They were characterized," he said, "by a chastened seriousness—deep and reverential humility—a wide comprehensiveness—an exquisite adaptation to the wants of the different classes of the people, rich variety, great tenderness and beauty, a highly spiritual tone, and a felicitous interweaving of scriptural phraseology, and especially of scriptural petition." Dr. Hamilton realized the truthfulness of Montgomery's hymn, which designates prayer as "the Christian's vital Breath." It not only broke away in eloquent torrents from his wrestling soul when in the pulpit, but it breathed through his epistolary correspondence, and beautifully mingled with the stream of his life. No doubt it was his aptitude in prayer, and his feeling the reality of the divine exercise, which eminently fitted him for the pastor's mission.

The time was now arrived for Mr. Hamilton to contribute something to our general literature, which should give him a high position among British authors. His sermons, appeals and prayers, brought him in contact only with the religious public, and particularly that portion of it which subscribed to the articles of the creed to which he anchored his faith. In 1841, he published his "Nugæ Literariæ." The contents of this volume are very miscellaneous, and afford ample proof of his originality, fancy and versatility. They embrace the following topics:—The

Isiac Mysteries—The Olympian Games—The History and Prospects of the Human Species considered in relation to Intellectual and Social Improvement—The Grounds and Sources of History—The Tragic Genius of Shakspeare—The Yorkshire Dialect—Correlates and Synonyms—The Passions of the Human Mind—Personal Identity—Craniology. Besides these there are a variety of Sonnets, Odes, and other poetic pieces. Several of these papers were originally delivered before the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society. Many are of opinion that this was the principal work Dr. Hamilton gave the world. A reverend professor, whose name has been before mentioned, says, "I never read his 'Nugæ Literariæ,' or even look into it, without having my admiration excited by the extensive reading, the profound scholarship, the metaphysical acumen and research, the logical exactness, the brilliancy of fancy, and the power of rendering everything, even what some would call the vulgarism of low society, interesting and instructive."

The next important work published by Mr. Hamilton was his Essay on Missions. In the year 1838, a prize of one hundred guineas was offered for the best Essay on Christian Missions, and another prize of fifty guineas for the second best Essay. Mr. Hamilton immediately went to work, no doubt moved by the desire and sustained by the hope of getting one of the prizes. It was a subject to which he had paid great attention, and on which he was admirably fitted to expatiate. In 1841, the adjudicators awarded the first prize to Dr. Harris, then President of Cheshunt College, and the second prize to the Rev. R. W. Hamilton. The Essay produced by Mr. Hamilton, entitled "Missions: their Authority, Scope and Encouragement," was published in 1842, and reprinted in 1846. To the second edition he prefixed this simple dedication.

TO THE REV. JOHN HARRIS, D.D.

Beloved and honoured brother—

No happier event ever befel me, no prouder emotion ever fluttered me, than when I found myself placed second to you. Yours devotedly,

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON.

This short epistle speaks volumes for the large-hearted sympathy and humility which characterised the writer.

Well might Dr. Harris say, "Many thanks for your brotherly, generous, noble-spirited letter. It did me good, and must have done you more. Such is pre-eminently the kind of thing which it is more blessed to give than receive." In an equally generous manner Dr. Harris writes on another occasion, "This last note brings me fairly to your book—your enduring monument. It hardly becomes me to say what I think of it—in time, but we will talk of it in eternity." Very shortly after the above correspondence took place, the wife of Dr. Harris died: when Mr. Hamilton sent him a letter of condolence. This letter is brim full of that sympathetic sorrow which occasionally gushes from an overcharged heart. Well might Mr. Waddington say, on another occasion, that Mr. Hamilton, "acquired a kind of intuition into the mysteries of human woe, that fitted him to guide, to strengthen and to comfort the anxious and distressed." In this letter to Dr. Harris, he says, "We saw you sitting alone, and keeping silence. With a whisper we would not have broken the charmed grief. . . . I knew not what intercourse to attempt. Once I thought to send the blank paper, with my simple signature, that your full heart might inscribe in it letters of your own. . . . None but they who have known such afflictions, can enter into them. None, save they, can understand the commencement of those mysterious relationships which are suddenly placed between the living and the dead."

In 1842, the representatives of the Congregational Union of England and Wales assembled at Liverpool. Before these Mr. Hamilton preached a sermon on the "Intercommunity of Churches." It was immediately and unanimously requested that the sermon should be printed. There is no one of his many compositions which displays to greater advantage the higher powers of his nature, than this discourse. It may be perused and reperused by the most learned and the most simple with great and growing advantage. The following year Mr. Hamilton undertook, on behalf of the London Missionary Society, a journey into Scotland, when, as usual, he gained fresh laurels as an earnest advocate for his favourite cause. On his return home, he was joyfully surprised to receive a splendid present of plate, which his church and congregation had provided for him, and presented to him as

a memorial of their esteem. A few months after, the Senate of the University of Glasgow unanimously conferred on him the title of LL.D. A shower of honours came upon him, almost all at once; during the same year the Council of the University of the City of New York conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, as a testimonial of their esteem of his character for piety, talents and learning. As far as worldly fame went, he was now entering into the reward of his labours; as he was respected and loved by a large congregation, esteemed as a citizen by all who knew him, complimented by the learned, and crowned with the honours of universities. These honours he had fairly won, and they sat upon him with dignity and ease. When made Doctor of Laws, he wrote his sister in answer to her congratulations, "My friends seem quite unanimous—Church and Dissent—that I may wear it without self-exaggeration, or, as I express it, without making myself perfectly ridiculous. I believe it has befallen me with as little envy, and as much kind concurrence, as any such little matter, for so assuredly I regard it, ever excited."

Dr. Hamilton was now at the meridian point of his activity and usefulness. Besides sermons and addresses on public and important occasions, which he now frequently delivered, he found time to write his "Institutes of Popular Education," and win another prize. Dr. Vaughan had entrusted to him the sum of one hundred guineas to be awarded as a premium for the most valuable essay "on the best method of extending the benefits of Education to the People of England, consistently with the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty." Dr. Hamilton buckled on his armour, wrote his Essay in a short time, and bore away the prize in triumph. It was published, and dedicated to Earl Fitzwilliam: within two months, an edition of two thousand was exhausted, and before the end of the year, another edition appeared, revised and enlarged. The Rev. Mr. Ely, writing him at the time said, "The adjudicators who have decided on the merits of the work, cannot know as well as a few of your intimate friends, all the grounds on which you are entitled to the honours which it has been their office to assign—because they cannot know how full your hands have been—what responsible

duties you have fulfilled—and how thoroughly they have been fulfilled." To say that this *Essay on Education* was eloquent, richly illustrated, freighted with the fruits of earnest thinking, and illuminated with imagination, would only be due criticism or legitimate praise. It anticipated nearly all that has since been advanced against government interference in the important work of educating the rising generation.

Allusion has already been made to Dr. Hamilton's premonitions that his life would not be a long one. His friends now observed a considerable change in the state of his health. His medical adviser had noticed for some months a gradual diminution of flesh and strength. He was, therefore, urgently intreated to take a journey on the Continent for the benefit of his health. After some hesitation he complied with their request, and visited the Continent in company with Mrs. Hamilton. He first went to France, but not finding there the benefit he sought, he proceeded up the Rhine to Switzerland. While absent he frequently corresponded with his congregation, and unfolded to them "the beauty of holiness," and the life divine. In one of his letters, he said, "I desire no other employment of future energies, should they be restored to me, than their undivided, undiverted consecration to your highest interests. I seem at this moment to have you in my eye, to glance from pew to pew, from seat to seat, to call up your respective images—and as I write this sentence, a prayer wings its way from my heart on behalf of the whole assembly." It was much to Dr. Hamilton's credit, that when his popularity and influence created a desire in the hearts of larger and richer congregations to get the advantage of his preaching and pastoral superintendence, and when invitations reached him, accompanied with pecuniary offers superior to those he received at Leeds, that he invariably refused them on the ground that "he had enough, and had a people whom he could not forsake."

He returned from the Continent much recruited in health and spirits. Though his physical frame was not calculated to endure much fatigue, he could not remain idle. His soul appeared to have been too strong for his body. He fully appreciated the imperishable sentiment of Longfellow's Psalm of Life. To him

"Life was real—life was earnest." He could not remain satisfied merely to *dream*, he wanted also to *do*. The Aspirations which so frequently welled up from his central being, were soon consolidated in Actions. Hence, in the winter of the same year he returned from the Continent, he published a second volume of sermons, and dedicated them to his former tutor, Dr. Burder. The volume comprised sermons on the following subjects:—The Revealed Deity—The Holy Habitation of Heaven—Valid Christianity—The Right of the Poor—The Mystery of the Incarnate God—The Incarnate God Vindicated—The Resemblance of Melchisedec to Christ—The Harmony of Christianity in its Personal Influences—Moral Inability—Jesus Christ the Cause and Consummator of all things—The Doctrine and Dauntlessness of Apostolic Preaching—The Perversion of Apostolic Preaching—The Contrasted Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ—The Immediate Blessedness of Departed Saints—The Resurrection of the Just—The Last Judgment—The Final Heaven—The Revival of Christian Piety and Effort—The Grandeur of Redemption—The Claims of the Jews on Christian Compassion—Missionary Enterprise—The Ministry of Angels—The Faith of Devils—The Influence of the Pious upon the age in which they live. Professor Stowell says, "on all these varied themes, there is the same amplitude of discussion, the same cogency of reasoning, the same fertility of illustration, and the same earnestness, both of conviction and appeal, which instructed, delighted or persuaded the readers of the former volume."

In the autumn of 1846, Dr. Hamilton delivered his Congregational Lectures on the Revealed Doctrines of Rewards and Punishments. As this was considered by the author his principal work, it is reasonable to suppose that he bestowed on it more than ordinary care and attention; and the character of the work itself, fully justifies such a supposition. To the difficult question of eternal punishments, he brought all the rich energies of his mind, and all the treasures of his learning; and came to the conclusion, as much with the assistance of logic, as "the law and the testimony," that it was natural, just and scriptural, that sinners should be punished for ever. He brought reason to the aid of revelation, and to his own satisfaction, and

the satisfaction of his hearers generally, he proved his point. So strong was his belief in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, that, when once he ascertained what they revealed, the matter was to his mind finally and irrevocably settled. Innumerable millions of immortal spirits writhing in agony for unending ages would be to him dust in the balance, when weighed with *one* positive statement of Scripture.

On the 14th of May, 1847, Dr. Hamilton was the chairman of the seventeenth Annual Assembly of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. In the same year he took his stand boldly in opposition to the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education; and during the strenuous agitation against the views entertained by the government, no one took a more active part in it than the Rev. Doctor. He believed that government could not interfere in the great work of national education without impairing the springs of the nation's greatness and strength, by gradually sapping the foundations of voluntarism and that manly independence which have so materially contributed to England's prosperity and progress. This view was shared by a large number of the principal Protestant dissenters. But strongly as it was urged, the government succeeded in carrying their measure.

During the autumn of 1847, Dr. Hamilton was called to visit the death-bed of the "friend of his soul, and brother of his heart," Mr. Ely. Heart-rending must that scene have been, and none but the few who are capable of true friendship, can, even in imagination, picture to themselves its reality. Very soon after the last bitter anguish was over, and the mortal remains of the departed one were deposited in "the house appointed for all living," Dr. Hamilton dried up his tears, and wrote the memoir of his friend, which was prefixed to Mr. Ely's posthumous works. "I often dreamed," says the biographer, "indeed, that a funeral torch was held by my beloved friend; but it pointed to another grave. He seemed to plant the yew and the cypress; but these were not to shade his own tomb. His urn rose not among all my darkest visions, and now that I am commanded to sculpture it, surprise and sadness overpower me. . . . When it has always been assumed that some one

must outlive us, that he shall be the guardian of our memory—when helplessly we have seen in this a very course of nature—the reversal of our expectation is unutterable bitterness." How touching this allusion to the expectation in Dr. Hamilton's mind that Mr. Ely would outlive him, and write his own memoir. Such is life with its apparent inconsistency, and the deep mysteries which environ it; but in the grand life-march of humanity, and in the sum total of human destiny, there is no disorder to the eye of the All-Seeing.

Dr. Hamilton's *last* publication was the memoir above alluded to. He was soon called to join his friend in another sphere, where friendships know no alloy, no severance—where the love formerly fostered on earth blooms in undecaying beauty, uninfluenced by the ravages of revolutions and the blasts of time. On the 7th of May, 1848, Dr. Hamilton preached to his congregation in Belgrave Chapel, Leeds, from the text, "For here we have no abiding city;" and though neither he nor any one else expected it, it was his *last* sermon to his own people. On the following Monday he left Leeds for the May Meetings, in London. A few days after he fell ill, and continued, more or less severely so, until the day of his death. On his way back to Leeds, he fulfilled an engagement to preach for the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in Rotherham. This he did from the text, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ;" and this was the *last* sermon he preached. His illness increased, until he expired on the 18th of July, 1848, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. About two hours before his death, Mr. Edward Baines attended his bed-side, and said to him—"You hold all your great principles firm and clear to the last?" and the dying man said, "O, yes, my principles! If those principles fail, everything fails. I have always relied on principle." "It was a look," says Mr. Baines, "so extraordinary, that I can never forget it; while his tone in exclaiming 'my principles,' was just like that I have so often heard from him in speaking on the platform, on great and exciting occasions."

A little before the publication of the Memoir of Mr. Ely, Dr. Hamilton sent forth a small volume, entitled "*Horæ et Vindiciæ Sabbaticæ; or, Familiar Disquisitions on the Revealed Sabbath.*"

The volume includes five essays, viz., The Original Sabbath—The Hebrew Sabbath—The Christian Sabbath—The Heavenly Sabbath—The Practical Sabbath. When speaking of the Heavenly Sabbath, he thus beautifully expresses the combined glory of that blissful period:—"It is the expansion of all the thoughts which inhere in Sabbath. *Law* inviolably reigns; *Sanctity* chastens every scene; *Rest* yields imperturbable stay; *Commemoration* resounds in recital and song; *Fellowship* convokes and binds; *Worship* breathes in every gesture and look and strain; *Benevolence* sweetly attracts and scatters; *Improvement* travels in interminable career; *Congeniality* renders each engagement easy, and pleasant, and meet. Say what must be the happiness where all the elements of divine and human joy so mightily prevail, so fully act, so incorruptibly endure."

Thus lived and thus died Dr. Winter Hamilton, and, take him all in all, the Independent body, will not soon look upon his like. On July 24th he was buried, and the Rev. Thomas Scales, of Leeds, and the Rev. Walter Scott, pronounced funeral orations over the coffin, which contained all that was mortal of the departed doctor. The former gentleman in alluding to the services of Dr. Hamilton's ministry, said: "His desire for the ministry was in him a very early predilection, and it grew into a passion, which laid hold of the strongest emotions of his heart. Towards it all the best and finest feelings of his nature were attracted, and here they centered—and to it all his powers of original genius, and all his acquisitions, as he advanced in life, were uniformly and faithfully consecrated and subordinated to its ends and service. He might, and you are well aware that he did, diverge into other paths; he instituted and conducted other researches, and was by turn the philologist, the poet, the historian, and the philosopher, scarcely leaving any work of literature unconsulted; but his main and absorbing pursuit was the knowledge of God and eternal truth; his most precious and persevering inquiries were directed to the lively oracles of God; his highest ambition was to be the sound and scriptural divine—the instructive, impressive and useful preacher of the gospel, that he might win souls to Christ, and convert sinners from the error of their ways. He habi-

tually regarded the office of the ministry with a profound veneration. His own mind invested it with all that was sacred and heavenly—with all that was sublime and glorious; not indeed in the secularity and gorgeousness, the priestly assumption and domination, with which it had been clad and encumbered by ambitious ecclesiastics and patronizing princes—but with a simplicity, spirituality and beauty, especially and essentially its own, as the ordinance of God, from whom it derives all its dignity, authority and influence, calling to more immediate commerce with Him, and to the assiduous study and investigation, as well as the faithful proclamation of his revealed will, identified in its exercise and results with the highest purposes and brightest glories."

No man, while he lived, possessed, among the independent body so much intense *individuality* as Dr. Hamilton. He was as independent as any man bound by creeds and covenants, and anchored within denominational boundaries, could be. There was a vital spontaneity perpetually arising from his central being which infused itself into, and pervaded all his actions. From his heart, wherever he went, radiated living streams of emotional life. He was no machine, acting only in accordance with the application of external force, and in obedience to conventional regulations; but he thought, felt, spoke and acted by virtue of the hidden, spontaneous, powerful forces of his inner life—forces fed and sustained by direct contact with the Infinite Spirit. Unlike many of the lifeless preachers and prosy writers of modern times, who stereotype the ideas and opinions of other men, and distribute them from the pulpit and through the press, unvitalized with original thinking and the warm glow of a beating heart, Dr. Hamilton passed everything through the laboratory of his own soul, and mingled with it the characteristics of his own individuality. In this we see one of the chief recommendable qualities of his life and teachings.

We have already seen that he possessed a genius-winged imagination. "Give him," says Dr. Harris, "a gosamer and he would float away on it into infinite space. Give him a whisper and he went off to the music of the spheres; a particle and he constructed another solar system; a classical hint

and he was forthwith a contemporary with Horace, or sitting with the gods of Olympus, or was himself a myth. His writings abound with instances of this impulsive and originating power. A Hebrew idiom was, for him, electrical with inspiration; a curt Scriptural phrase was an asterisk, a finger pointing to the depths of immensity; a seemingly vague barren expression, like many a dull looking pebble to the geologist, was pregnant with systems, or gave up to him extra-mundane secrets—became a text on which he would lecture and expatiate until it had amassed glory in his hands." But poetical and imaginative as was Dr. Hamilton, he was not creative, he went not out into untrodden fields, or speculated on unsubdued territory; and when he sported amidst the ever-teeming glories which everywhere bound the regions of the real and the demonstrative, his imagination was not subject to the rules of art. He wanted many of the qualifications of the great Artist. He was fragmentary and capricious. He had not sufficient creative power to call an epic into being, or sufficient artistic skill to mould it into harmonious proportions; or enough of the logical faculty to construct a metaphysical system. Did he possess a more powerful originating genius, the following estimate of Edward Baines would be more truly applicable to him. "He was the Michael Angelo, not the Raphael. His architecture was Egyptian not Grecian. Had he combined Ætlic taste with his Atlantiæ strength, his literary fame, high as it is, would have been still more eminent." His works not only want the colossal proportions of Egyptian architecture, but the eternal repose which pervades it.

But if he were not a genius in the higher acceptation of the word, he was a great man. He possessed a warm and a generous heart—a heart capable

of vital and enduring friendship. He rose as high above the ordinary level of preachers and pastors, as he fell below the standard of Michael Angelo, Dante or Milton. He was a cheerful companion, and wherever he went, his face beamed with smiles, and was wreathed with a welcome. He was essentially a wit, and was frequently much too witty, if not too careless in his puns and repartees, for his more serious brethren of the ministry. He possessed a very retentive memory, hence his mind was a very store-house of intellectual treasures. "The doctrines of the Calvinian school were to him an inheritance, he held them as he would his birthright, his estate, his honour, his freedom, or his life." He was ever in earnest. He appreciated the unspeakable value of existence, and all the principal actions of his life were the result of some deep and heart-felt resolve, and tended to some high purpose. There was unmistakable reality in all he said and did. He spoke of heaven as if he actually beheld its glories, and mingled with its multitudes, and listened to their music, and had been animated with their song. He was among the most affectionate of husbands, the tenderest of parents, and the most solicitous of pastors. "Few men," says Professor Stowell, "have surpassed him in the equality and benignant mildness of his temper, in the beautiful order, affectionateness, and sustained piety of his domestic life; in the quiet dignity and forbearance of his pastoral habits; in his self-denying generosity; in his sensitive jealousy on behalf of the honour and usefulness of his brethren; in his readiness to serve others; in the confidence with which he grasped all his moral, religious and political convictions, and in the devotion of his mind and his attainments to the freedom and well-being of his fellow creatures."

J. P. E.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

(Concluded from page 190.)

It is about three years, Sheridan, being then of the mature age of forty-four, begins to have serious intentions of marrying a second time. At a certain fête given at Devonshire House, he saw

among the faces there assembled one which was new to him, and not indifferently agreeable. Can anybody inform a reverent inquirer who that young lady is? That, sir, is Miss Esther Jane

Ogle—rather an uneuphonious surname—daughter of the dean of Winchester, and by the mother's side, granddaughter of the former bishop, and to all appearance now eligible for matrimony. On first observing Sheridan she could not forbear calling him "a fright," and applying to him a few other pleasant epithets, such as young ladies of a marriageable term of years are privileged to employ according to discretion. The great orator overheard some of her disparaging remarks, and determined that, whatever might be the visible defects of his outward man—and there was no denying that it had lost much of its original comeliness, he would, nevertheless, by the fascinations of his mind, efface the unfavourable impression which the young lady had received. No one was better qualified for such an undertaking. His first advances produced some slight civility, the next meeting a little more attention, another a private declaration that although he was a monster, he was very clever; and she subsequently discovered that if not exactly handsome, he was strikingly agreeable. Gradually there was a little emotion experienced at his presence; at length, her heart was irresistibly attracted, and then altogether given up. He was, indeed, the only man with whom she could live; vows of love and fidelity were accordingly exchanged. The worthy dean was consulted; any hint from him at the disparity of their years was unheeded; he in vain hesitated, they ardently persisted. He learnt enough of Sheridan's affairs to be satisfied that the match would be what the world calls a bad one. Casting about, therefore, for a decent excuse to prevent the marriage, he said at length that he would not give his consent to his daughter's union with any man who could not put down £15,000 to the £5000 which he himself proposed to give for her settlement; this, he flattered himself, would bring the affair to a conclusion, for where Sheridan was to find such a sum no ordinary mind could have imagined. Such, notwithstanding, were the wondrous financial contrivances of his prospective son-in-law, that the dean, to his confusion and astonishment, found the money safely lodged in the banker's hands, in strict compliance with the requisition. Besides, there was no deception in the matter; shares were sold off in Drury Lane Theatre, and an estate called Polledden in Surrey was purchased with the

money, and duly settled upon Mrs. Sheridan and any children she might have; the trustees to the settlement being the late Lord Grey and Mr. Whitbread. Not a dean in Christendom could outwit Sheridan, as the dean of Winchester very soon perceived.

Here it is, we first become acquainted with Sheridan's famous son, Tom. At the time of this contemplated second marriage, Tom was residing at Bognor, with his tutor, Mr. Smyth (since professor), under whose care he was supposed to be "deeply immersed in study." For two or three months neither tutor nor pupil had received any kind of communication from Sheridan, when one morning while at breakfast, the following letter came to hand:

"MY DEAR TOM,—Meet me at dinner, at six o'clock on Wednesday next, at Guilford; I forget the inn; I want to see you. Ever your affectionate father, R. B. S."

This summons somewhat startled Tom, who marvelled what his father could have to say. Was it to propose a seat in parliament? Could it be to point out a good marriage? Was it anything to do with Drury Lane Theatre? Sundry conjectures occupied the minds of pupil and tutor until the eventful Wednesday, when, in company with his groom, Tom departed. Mr. Smyth expected him to return the next day, but several days elapsed, without a line from either father or son to explain the mystery. At length, on the following Monday, a note from Tom arrived, giving information that he was still at Guilford, had been, and was likely to be; that he had never seen his father, and all that he could hear of him was that he passed through the place on his way to town, "with four horses and lamps," on the preceding Wednesday about twelve o'clock. Tom was in great straits, having written letter after letter to his parent requesting orders, and above all a little money, since he had only a few shillings left, "having paid the turnpikes faithfully," and declaring that he was so wearied out with waiting, and "seeing neither father nor money, nor anything but the stable and the street," he almost began to wish himself "with the books again." This was some relief to Mr. Smyth's anxious state of mind, but not much. For now he has "to pace the beach at Bognor," for ten or a dozen weeks, without hearing

a word from any quarter to elucidate the enigma of Tom's absence. Time, however, brings discoveries. Accordingly when Smyth was about concluding within himself that his existence had been utterly forgotten both by Sheridan and his son, he received the following explanation of the state of things:—

"My dear Mr. Smyth,—It is not I that am to be married, nor you. Set your heart at rest, it is my father himself; the lady, a Miss Ogle, who lives at Winchester; and that is the history of the Guilford business. About my own age—better me to marry her, you will say. I am not of that opinion. My father talked to me two hours last night, and made out to me that it was the most sensible thing he could do. Was not this very clever of him? Well, my dear Mr. S——, you should have been tutor to him, you see. I am incomparably the most rational of the two, and now and ever, yours very truly and affectionately, T. S."

Tom Sheridan is his father's own son. While at Cambridge he was pronounced to be the cleverest fellow in the place, as in point of wit and fun he very probably was. His father once said to him, "Tom, you have genius enough to get a dinner every day in the week at the first tables in London, and that's something, but that is all, you can go no further." They thoroughly understood each other; the son was equally complimentary to the father, as many oft repeated anecdotes can testify. On one occasion, Tom complained, over the bottle to him, that his pockets were empty. "Try the highway," was the father's answer. "I have," said Tom, "but I made a bad hit; I stopped a caravan full of passengers who assured me they had not a farthing, for they all belonged to Drury Lane Theatre, and could not get a penny of their salary." Kelly tells a somewhat similar story. He says that father and son were supping with him one night after the Opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament; "I think father," says he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be let.'" "And under that, Tom," said his father, "be sure you write 'Unfurnished.'" Tom accepted

the joke, but was even with him upon another occasion. Sheridan had a cottage, about half a mile from Hounslow Heath. Tom, being very short of cash, asked his father to let him have some money. "I have none," was the prompt reply. "Be the consequence what it may, money I must have," said Tom. "If that is the case," rejoined the parent, "you will find a case of loaded pistols up stairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable; the night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath." "I understand what you mean," said Tom, "but I tried that last night; I unluckily stopped your treasurer, Peake, who told me that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence in the world."

Out of the many other anecdotes related of Sheridan and Tom, one or two seem too good to be omitted. One day, just before Tom went abroad, he was at his father's house, when the servant, in passing, inadvertently threw down the plate-warmer with a great crash, and thereby startled Tom's nerves a good deal, he being then exceedingly unwell. Sheridan, after furiously scolding the servant who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed, "and how many plates have you broken?" "Oh, not one, sir!" answered the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself. "And you fool," said Sheridan, "have you made all that noise for nothing?" Tom subsequently married against his father's wishes, and thereby seriously offended him. The first time the two met after the marriage, Sheridan informed Tom that he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. The son said he was extremely sorry, but supposed he must submit to his fate, observing coolly, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?" whereupon old Sheridan burst out laughing, and they instantly became friends again.

Lord Holland mentioned to Moore a curious scene which he had with Sheridan and the Prince of Wales (George IV.), while the Whigs were in power. Sheridan having told him (while they waited in an ante-chamber) about some public letter which he had corrected or re-written for the Prince, the latter, on their admission, told quite a different story, referring to Sheridan for confirmation of it, and who all the while courted

bowed assent; "so that," said Holland, "I could not for the life of me, make out which was the better." Sheridan, in his latter days, used to be a good deal at Holland house, as Lady Holland informed Moore, and was in the habit of taking a bottle of wine and a book to bed with him in the evening—the former only intended for made use of. In the morning he would fasted in bed, and had a little rum punch ready with his tea or coffee; made an appearance between one and two, attending important business, used to set out for town, regularly stopping, however, at the Adam and Eve coffee-house for a dram. It is said that there was even a long bill run up by the Adam and Eve, which Lord Althorpe and subsequently had to pay. After his marriage, Sheridan's life, as far as we can see, went on pretty much as theretofore. We have little to record, either of his private or public proceedings. An amusing incident which occurred on the opening of the Parliamentary session of 1802, is not altogether undeserving of being noted. Pitt and Sheridan, entered the House at the same moment and went up to the table, and took their seats at the same time. The Premier, who was almost as careless in pecuniary matters as his political opponent, fumbled about in his pockets in the vague expectation of finding two shillings which he had paid on such occasions, but found nothing. He turned round to Lord Althorpe, who by some extraordinary accident happened to have money, and was actually able to be a lender, and so saved the prime minister from his temporary embarrassment. Many were the quips and puns which sprung out of the transaction. At the present date it were not an interesting historical inquiry—were the two shillings at any time repaid? Sheridan was for many years in the habit of holding a sort of regular levee, and a multitude of visitors and applicants that daily thronged his house. Suitors were distributed in various ways, according to their station, their party or their business. Some had access to his private room, others loitered in the library, another party occupied the parlours. Up and down, with anger in his eye, paced some "infuriated creature," as though resolutely bent to speak his mind, and determined to suffer no further postponement of his claims—

having, probably, for many days beset the avenues of Drury Lane Theatre in the fruitless hope of seeing the proprietor. In the butler's room were the weary, anxious trades-people; there was a vast deal of grumbling everywhere, indifferently suppressed; each person had some especial want which must be instantly supplied. At every sound, most eyes were directed to a particular door, from which it was expected that the man in such request, unless he stole out unperceived, would in due time appear. At length the door opens, a finely-toned voice is heard uttering something which seemed to please somebody in the interior, if a gentle laugh may enable the stand-by to form a judgment. Sheridan would then come out. There was something in his appearance, even in the days of his intemperance, that at once captivated all who saw him. His "fine Shaksperian head," as John Kemble was wont to call it, was bent towards you with a gracious and becoming dignity. His brilliant eye, his winning smile, his trimly ordered hair, his elegant careless costume, combined in forming a visible presence that was equally attractive and commanding. He walked through the crowd of suitors with an easy, unembarrassed air, bowing courteously to each, and to each having something kind to say; and, as Boden tells, "so cordial were his manners, his glance so masterly, and his address so captivating, that the people for the most part seemed to forget what they actually came for, and went away as if they had come only to look at him." It was not always, however, that an interview could be obtained. A gentleman who was one day waiting, as he had been the day before, by appointment, in the parlour, observed another gentleman walking about in a state of great excitement, and in a sort of attempt to be civil to him, inconsiderately said, "A fine day, this, sir,—I believe I had the pleasure of seeing you here yesterday."—"Yesterday, sir," returned the other. "Yes, sir, and so you might the day before, and any day for the last six weeks; and if I have walked one yard, I have walked not less than fifty miles on this confounded carpet." And this he said, "grinding his teeth, his fist clenched, and pacing to and fro with the appearance of a maniac." Doubtless, some unlucky creditor, much pressed to meet his own engagements,

Of Sheridan's procrastination and utter recklessness of all economy, many stories are related. Professor Smyth states that he was one morning waiting for him in his ante-room, when casting his eye upon a table covered with letters, manuscripts, pamphlets and other miscellaneous papers, he observed that the letters were mostly unopened, and that even some of them in this state had coronets on the seal. He remarked to Mr. Westley, the treasurer of Drury Lane, who was also waiting in the room, that Sheridan apparently treated all alike,—wafer or coronet, pauper or peer, the letters seemed equally unopened. "Just so," said the treasurer, "indeed, last winter I was occupying myself much as you are doing now, and what should I discover but a letter from myself, unopened like the rest—a letter which I knew contained a £10 note. The history was this: I had received a note from Mr. Sheridan, dated Bath, and headed with the words, 'Money bound,' and entreating me to send him the first £10 I could lay my hands on. This accordingly I did. In the meantime I suppose some one had given him a cast in his carriage up to town, and his application to me had never more been thought of; and therefore there lay my letter, and would have continued to lie till the house-maid would have swept it with the rest into the fire, if I had not accidentally seen it." Mr. Smyth subsequently told this story to Sheridan's valet, Edwards, and suggested to him the desirability of looking after the letters. Edwards replied—"What can I do for such a master? The other morning I went to settle his room after he had gone out, and on throwing open the windows, found them stuffed up with papers of different kinds, and among them bank notes; there had been a high wind in the night, the windows I suppose had rattled; he had come in quite intoxicated, and, in the dark, for want of something better, stuffed the bank notes into the case-ment; and as he never knows what he has in his pocket or what he has not, they were never afterwards missed."

The destruction of Drury Lane theatre by fire was a most momentous aster for Sheridan, and doubtless precipitated his affairs into that state of absolute ruin towards which they long been tending. When he heard the catastrophe he was in the House of Commons, and stoically remained for some time engaged in the public business. Afterwards he repaired to Drury Lane; saw the entire destruction of his property, but manifested fortitude and composure. It is said that as he sat for awhile at the Coffee House, taking some refreshment during the fire, a friend of his remarked on the philosophic calm with which he bore his misfortune. Sheridan answered, "A man may be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside." Moore discards this story, but it may be readily admitted that it is not unlike the man.

On the dissolution of Parliament after the session of 1812, Sheridan found himself without money to secure his re-election. The rest of his life was an accumulation of miseries and anxieties. His severe losses, his involvements, embittered his declining days, and hastened his melancholy. Over the neglected wretchedness of his last hours we will not linger. A kindly, careless soul—its general qualities now all shrunk and decayed—is at length left friendless in the midst of his adversity. Arrested on his bed for debt, he finally shuffles off his mortal coil, and leaves his emblems behind him. In the bright weather of 1816, he died in quite a good condition; and they gave him a splendid funeral for compensation—royal noble hands, that ministered not to distress, bearing up the pall! He now in Westminster Abbey, our English Pantheon of great men. There have been many greater, many worthier among the considerable men of the eighteenth century, his countrymen justly reckon him. Be his faults, charitably scanned, and such virtues and rare endowments as he had fully acknowledged and remembered.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

peculiarities of national character ever visibly impressed upon the national literature. It is very interesting to find the varied characteristics thus unfolded. In the literature of our land, we observe the practical common sense, the high moral tone, the true just sentiment which distinguish the English people; in that of France we are presented with a sparkling mirror of a clever and volatile nation; and the literature of Germany bears the impress of the deep thought, poetical imagination and delicious dreamy mysticism which the German people stand present; for to them was given the "fire of the air." Nor are the productions of Spanish writers less characteristic. Standing as it were apart, indeed amid the brotherhood of nations, little visited by tourists, its inhabitants not addicted to travel, Spain has, until quite lately, the country unknown to foreigners of all in Europe. It might, therefore, be well to find, that her literature should be more striking in individuality, and in distinctive character.

The people of Spain are generous and brave, proud beyond measure, truly spontaneous, impetuous, but hospitable to strangers, firm in friendship, and constant in love. They have much of originality and indolence. Their conversation is filled with eastern hyperbole. Their imagination oversteps the bounds of intellect; but, as a whole, they are a gallant and chivalric nation. The constituent elements of character admirably developed in the national literature, which is especially rich in drama and poetry, in the drama and romance. As might be anticipated, the Spaniards have but few writers on theology and philosophy, although they possess an abundance of devotional works, in the form of Guides and Manuals. Among the earliest valuable specimens of Spanish literature, may be mentioned the true spirit-stirring ballads illustrating the history of the Cid, already familiar to the English reader through the admirable translation of Mr. Lockhart.

Spain has produced no really great poet, if we except the dramatists; though many of the effusions of Boscán, Garcilaso, Mendoza, and Ponce de León, are exquisite in their way. As to

the romancists, verily their name is "Legion." They offer to the attention of the student a mine of unexplored wealth; much that is worthless, probably, but still, amid all, many fair jewels in their strange, wild incidents, and abounding wit and humour.

In the galaxy of Spanish authors, there is one "bright and particular star," that in brilliancy outshines all the rest. Lope de Vega and Calderon are familiar names, but Cervantes is a "household word." The works of the former adorn our libraries, we study and admire them; but the Knight of La Mancha, and Sancho Panza, are enshrined evermore in our memories.

"Don Quixote" has not only attained an unrivalled popularity in Spain; it has, moreover, achieved a world-wide reputation, and found a welcome and a home amongst all people in all classes, whatever their age or country. There can be no better proof of its intrinsic worth than this. Some one has well said, that Genius is cosmopolitan; that its utterances are expressed in one broadly comprehensive and universal language: that its dictates are inscribed upon one fair and far-flashing scroll, raised high in the sight of all the nations, like the unfurled banner of the regal night with the profusion of its starry splendours. We do, indeed, find that the revelations of genius meet with recognition and sympathy, not only in the land where they first arose, but amid all people, wherever there is a heart to love and appreciate, and a soul to comprehend.

The early history of MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA is involved in some obscurity. His family, although poor, appears to have been originally noble; for according to the learned Marquis de Mondejar, it was equal in distinction to any in Europe. Of little consequence is this truly; we ever hold to our faith that genius is the best patent of nobility, and shall not, therefore, trouble ourselves to trace our author's genealogical tree, through interminable ramifications. The subject of our memoir was the younger son of Rodrigo de Cervantes, and his wife, Dona Leonor de Cortinas. He was born in Alcalá de Henares, in October, 1547. Madrid, Seville, and other cities, have disputed

as to which of them might claim the honour of having been his birth place. It seems, however, that he was baptized on the 9th of October, in the parish church of Alcala, dedicated to Santa Maria la Mayor. This fact has been established in the most authentic and convincing manner: "del modo mas autentico y convincente." It is supposed that the early education of Cervantes was conducted beneath the parental roof; but this is not certainly known. He displayed a deep love of poetry and the drama from childhood; and a great passion for reading, that he treasured carefully the torn fragments of written paper which he found in the streets. Notwithstanding these indications of the student, we ever fancy the young Cervantes, as a boy among boys, simple, frank, good-natured, a hearty lover of fun, and ready at all times for frolic and adventure.

He studied grammar and the belles-lettres, under Juan Lopez de Hoya, a learned ecclesiastic of Madrid; and made considerable progress while under the tuition of this master, advancing also in the development of his poetical faculties. It appears that Juan Lopez, "being charged with the arrangement of the histories, allegories, emblems and inscriptions, which were directed to be placed in the church of the Descalzas Reales in celebration of the magnificent obsequies of the Queen Isabel de Valois, in that town, on the 24th of October, 1568, employed his scholars in the composition. Some were in Latin, and others in Castilian. Among these scholars, Cervantes was one of the most distinguished." The history published by Lopez, detailing the circumstances of the last illness, death, and funeral of this princess, contains many tributes to her memory from the pen of the young poet; and among these an elegy of considerable merit, dedicated to the Cardinal Espinosa, inquisitor general. In the course of the work, Hoya frequently refers to his pupil, affectionately designating him as, "su caro y amado discipulo."

"The common opinion has been that it was at Madrid that Cervantes prosecuted his studies with Juan Lopez; but considering that Lopez did not obtain the chair of grammar and belles-lettres in that city until the 29th of January, 1568, when Cervantes was already more than twenty years of age,

it is not natural to conclude that his instructions were anterior to this period; and that either as a private master, or out of Madrid, he had taught his celebrated scholar, so far as to call him with propriety his disciple, after he had been only eight months presiding in the above mentioned chair:—a conjecture that admits of entire confirmation, it being certain that Cervantes, as he has himself informed us, studied two years in Salamanca, and matriculated in that University, and resided in the Calle de los Moros." Hence his intimate acquaintance with the peculiar features of that city and its student-life, so graphically delineated in the second part of the "Don Quixote," in the story of the "Licentiate of Glass" and other portions of his writings. His first poetical efforts meeting with approbation, Cervantes was induced to give to the world further specimens in the form of sonnets, romances, and a pastoral called "Filemá," which has been lost.

These first flowerings of genius doubtless attracted some notice in the literary circles of Madrid. In the autumn of 1568, at the period of the queen's funeral, Cervantes visited the capital. About the same time the papal legate, Aquaviva, arrived, with compliments of condolence from Pope Pius V. to Philip II., on the death of the Prince Don Carlos, who had perished in prison the previous July. The court of Rome had also given instructions to the legate, for the purpose of obtaining redress in some case in which the king's ministers had trespassed upon the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Neither mission was agreeable to Philip. He had expressly commanded that no one should presume to condole with him on the decease of his son, whose mysterious death, so shortly followed by that of the queen, gave much reason for conjecture and suspicion. Certain it is that Monseigneur Aquaviva received his passport on the 2nd of December, with an order that he should depart for Italy within sixty days. He did go accordingly, taking with him in his suite, as chamberlain, our Cervantes, who had probably gained his attention through his copy of verses dedicated to the Cardinal Espinosa, for the legate was a decided lover of literature and delighted to encourage genius. The young Spanish nobility considered it no de

gradation to serve thus in the households of the high ecclesiastical dignitaries. It was a means of attaining to church preferments. By so doing, Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, and Francisco Pacheco, were enabled to prosecute their studies in Rome; and it is most probable that our author accompanied Aquaviva chiefly in order to see the world, and gain that practical knowledge of society in all its varieties which he afterwards turned to so valuable an account. Every town and city of note through which he passed, formed the subject of his minute observation; and he deemed nothing with reference to scenery and character beneath his notice to remark and to remember. And so should all artists regard life. In every situation, however apparently mean, in the by-paths and hedges as well as by the broad high-ways, the "watching mind" may garner up in the vast treasure-house of memory, stores of thought, association and incident, for future use and future triumphs.

Cervantes did not remain long under the roof of Aquaviva. His ardent, restless spirit, soon sought some more congenial occupation. In the following year we learn, he entered into the Spanish military service in Italy; thus embracing a profession according to his idea more noble and suited to his birth. To use his own expressions, "the exercise of arms, although honourable in all, is yet more peculiarly adapted to those of illustrious birth and of gentle blood."

He was soon called into active service, for the Grand Turk having broken his treaty with the Venetian republic, by an attack upon the island of Cyprus, the Venetians implored assistance from all Christian princes; and more especially from his holiness the pope, who forthwith despatched an expedition to the rescue, under the command of Marco Antonio Colonna, Duke of Paliano. The united forces, those of Venice, Spain and the Papal States, set sail from Italy, in the summer of 1570. Miguel de Cervantes served as private soldier in the company of the Captain Diego de Urbino. Dissensions among the commanding generals seem to have been the cause of the unsuccessful issue of this expedition. The Turks took Nicosia by assault, and tempestuous weather obliged the allies to put back to their respective ports. Far from being

discouraged by this untoward result, the following year the pope entered into a league with the king of Spain and the republic of Venice, and more troops were sent out against the Turks in the summer of 1571, under the conduct of Don John of Austria.

In October of the same year, the famous decisive battle of Lepanto was fought, in which the Christians obtained a signal victory. Cervantes being ill with ague, just before the contest, his captain and comrades wished to dissuade him from taking part in the engagement. He replied with generous pride, that he would "rather die fighting for God and his king, than conserve his health at the price of an action so cowardly in seeming." He fought most heroically in the hottest of the conflict, and carried with him to the grave the memorials of that famous day; for, besides several other wounds, it was in this engagement that Cervantes lost his left hand. These honourable wounds were highly valued by our hero as testimonials of his bravery, and he ever remembered with pride and pleasure the victory of Lepanto, esteeming it better for the soldier "to die nobly on the battle-field, than to secure his life through abandonment of duty."

On the night following the battle, the fleet retired to the adjacent port of Petela to repair the damages sustained by the vessels, and to attend to the necessities of the sick and wounded. The weak state of health, from which Cervantes then suffered, of course greatly aggravated the irritation occasioned by his wounds. The next day Don John visited the invalid soldiers, and rewarded all who had distinguished themselves, ordering three crowns above his ordinary pay to be given to Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

The Christians took advantage of their victory by endeavouring to blockade the Turks in the Dardanelles. They took possession of the castles of Lepanto and Santa Maura; after which, in consequence of the advancing season, and the number of their invalids, they returned to Messina on the 31st of October, and were received with all solemnities and demonstrations of gladness, due to so glorious a triumph. Cervantes entered the hospital of Messina, and continued there until the spring of 1572, when he joined the regiment of Don Lope de Figueroa, at Corfu.

In the September of this year, the confederates directed their forces against Algiers; their league with the Venetians being dissolved on account of the dishonourable conduct of the latter. Don John, with twenty thousand soldiers, among whom was Cervantes, set sail for Tunis, on the 24th. The object of the Prince was to dethrone Muley Ali, and to restore Muley Mahomet, "thus depriving the Corsairs of their favourite stronghold." Philip II., however, had far different ends in view, in sanctioning this expedition. He coveted for himself the sovereignty of Algiers. The forces landed at Goleta in October, and finding the garrison abandoned they took possession of the fortress. Tunis was also taken. Here again our hero greatly distinguished himself, and was appointed to a station in the island of Cerdeña. Don John having obtained permission to return to Spain, was on his way thither, when he received notice that his presence was required in Italy. This was in the early part of 1571. During his absence the Turks arrived with fresh forces, to reconquer Goleta and Tunis. They succeeded in both attempts. Goleta was taken by assault, after a long and cruel siege, and most vigorous defence. Tunis was recaptured in twenty days. The news of these reverses occasioned much annoyance to Don John. He sent reinforcement, but violent storms compelled the fleet to take refuge in the Sicilian ports. It appears that Cervantes remained in garrison with his regiment at Cerdeña, from the end of 1573, to the May of the succeeding year; that "thence he sailed to Genoa, in the ship of Marcello Doria, to await in Lombardy the orders of Don John of Austria, who at the beginning of August, when he sailed from Spain, took with him that regiment to Naples and Majorca, and reinforced with his best soldiers, the ships, with which he had intended to succour Goleta; that after that occurrence Cervantes waited with the same regiment in Sicily, the orders of the Duke of Sesa, when he incorporated his regiment with the forces of that country in the absence of his master of the camp; and that the Prince Don John on his return to Naples, in June, 1575, gave leave a little time afterwards to Cervantes to return to his native country, after so long an absence, and so long-continued meritorious services."

In the course of these campaigns, our author visited all the principal cities of Italy, and acquired an intimate acquaintance with the Italian language and literature; a knowledge he turned to excellent account in his writings, thus increasing the resources of his own native Castilian. He also studied well the best models of antiquity, and his mind was stored with varied experience and richest thought, more to be prized than all the subtleties and abstractions of the schools. Notwithstanding these undoubted acquirements, there were many envious contemporaries of Cervantes unaccomplished sciolists, truly! who dignified him with the title of "*ignoramus*," because he was not *learned* in the sense in which they, forsooth! understood the term. Their idea of a savant being limited to one who had obtained a doctor's degree, and other high university honours.

Such is a slight sketch of the military career of Cervantes, during the time he fought, to use his own words, "beneath the conquering banners of the son of that thunderbolt of war, Charles V., of happy memory." Finding that his services were far from being adequately remunerated, he resolved to solicit in Spain the recompense he so richly deserved. He accordingly set sail from Naples, in company with his brother Rodrigo, the late Governor of Goleta, and other distinguished officers. Don John gave him letters of recommendation to Philip II., praying his majesty to confer upon him the command of a company, in some regiment, as a reward due to his signal bravery. Don Carlos de Aragon, Duke of Sesa, presented him also with testimonials to the king.

The bright home-visions of the returning Spaniards were soon dashed to earth. They were attacked by pirates, and after a gallant defence were obliged to surrender to superior numbers. All were taken prisoners and conveyed to Algiers. Cervantes fell to the share of the Captain, Dali Mami, a Greek renegade, who finding his captive's commendatory dispatches from the Prince, Don John and the Duke of Sesa, of course judged thence that he was a person of distinction, and that he might consequently hope for a large ransom. He was loaded with chains, rigorously guarded, and treated with severity, in order that he might, with the greater instance, importune his friends to make

exertions for his redemption. Cervantes soon attempted to escape, with several of his companions in bonds, but being abandoned the first day by the Moor who had consented to act as their guide, the fugitives were obliged to return to Algiers, and submit to still harsher treatment than before. The failure of this dearly-cherished plan, must have been a source of deep grief to the suffering exiles. Cervantes mentions his attempts to regain freedom, and gives besides a vivid picture of his captivity in his drama of "El Trato de Argel."

In 1576, some of his friends being ransomed, he charged them with letters to his parents, detailing the deplorable situation of himself and brother. His father instantly sent as large a sum as he was able to raise by mortgage on the whole of the family patrimony, by which indeed he himself was reduced to the extreme of poverty. The ransom, however, appeared too small for so illustrious a captive in the eyes of Dali Mami, whose avarice was unbounded, and he accordingly refused to accept it. In August, 1577, Dali was induced to receive this ransom for Rodrigo alone. Miguel entreated his brother, on reaching Spain, to use all means, that an armed frigate might be sent out for his own rescue and that of his fellow-captives.

It so happened that the Alcaide Azan, a renegade, had a pleasure garden near the sea, about three miles distant from Algiers. This garden was under the care of a Christian slave named Juan, a native of Navarre. In the most retired part of it there was a cave, and through the advice of Cervantes, many of the Christians took refuge here, early in the year 1577. They were joined in time by others, and when Rodrigo departed for Spain, there must have been about a dozen or fifteen concealed in the cave. The gardener and another slave, called El Dorador, were possessed of the secret, and supplied the refugees with provisions. It is surprising how, for so many weeks, Cervantes could have been the presiding genius of this little community, without leaving his master's house. A striking instance, truly, of his ever-ready tact and fertile resources of invention and contrivance. In September, when he daily expected the arrival of the frigate which was to liberate himself and friends, Cervantes fled to this subterranean hiding-place.

The captives only dared to venture without the cave during the night. And what days and nights of fearful, anxious anticipation must those have been! How many times beneath the moonlit skies must the watchers have gazed across the deep, in hopes of some friendly sail. Imagination pictures the whole scene before us. A fair, still evening. No cloud upon the untroubled skies. A thousand stars shine gloriously, like jewelled diadem upon the brow of the queenly night, herself a softer, milder day. No sound floats through the lonely air. A gentle breeze just fans the bending feathery grasses and bright flowers, and breathes the music of a spirit's whisper amid the shadowy masses of surrounding foliage. A few dark figures are flitting about the entrance of the cave, half hidden in the deep gloom of bowing trees. These are Cervantes and his friends. They gaze expectantly athwart the dark blue waves, bright with the silvery light of stars. There is a murmur of suppressed voices, of half-uttered lamentations—for, as yet, no speck appears upon the "waste of waters." One stands among the watching band, with high, proud forehead, with eagle glance, the light of conscious power within his eyes, and genius flushing on his brow. That is Cervantes. And he looks forth, hoping, trusting—and is not deceived, for surely a ship is afar—and the angel of Liberty bends above the deep. But no—it is nothing yet.

Alas! for those brave, true hearts, and all their ardent hopes and blissful dreams! A vessel had, indeed, been actually equipped and dispatched from Spain. It arrived in the vicinity of Algiers about the 28th of September, keeping at a distance from the shore in order to avoid discovery by the Algerines. During the night, it approached the shore near to the garden, where it could give notice of its arrival to the captives. A Moorish fishing-barque, hovering near, gave the alarm, and although the Spanish vessel once more attempted to approach the coast, the second effort fared worse than the first, for the Spaniards fell into the hands of their enemies, and so ended this unfortunate expedition. At first, the refugees knew nothing of the capture of the friendly ship. They were doubtless consoling themselves with bright hopes, amid the damp and dis-

comfort of their gloomy cavern, when another very untoward event took place in the treachery of one of the slaves who possessed a knowledge of their place of concealment. This man, El Dorador, revealed the secret of the cave to the Dey, Azan. The Dey immediately dispatched the captain of his guard, with half a score horsemen, and about twenty infantry, to bring the betrayed Christians back into captivity. Before their arrival, Cervantes had time to warn his friends to silence with respect to their attempted flight, as he himself would gladly bear all the blame. And when in the presence of the hostile troops, with their stern questionings, flushed cheeks and angry eyes, Cervantes rose, with natural grace and dignity, and lifting to heaven a serene and lofty brow, exclaimed with loud voice, that "none of those unfortunates were at fault in having planned escape, but that he alone was to blame (if blame indeed there were in striving to regain a sacred right), in that he, and he only, had urged them on, and encouraged them in every effort."

The Turks were surprised at a confession so free and generous, thus made at the risk of torture and of death. Cervantes was taken before the Dey, Azan, who, by the most terrible menaces, endeavoured to extort from him the names of his accomplices. Azan particularly suspected the R. P. Fr. Jorge Olivar, agent for the redemption of slaves in Algiers, of being concerned in the affair. Perhaps this suspicion arose from the hints of El Dorador, to the effect that he favoured the evasion of the captives, or perhaps his own avarice suggested the idea, as a means of reaping a rich harvest of money, through an attack upon the reverend padre. At any rate, the news that he was suspected came to the knowledge of Father Olivar, and he instantly sent off to a brother ecclesiastic, the rich vestments, and the vessels sacred to divine service, lest they might be profaned by the infidels, should they chance to take him into custody.

The noble Cervantes, however, firm against every threat, and deaf to every seduction, continued constant in affirming that he alone was to blame, unwilling to compromise directly or by implication, any one of his comrades. Weary, at last, Azan sent him in chains to prison, and contented himself with appropri-

ating to his own service all the retu prisoners.

As soon as the Alcaide learned particulars with reference to the affair, he executed the gardener with his own hands. A like cruel fate undoubtedly awaited Cervantes and his companions, but for the avarice of the Dey, hoping for large ransoms order to have him completely in power, Azan purchased our hero from his former master for five hundred crowns.

Azan Basha was so cruel a tyrant with his slaves, that he was deservedly regarded by them as a species of monster. Of the manner in which he treated his captives, Cervantes writes: "And although hunger and illness might distress us much, at times even always, yet these were nothing witnessing the unheard-of cruelties which my master treated the Christians. Every day he hanged, impaled, and tortured one or other wretched victim, thus often without the least provocation so that even his own people acknowledged that he acted thus for the love of cruelty, and because of his blood-thirsty homicidal tendency."

The repeated failure of his plans for regaining liberty appeared to have altogether disheartened the gallant captive. In September, 1578, he became acquainted with a Spanish galleon, known in his native Granada as the licentiate Giron, whom he earnestly to return to his former Christian faith. The apostate seemed desirous of so doing, and being conscious of his sincerity, Cervantes confided in his honour, and arranged with him to negotiate with two merchants of Valencia, Onofre Exarque and Baltazar de Tordesillas, then resident in Algiers, for the purpose of procuring a frigate. With money advanced by Exarque, Giron succeeded in obtaining a vessel prepared for the voyage all under the secret directions of Cervantes, who, with sixty of the prisoners, held himself ready to depart for his beloved country, as soon as the arrangements should be completed. But, when just on the point of seeing that long-lost blessing of freedom, hopes, so fondly cherished, were more blighted, and worst of all, than a Spaniard, Juan Blanco de Peñalva, formerly a Dominican monk, who discovered the whole plan to the Dey, most probably actuated by a sentiment of jealousy.

towards Cervantes. The merchant Exarque was terribly fearful, lest the part he had taken in the affair should come to the knowledge of Azan. Afraid, therefore, lest Cervantes should be induced by torture to divulge the names of his accomplices, he earnestly entreated him to depart immediately for Spain in a vessel about to sail, assuring him that he would gladly pay whatever sum might be demanded as his ransom. With his accustomed magnanimity, our hero nobly refused to leave his companions in such a time of peril, and declared that no torture, not even death itself, should ever prevail upon him to criminate his friends.

In the mean time, Cervantes had taken refuge with a certain Diego Castellano, who concealed him until they should know the purpose of the Dey with regard to this affair. Very shortly a general proclamation was issued, with a command, that none should conceal him under pain of death; on which he generously surrendered himself to the Dey, sooner than prove the cause of danger to his friend. On being brought into the presence of Azan, the tyrant urged him repeatedly to confess who were his accomplices in his late projected plan of escape; and the better to terrify him into such declaration, his hands were bound, and a rope was secured around his neck, as if for his execution; but Cervantes not only carefully avoided compromising any of his friends; but he was still constant in reiterating that he alone was at fault, if blame could be attached to an attempt so natural and reasonable. His discrete and witty answers to the Dey's questions had at least the effect of softening his rage in some measure, so that he contented himself with inflicting upon Cervantes the very mild punishment of incarceration in a dismal dungeon loaded with irons, and strictly guarded. In this dark retreat he was kept for five months, acquiring much "reputation and honour" among the Christians for his noble conduct and true generosity of soul. The renegade Giron was banished to the kingdom of Fez.

The great number of captives, then in Algiers, inspired Cervantes with a hope of a general insurrection among them, by which means they might perchance, not only liberate themselves, but take possession of the town, with the design of annexing it to the Spanish monarchy.

These plans were, however, frustrated, and Azan Basha was accustomed to say that "accordingly as he guarded well the one-handed Spaniard, so should he hold secure his slaves, his shipping and his capital."

Cervantes was evidently treated with some indulgence, or he must have forfeited his life for his temerity. In speaking of Azan's cruelty to the other slaves, he seems to acknowledge this. He writes—"There was but one whom he treated well, and this was a Spanish soldier, one Saavedra, whose many plots to regain his freedom will long endure in the remembrance of these people. This man he never struck nor ordered to be punished; and yet for the least of his many enterprises, many feared lest he should suffer death; and so also he himself feared more than once."

It seems strange to us that so illustrious a man should be allowed by his country to remain so long a time in captivity, without being ransomed by the government, when it was discovered that his parents were too poor to supply the sum requisite, having impoverished themselves by the redemption of their elder son, Rodrigo. It seems that they were continually making efforts to interest those in power to obtain the liberty of Miguel; and at last, after much trouble and anxiety, they appeared on the point of accomplishing the end desired. They begged of the Duke of Sesá, then returned to Madrid, from being viceroy in Sicily, that he would give them a certificate of the meritorious military services of Cervantes in consequence of his having lost, while in slavery, his letters of recommendation to the king. The Duke willingly supplied the required testimonials. During the time of this negotiation the father of our hero died, without the consolation of a last embrace from his beloved son. This sad event proved happily no hindrance to the proceedings undertaken for the rescue of Cervantes. In the spring of 1580, Philip II. dispatched two of the Redemptorist fathers, the Rev. P. Fr. Juan Gil and P. Antonio de la Bella, with instructions to treat with Azan for the ransom of Cervantes and the other captives. They arrived in Algiers the 29th of May; but were delayed some time by the difficulty they experienced in inducing Azan to accede to any reasonable terms. He declared positively he would

not accept less than one thousand crowns for Cervantes, and unless he were paid this sum forthwith he would most assuredly take him with him to Constantinople, whither he was about to proceed, the period of his government having expired. He agreed at last to accept five hundred crowns, and our hero was disembarked on the 19th of September, the very same day that his former master set sail for Turkey.

But although breathing once more "the free glad air of heaven," the trials of Cervantes were not yet over. We have before mentioned Juan Blanco de Paz, who acquired an infamous notoriety among the Christians for his treachery in revealing to the Dey the projected escape in Giron's armed frigate. This man's jealousy and hatred of Cervantes led him to fabricate many gross falsehoods, relative to his conduct while in captivity; particularly, it seems, as to his being untrue to the Christian religion.

Cervantes, desirous that his character should not only wear the garb of innocence in reality, but also in seeming, demanded that the strictest investigations should forthwith be made as to his conduct whilst in Algiers. As might be anticipated, the result was a bright triumph of truth over falsehood; and proved that he had not only kept his own faith pure from infidel assaults, but that he had ever wisely counselled and earnestly exhorted those who had thus yielded to temptation. Amidst the wavering and the faint-hearted, he had still remained constant and unshaken, ready at all times to strengthen and console those who required advice and consolation. In fine, his reputation was triumphantly established, as a "true Christian and a good Catholic."

This affair having been terminated so much to his satisfaction, Cervantes, with several of his friends, also redeemed, set sail for Spain at the close of the year 1580. To use his own heart-warm words—"This world can give no deeper joy, than the return to one's native land, safe and sound, after long years of dire captivity: for there is on earth no transport comparable to that of long-lost liberty regained."

At the time of his return, Philip II. was at Badajoz, occupied with the conquest of Portugal, in which kingdom he had entered on the 5th of December. The Castilian army remained there for the

purpose of maintaining his Majesty's authority, and securing the public tranquillity, by repressing any disturbance which might occur. Rodrigo de Cervantes served in this army, and Miguel resolved to enter it also, believing that by no better way could he forward his views at Court.

We will not follow Cervantes in all his military exploits by sea and by land, while under the conduct of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the greatest Spanish sea-captain of the age. Suffice it to state, in the words of one of his biographers, that "the Marquis of Santa Cruz most felicitously and gloriously terminated this campaign, and entered Cadiz on the 15th of September, 1582, amid the applause and acclamations of all good Spaniards."

The Portuguese character made a favourable impression on the mind of Cervantes. He speaks of the inhabitants of Lisbon as being all "agreeable, courteous, liberal," and of the "beauty of the women inspiring admiration and love;" and he ever afterwards retained an affectionate memory of Portuguese kindness and hospitality.

It is wonderful that our author could have found time for composition amid a life of such strange vicissitudes. His first prose work, the "*Galatea*," was published in 1584, a pastoral romance, wherein he celebrates the praises of a lady he shortly after married. This work was warmly welcomed by the contemporary literati.

On the 12th of December, in the same year, Miguel de Cervantes married Dona Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Voz Mediano, of one of the most illustrious families of Esquivias. Our author decided upon Esquivias as his place of residence, and from its proximity to Madrid, it is probable that he passed much of his time in the capital, as we hear of his enjoying friendly intercourse with Vicente Espinel, Juan de Barros, and other distinguished men, there resident. A literary academy, on the plan of those in Italy, was founded here, which formed a rallying point for the young literary aspirants of the day.

The next works of Cervantes were dramatic. He produced in succession, "*El Trato de Argel*" (Life in Algiers), the "*Numancia*," and the "*Naval Engagement*," and several other plays which he had the satisfaction of seeing performed amid great applause in the

theatres of Madrid. His popularity as a dramatist was not, however, of long continuance; for the rising star of Lope de Vega presently eclipsed all lesser lights in the firmament of dramatic display. Our author was not slow in perceiving the direction of the public taste. He accordingly abandoned play-writing, and began to seek anxiously for some permanent employment, to aid in the maintenance of his family. His military services had never been worthily rewarded, and he found himself above forty years of age, without any regular profession or adequate means of support.

Early in 1588, he removed to Seville, where Antonio de Guavara was commissary of the fleets, &c., for the Indies, with the right of appointing four assistant commissioners. Cervantes obtained a situation as commissioner, hoping, doubtless, that it might lead to something better. In 1590, he addressed a petition to the King, praying for some appointment in India. This petition was referred to the President of Council for the Indies. Nothing, however, came of it. He continued at Seville until 1597, when he was imprisoned for debt, having unfortunately trusted a merchant, named Simon Freire, with a sum of money amounting to 7,400 reals, which he had collected in his capacity as commissioner. This money Freire engaged to pay at Madrid; but instead of this, he failed and absconded. 'The exigencies of the Treasury, resulting from the enormous expenses attending the conquest of Portugal and the Terceira Islands, and the cost of the unfortunate Armada directed against England, called "the Invincible;" the continued changes in the constitution of the revenue and its tribunals; the new duties and taxes which were laid, and the want of a well-regulated system, contributed to embarrass the finance department, and to introduce distrust, compulsion, sequestration, arrests and other judicial proceedings among the persons employed in the different branches of collection.' Cervantes was soon released from prison, in order that he might present himself at Madrid, to finish the settlement of his affairs, but we know not with what success. Here he remained until the close of the following year, and after the death of the King (Philip II.), which occurred on the 13th of September, 1598.

He left Seville during the succeeding year, and it is a generally received tradition that he departed from thence for La Mancha, "with a commission that occasioned him great perplexity and persecution; and which ended in his being thrown into jail, where he wrote the first part of his "Don Quixote." It is not known what was the precise cause of this imprisonment, but the grounds of his incarceration were, without doubt, unjust, or Cervantes could never have mentioned the circumstance, as he does, with that serenity and noble unconcern which conscious innocence alone can inspire." Had it been otherwise, his numerous rivals and enemies would have been only too glad to take advantage thereof, but they never even refer to it.

These misfortunes of Cervantes recall to our recollections similar passages in the life of the illustrious Portuguese, Camoens.

It is supposed that Cervantes spent about four years in La Mancha. But this is only conjecture. One of his Spanish biographers thinks, indeed, that the accuracy with which the great romancist has depicted the topography of this district, and the peculiarities of its inhabitants, a sufficient evidence that he must have resided there for some time, and that he consequently wrote thus from personal observations.

In 1603 he removed to Valladolid, where the court had been established for two years. His many claims upon the government of his country never having been satisfied as yet, he solicited the patronage of the Duke of Lermo, then a favourite and all-powerful minister. From him, however, he received a rude repulse; and thus, in the evening of his days, he was thrown entirely upon his own resources. Well—perhaps in the end—it was well that it should be so. He had certainly the less to thank others for, and the more cause for pride and rejoicing in those scintillations of his genius, which flashed forth so brightly, even amid circumstances so dark and adverse.

He now applied vigorously to composition, and hastened the completion of the "Don Quixote," the first part of which appeared in 1605, dedicated to the Duke of Bejar. It was received at first with the utmost indifference. Many treated the work with ridicule and contempt; and the author perceiving that

it was misunderstood by those who read it, and entirely disregarded by those who were capable of appreciating it, resolved upon a very ingenious method of exciting the public attention. He published an anonymous critique upon his own book, under the title of "El Buscapie." In this clever little brochure he explained that the "Don Quixote" was intended as an instructive satire upon the ill effects resulting from the inordinate reading of the tales of chivalry; and that the characters although imaginary, yet held some relation to certain persons in real life; particularly to Charles V. and the politicians of his court, and to other persons in authority. This little book produced the desired effect, in attracting curiosity, and drawing attention to the work it was intended to illustrate; and forthwith "Don Quixote" became extremely popular; and four editions were issued in 1605, the year in which it was first published. But although warmly approved by the majority, Cervantes suffered much persecution from those who believed themselves comprehended in the satirical remarks on contemporary writers which abound in the "Quixote."

The court was again restored to Madrid, in 1606; and here once more our author fixed his residence. Being now advanced in years, he resolved from this time to live retired from the world, and entirely devoted to literature and religious exercises.

In 1612 the "Novelas Ejemplares," or Exemplary Tales, were published with a dedication to the Count of Lemos. Boccaccio's "Decamerone" suggested the idea of these stories. Cervantes proposed to himself to write twelve tales, equal in elegance of style and interesting incident to those of the Italian, combined with higher aims and superior moral tendencies. To these "Novelas" we shall again revert in our critical examination of the works of Cervantes.

In 1614, some nameless person published a continuation of the "Don Quixote," although its author was still living, and had announced the second part of his book as being nearly completed. The continuation, an ignorant, worthless attempt, with a libellous prologue, appeared under the fictitious signature of the Licentiate Avellaneda. Cervantes himself has rescued this production from deserved oblivion by men-

tioning it in the second part of his own immortal work. It does not appear, from all we can learn, that Avellaneda's work was ever really popular in Spain. It was translated by Le Sage, in 1701. The lively Frenchman, however, took great liberties with his original, altering and improving it greatly, and lending it the graces of his own inimitable style.

The second part of the true "Don Quixote" was published in 1615, with a dedication to the Count of Lemos, who proved a very kind friend and powerful protector to Cervantes, during the last years of his life. Although his writings were so universally popular, it does not appear that either Cervantes or his family reaped thence any great pecuniary advantage.

Philip III. himself acknowledged the irresistible charm which invested the history of the "ingenioso hidalgo;" and on remarking from a balcony, a student reading a book, and bursting into involuntary fits of laughter, he exclaimed,—“The man must either be mad, or reading “Don Quixote!” Yet neither the monarch nor his ministers thought fit to withdraw from obscurity and indigence an author who was the glory of all Spain, and her most illustrious son.

The poetry of the age having become degenerate, laden with extravagant ornament and worthless conceits, Cervantes sought to elevate the public taste by the publication of his "Viaje al Parnaso," or Journey to Parnassus, a work of more ingenuity than beauty or power. Our author, who was exceedingly anxious to secure a high poetical reputation, was greatly mortified by the neglect with which his later poems and plays were received. He offered some comedies to a bookseller named Juan de Villarroel, who assured him that "he would have bought them, had he not been told by an eminent author, that much reliance might be placed upon his prose, but none upon his poetry." Villarroel came to terms, at last, and published eight of our author's comedies, in 1615, which were received with indifference by both public and managers.

The last work of Miguel de Cervantes was a romance, entitled "The Sufferings of Persiles and Sigismunda," upon which he bestowed much time and care. It was never quite finished, and did not appear (until after his death. This book was, above all his works, the au-

thor's favourite, and he was earnestly engaged in its completion when he was arrested by the disease which shortly after proved fatal. The preface, written only a few days before his death, is a wonderful instance of his naturally gay, careless temperament, and unfading energy of mind, which all his poverty and misfortunes had been powerless to repress. It gives us, besides, the only details we possess with reference to his last illness. We are tempted to extract the whole:—

"It so happened, beloved reader, that as myself and two friends were journeying from Esquivias, a famous place for fifty reasons, but particularly for its noble families and capital wines, I heard a man approaching behind, vigorously whipping his nag, and apparently very anxious to overtake us. He presently shouted for us to stop, which we did; and when he came up to us, we found that he was a country student, attired in brown, with round-toed shoes and spatter dashes. He had a sword in an immense sheath, with a tape-tied band; he had only two tapes, so that his band got sadly out of place, which he was at great pains to rectify. 'Without doubt, Senors,' said he, 'you seek to obtain some office or prebendal stall, from my Lord of Toledo or the king, to judge by the haste with which you journey; for in truth my ass, hitherto considered a famous trotter, has not been able to overtake you.' To which answered one of my companions, 'The fault lies with the stout nag of Senor Miguel de Cervantes, for he is somewhat quick in his paces.' No sooner had the student heard the name of Cervantes than throwing himself from his ass, his cloak-bag falling on one side, and his portmanteau on the other, he sprang forwards and seized me by the left hand, exclaiming—'This, then, is the famous one-handed author, the merry writer, the favourite of the muses!' When I heard him thus pour forth my praises, I thought myself obliged in politeness to respond; so embracing his neck, whereby I managed to pick off his bands altogether, I said—'This is an error in which many, being kindly disposed have fallen; Senor, I am indeed Cervantes, but not the favourite of the muses, nor any one of the other fine things you have said of me. Mount your ass again, and we will converse together for the short remainder of our journey.' The good student did

as I requested, and we continued our journey at a moderate pace. In the course of conversation, we talked of my illness, but the worthy student gave me but little hope, saying, 'This illness is a hydropsy, which all the water in the ocean would not cure, if you could drink it; you must drink less, Senor Cervantes, and not forget to eat, for this alone can cure you!' 'Several people told me this,' I replied, 'but it is as difficult for me to refrain from drinking, as if I had been born for nothing else. My life draws near its close, and to judge by my pulse, I cannot live longer than next Sunday. You have made my acquaintance at an unfortunate time, for I shall not live long enough to show my gratitude for your expressions of kindness and good-will.' Just then we arrived at the bridge of Toledo, over which I was to pass, while he departed for that of Segovia. As to my history I leave that in the hands of fame; my friends, doubtless, will be eager to narrate it, and I should have the greatest pleasure in hearing it. We embraced again, and once more I offered my services. He spurred his ass, and left me as little inclined to prosecute my journey, as he was well disposed for his; he had supplied my pen with ample materials for pleasantries, but all times are not the same. Perhaps even yet the day may arrive when taking up this broken thread, I may supply that which is now wanting. Adieu, gaiety! Adieu, humour! Adieu, pleasant friends! I must now die, hoping soon to see you all well contented in another world."

A sad picture this of our author's physical infirmities, albeit the record is penned in that cheerful, almost joyous spirit which seems to have distinguished him at all times, and under all circumstances. His illness greatly increasing he received extreme unction, on the 18th of April. The day following he still preserved the same serenity of mind; and anxious to testify his regard for his friend, the Count of Lemos, as a last tribute, Cervantes dedicated to him his posthumous work, the "*Persiles y Sigismunda*." This dedication, singular and touching, from the fact of its being written at such a period, abounds with noble sentiment and lofty expression.

The dying man commences with the remark that he might well address his friend in the words of the antique rhyme:—

Puesto ya el pié en el estribo,
Con las ansias de la muerte,
Gran Señor, esta te escribo.

With foot already in the stirrup,
In the agonies of death,
I write you this, my lord.

He continues—"Yesterday I received extreme unction; the time is short; my pain increases; my hopes diminish. Yet do I greatly wish that life could be so prolonged that I might see you once again on Spanish ground." The Count of Lemos was then on his way home from Naples.

Four days after writing thus, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra died, aged sixty-seven years, on the 23rd of April, 1616; on the death day of our own Shakspeare, according to some; but as the Gregorian Calendar was not adopted in England until 1751, it follows thence that the English poet survived Cervantes twelve days.

No monumental stone proclaims the spot where in deep-tomb silence repose the earthly remains of Spain's most noble son. He desired to be interred in the church belonging to the monks of the Holy Trinity. This conventual establishment was removed in 1633 to a new church in the Calle de Cantaranas, and it is supposed that here is the resting-place of the mortal remains of Miguel de Cervantes.

Our author was ever cheerful and affable in manners; thoroughly kind-hearted; a man of warm and earnest sympathies, and of high-toned chivalric feeling. Without bigotry, he was rigorous in the discharge of all the duties enjoined by religion; particularly in the observances of the Church of Spain. A few years before his death he became one of a society of religious persons established under the name of the "Oratory of Olivarez de Canizares." This association seems to have been highly fashionable, being patronized by Philip III., and the principal nobility of his court.

Although Cervantes experienced so much neglect from his own countrymen, he was always treated with distinguished regard and attention by foreigners who visited Madrid. They gazed after him with interest and curiosity, as he passed along the streets, and anxiously sought every opportunity of introduction to an author so illustrious.

As to his *person*, Cervantes has very characteristically sketched his

own portrait in a few graphic words. The passage will be found in his preface to the "Novelas":—"Ilim whom you here observe with the lean countenance, chestnut locks, smooth and open forehead, lively eyes, well-proportioned aquiline nose, beard silvery, that was golden some twenty years ago; large moustache, small mouth, the teeth, of which he has but six, in bad condition and worse placed, so that they have no correspondence one with the other; of clear complexion, rather inclined to fair than dark; the figure of middle size, somewhat stooping in the shoulders, and not very light of foot; this, I say, is the author of the 'Galatea' and of 'Don Quixote,' this is he who performed the journey to Parnassus, and is commonly styled Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra."

We will now proceed to a critical examination of our author's literary labours. It were a mere waste of words to give a detailed analysis of a work so widely known, and so universally appreciated as the "Don Quixote." We have all journeyed with the faithful Rosinante, enjoyed the sublime hallucinations of the "ingenioso hidalgo," and heartily laughed over the broader drolleries and less refined absurdities of that model of attendant squires, Sancho Panza. It was our good fortune never to have read a translation of the book until after the perusal of the inimitable original, which is written in a style of such matchless grace and beauty, that it is quite impossible to gain any worthy idea thereof through the medium of a foreign language. When some time after we looked into an English version, we were perfectly astonished at the difference. It was not that any of the original ideas were lost in the translation. These were, for the most part, well preserved. But it was a certain exquisite and all-pervading grace which had evaporated. This singular influence regarding style may be compared to the wonderful magic of light upon a varied landscape; and the translation to the same combinations of nature, with the sun behind a cloud—the scenery, indeed, has undergone no material change, but an indiscreet charm is fled, and it requires the aid of the magician to touch it into beauty and glory again.

The romance of Cervantes was written in ridicule of the extravagant tales of

knight errantry which inundated Spain at that period, and by their highly-wrought wonders, and the distorted views, they presented of actual life, tended greatly to corrupt the purity of the public taste. The hero of the story, Don Quixote of La Mancha, has completely lost his reason through the perusal of these outré-chivalric romances; and imagining himself another Orlando or Amadis, he buckles on his ancient armour, mounts his Rosinante, and accompanied by his trusty squire, Sancho Panza, sets forth with all the enthusiasm of the knights of old, in quest of "strange adventure." It is his to relieve the distressed, to be a friend to the orphan and the widow, to fight for the defenceless, the injured, and oppressed, and give liberty to the captive, to war with giants, and to break the wand of the enchanter. Such he conceives to be "his mission." And he addresses himself thereto with faith and true-hearted sincerity,—with a mind which, although erratic and indeed sadly astray, is yet instinct with generous impulses and pure and lofty feeling. In the words of a Spanish critic, he is "a veritable Amadis de Gaula in caricature."

To quote from the discriminating review of Sismondi, Cervantes "has described in Don Quixote an accomplished man, who is, notwithstanding, the constant object of ridicule; a man, brave beyond all history can boast of, who confronts the most terrific not only of mortal but of super-natural perils; a man whose high sense of honour permits him not to hesitate for a single moment in the accomplishment of his promises, or to deviate in the slightest degree from truth. As disinterested as brave, he combats only for virtue, and when he covets a kingdom, it is only that he may bestow it upon his faithful squire. He is the most constant and respectful of lovers, the most humane of warriors, the kindest master, the most accomplished of cavaliers. With a taste as refined as his intellect is cultivated, he surpasses in goodness the Amadis and Orlando whom he has chosen for his models. His most generous enterprises, however, end only in blows and bruises. His love of glory is the bane of those around him. The giants whom he believes he is fighting are only windmills; the ladies whom he delivers from enchanters, are harmless women whom he terrifies upon their journey, and whose

servants he maltreats. While he is thus repairing wrongs and redressing injuries, the bachelor Antonio Lopez very properly tells him:—"I do not precisely understand your mode of redressing wrongs; but, as for myself, you have made me crooked, when I was straight enough before; you have broken my leg, which will never be set right all the days of my life; nor do I understand how you repair injuries, for that which I have received from you will never be repaired. It was the most unfortunate adventure that ever happened to me when I met you in search of adventures!"

In thus entering upon a crusade against the indefinite multiplication of knightly romances, it must not be supposed that Cervantes intended to ridicule the spirit of true chivalry—that spirit and those institutions which, arising in the depths of a half-illuminated and semi-barbarous age, tended, perhaps above all other influences, to strengthen, exalt and ennoble, and, at the same time, to soften and refine. The age of chivalry was the age of courage and of daring, of generous impulses and heroic achievements. It steeped the ways of common life and of dull reality in the light of idealism and the rainbow hues of poetry. It made of existence one vast and magnificent tournament, where the victors were crowned with rich garlands by fairest hands, and smiled upon by bright and loving eyes, amid the waving of gorgeous banners and the sound of martial music. Its laws were those of self-denial and high sacrifice. It deified Honour, it raised altars to Beauty, and embalmed the whole universe in the golden mysteries of devotion and of love. It invested the "overflowing solitudes" with visions of beauty and of grace, or it peopled them with dimly defined images of fear, of terror or enchantment. It rushed nobly forward to deeds of hard accomplishment, and returned crowned with the "laurels of success," and glad with the light of victory. A dark age, if you will: but still it was a night glorious with stars, and rich in dreams of wonder and delight.

Such, we imagine, were a few of the characteristics of that era of past history—

"When chivalry's laws were omnipotent,
And all save honour was given,
To win one smile from the worshipp'd one
The smile that makes earth a heaven."

Every age and every successive development of humanity, is, in some way or other, mirrored in its literature. Thus with the age of chivalry. Its spirit was imaged in the lofty sentiment and wild enthusiasm of contemporary romancers, in the strange, quaint recitals of the heroic chroniclers; and in the soft and tender love-song, or in the ringing war-like strains of its errant troubadours. But, in course of time, this literature lost, in a great measure, its original characteristics. Spain especially was overwhelmed with imitative chivalric romances, abounding in false, exaggerated sentiment, improbable incident and every description of wild extravagance. It was against such books as these that Cervantes directed his admirable satire, and so successfully, that the publication of the "Don Quixote" was the death-blow to all after attempts to revive an interest in the exploits of Roland, Amadis and the famous paladins of old.

One remarkable feature in the history of "Don Quixote," is the deep contrast between the refinement and lofty feeling of the Knight, and the vulgar and prosaic character of the Squire. The poetic imagination of Don Quixote colours all nature and every incident of life with its own magic hues. To his excited fancy, as before observed, wind-mills are giants, and ordinary women beautiful princesses, in the power of cruel enchanters. Sancho Panza, on the contrary, is just the rude villager, common-place enough, simple and credulous, a lover of fun and good-living; and evidently throughout a transcript from nature. The story abounds with incident and exquisite touches of wit. Here and there, too, are some very choice scraps of criticism. For instance, the Curate's examination of the Knight's library, &c. The forte of Cervantes lay not alone in humorous delineations; for some of the episodic stories he has introduced in the course of his work, are remarkable for pathetic interest, as the tale of the "Shepherdess Marcela," of "Cardenio," &c.

The popularity of "Don Quixote" has been almost unbounded. Thirty editions were published during the author's lifetime. It has been translated into all European languages. No other book is so true an exponent of Spanish character; and its language throughout is so varied, elegant and idiomatic, despite

a few *italicisms*, that no better work can be placed in the hands of a student of the language.

The "Novelas Ejemplares" consists of twelve tales of much variety and beauty. The first, called "La Gitanilla," is a most interesting picture of Gipsy life in Spain. The heroine Preciosa, is a beautiful girl who wins the heart of an accomplished cavalier, and induces him to pass two probationary years among the Gipsy band, before she accepts him as her husband. Of course, the tale concludes with the discovery that Preciosa is a lady of high and noble birth, every way equal in rank to her lover.

The second story, "El Amante Liberal," or *The Liberal Lover*, relates the adventures of some Christians enslaved by the Turks. Cervantes has here presented us with a vivid picture of his own sufferings, while in captivity, and the entire narrative, which is one of deep interest, bears the stamp of stern truth.

The history of "Rincónete and Cortadillo," presents us with the story of two young thieves. It is an amusing transcript from nature, such as can only be realized by those conversant with Spanish life and character. It illustrates strikingly the strange admixture of devotional sentiment and superstition among beings we might well imagine lost to every sense of religion. Rincónete inquires of a robber—"Perhaps, then, you follow the occupation of a thief?" "I do so," is the reply, "in the service of God and of all good people." "The Spanish-English Lady," shews clearly that our author had a very droll idea of England and the English. "The Licentiate of Glass," and "The Coloquio de los Perros," are satirical pieces. The "Beautiful Charwoman," and the "Lady Cornelia," are romantic love stories. Each one of these admirable tales possessing a peculiar charm of its own. They are all different in incident and character, and more or less attractive. To some editions of the "Novelas" will be found an appendix, containing tales, by Dona Maria de Zayas y Sotomayor; and it is interesting to observe how very inferior these are, to the ever-varied productions of Cervantes.

The earliest prose work of our author, the "Galatea," a pastoral, was written in avowed imitation of a similar romance, the "Diana," by Montemayor, a Portuguese, who wrote in Castilian. It is interest-

ing in parts, but like the generality of books, with shepherds and shepherdesses for heroes and heroines, it is tedious as a whole. This work contains six books, and was left unfinished.

The "*Persiles y Sigismunda*," a story of the North, the latest production of Cervantes, and the one which of all he loved the best, is a most wild and improbable romance, exceeding even in fantastic extravagance the tales of chivalry he had satirised so successfully in the "*Don Quixote*." Nevertheless, it is a model of elegance and perfect purity of style, and rich in flashes of genius, amid all its eccentricities, and, therefore, deserving well a place among the Spanish classics.

It remains to contemplate Cervantes as a dramatist and a poet. His fame as such rests entirely, we think, upon his two plays, the "*Numantia*," and "*El Trato de Argel*;" for they both contain higher flights of poetry than the "*Viaje al Parnaso*," or any other of his poetical attempts. He who has once read the "*Journey to Parnassus*," will not often revert to it again; but the dramas

contain some really fine passages. The "*Numantia*" celebrates the noble sentiment of patriotism. It is founded upon the story of the siege of that city, when the inhabitants rather than surrender to the Romans, perished amid the flames of their desolated homes.

"*Life in Algiers*" contains a vivid picture of the sufferings of the Christian captives in Moorish slavery, and was intended by the author as an excitement to the Spanish government to undertake active measures for the redemption of all such captives. We shall not attempt any analysis of these two dramas, that having been already so admirably done by M. Sismondi in his excellent work on the "*Literature of the South of Europe*."

And here we close our sketch of the life and writings of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; the brightest ornament that shines out amid Spanish literary records; a man of heroic soul, of fair and broad humanity, and of highest genius, of whom his country has, indeed, truest reason for pride and self-gratulation.

M. J. E.

DR. DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

(DELTA)

DR. DAVID MACBETH MOIR was born at Musselburgh, a sea-port town of Scotland, situated about six miles east of Edinburgh, on the 5th of January, 1798. His parents were respectable citizens. He was the second of four children, two of whom, Hugh Moir and Charles Moir, are still living. The father of this family died in 1817, the mother in 1842. The father of Dr. Moir was a man of high worth and established respectability; the mother was a woman of refined feeling and exalted intellect, who gave every encouragement to the mental growth of her children, and afforded them every possible facility for the acquisition of a knowledge of literature.

Young Moir received the first rudiments of his education at a small school in Musselburgh, from which he was removed to the grammar-school, and placed under the training of Mr. Taylor. Here he acquired a knowledge of the

Latin, Greek and French languages, besides making some progress in geometry and algebra. His boyhood was of a healthy sort, marked by no very striking features, yet full of that *bon-homme* which the juvenile man invariably indulges in, when his elastic spirit is not broken by premature troubles. He was fond of innocent sports, and took a hearty share in the out-door games of boyhood. A warm, enthusiastic nature of a highly imaginative cast, always evinces itself in boyhood, in a love of green fields and athletic sports; and the remembrance, in after life, of these exciting scenes of pleasure, is a constant source of refreshment to the soul of a high-toned man. In his full manhood, Moir found it a peculiar pleasure to call to mind the "old lurking-places of hunt-the-hare;" and the "old fantastic beech-tree," from the boughs of which he and his companions suspended their swings. The

green bank where they played at leap-frog, or gathered dandelions for their tame rabbits; and the worn-eaten, weather-worn deal seat where they assembled on autumn evenings to tell the round of stories, wonderful traditions, household memories, and recitals of chivalric enterprise, were all to be noted, years afterwards, when the heart was capable of a new thrill, and could revert to the past with a tenderness which called forth tears. It is just in this sympathy with the simple and the true—this gush of feeling under the touch of memory's magic-wand—that we recognise the poet by nature, who is none the less a poet, though he never writes a line, because his very constitution is poetic.

At the age of thirteen, Moir was apprenticed to Dr. Stewart, a medical practitioner in Musselburgh, a man of considerable talent, who took his pupil under the influence of a love for him, rather than as a trick of business. He entered upon life thus early, and commenced his duties with a cheerful zeal; and, in a short time, so gained upon the confidence of his master, as to be regarded as a personal friend.

"Business first, literary recreation next, and poetry the prince of it; such was the key-note on which Moir pitched his life and kept it to the end." His first poetical attempt bears the date of 1812, when he was in his fifteenth year. Like most juvenile attempts, this was only "good considering" certainly not worthy of preservation. Soon after this, he contrived to get two short prose essays into the "Cheap Magazine," a small Haddington publication. The anxieties connected with this his "first appearance in print," recalls to the mind the anecdote told by Dickens, of his mysterious dropping of a sealed packet into a dark letter-box in Fleet-street, and then hovering near the office, on publishing day, to catch the tidings of its fate. Moir used to relate how, burnt up with eager impatience, he shot out into the streets of Musselburgh to await the coach which brought the magazine from Haddington, and then and there found himself a veritable published author. As his apprenticeship wore out, he began his attendance at Edinburgh College. Every Monday he walked up to his classes, and returned home on Saturday night, to spend the Sabbath in the family circle.

During the week he lodged in a small room in Shakspeare-square. His days were spent in hard work at the theatre of the college, or in the various classes; his evenings at Currae's sale-rooms, where he staked his last shilling against all comers in a fierce bidding for a choice book. On Saturday night he exhibited his purchases to his friends, and indulged in a few harmless speculations as to how many volumes it requires to form a library, and how many years to purchase it at an expenditure of five shillings a week. Now and then he indulged himself with a visit to the theatre, to see the performances of Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neill, John Kemble, or Edmund Kean.

His apprenticeship concluded, he got his diploma as a surgeon in the spring of 1816, when he was only eighteen years of age. A long-cherished notion with him had been to enter the army; but the battle of Waterloo had so altered the state of military affairs, that this purpose was abandoned. He accordingly returned home from Edinburgh, and spent the summer in literary pursuits, contributing to the "Scot's Magazine," and taking an active part in a debating-club, called the "Musselburgh Forum." Of this society he was secretary, and so respected was he for his zeal in serving the society, that the members, at the close of their session, voted him a silver medal, suitably inscribed. It is a suggestive fact, that the greater part of our men of letters have gained their earliest experiences in connection with debating-clubs. Towards the end of this same year, he ventured on the publication of a volume, entitled, "The Bombardment of Algiers, and Other Poems," the edition of which was wholly consumed by his friends. Mr. Aird speaks of this as a "performance not without promise;" an expression to be accepted as the most gentle mode of describing a failure; and of all dull books this is a dull one indeed.

In 1817, young Moir—then only nineteen years of age—entered into partnership with Dr. Brown, of Musselburgh, who had an extensive and lucrative practice, in the town and suburbs. Moir's father was just dead, and his mother was left dependent on her son. The duties of this new position found him prepared to meet them, and filial love usurped the mastery of his large heart.

"Many a time," says his brother

cles, "have I heard my mother, was a woman of a strong mind, and with a tearful eye the struggles at period, and the noble bearing of son David, who carried her success through all her difficulties."

It now he began to cultivate his literary talents with an assiduity which he did well with his steadfastness of mind and character. He read diligently in the brief intervals which his hard professional tasks afforded him; and

a wonderful facility of expression he wrote off with great ease any which had occurred to him during the prosecution of his duties. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Pringle, one of the "Autumnal Excursions," one of the editors of "Constable's Edinburgh Magazine," to which journal

he became a frequent contributor.

A mixture of business and literature he pursued with his powers to the utmost, and for a small pinch of attic salt he had to

atone heavy penalties. "When the day of the day were over," says his brother Charles, "and it was always

at ten o'clock in the evening before he could count on that—after supper

the candle was lighted in his bed-room, the work of the desk began. Having

shared the same room with him for many years in my early life, the routine of those nights is as fresh in my mind

as it had been but yesterday. With a loving-kindness of heart, and that a rare care for others, which was the

gushing feature of his character, he endeavored to persuade me to retire to rest; many a time have I awoke, when

the night was far spent, and wondered at him still at his books and pen."

Under these circumstances did Moir pass his youth, and enter on the cares of manhood. No pale student was he,

but a hearty Scot, robust in constitution and with a strong tendency to athletic sports and amusements. Most

of our youths are sentimental from a deficiency of manly feeling, or, alas! a deficiency of brains; but your true

man who is to do something in his life—and "leave the print of his heel on the earth," affects no paleness of the

countenance, no paradoxical mysticism in conversation, and if he sighs or sheds tears, it is not advertised like the

weeping of the Pharisee, but endured in the like the sincere emotions of the

man. Moir was just of this frank,

open school; very prone to common sense, and quite conscious that he had a body. "I am far from delicate," he says in a letter to Dr. Macnish, in 1828.

"I have not been confined fourteen days to bed, for the last twenty years—a pretty good sign that my constitution is not naturally a very tender one. So far from it. I am much more known in the town of Musselburgh, among the *pro-fanum vulgus*, for my gymnastic proficiency than for any mental capabilities, and many could give evidence to my prowess in leaping, running, swimming, and skating; whoever dreamt that I penned a sonnet when I should engross?"

Yet in spite of this vigour of frame he possessed a nervous system tremblingly delicate, and most strictly in harmony with the sensitiveness of his polished mind. His adolescence was marked by bashfulness, arising from nervous excitement, which it required many years' rough battling with the world to eradicate, and for which, indeed, there is no other remedy. It was under the influence of this strange feeling—certainly under a morbid influence of some kind or other, the consequence, doubtless, of over-excitement of the brain—that he wrote those early pieces of verse, in which the prevailing sentiment is melancholy, and regret for the past. These breathings of melodious sadness were, however, by no means peculiar to his youth, for all through, his poetry is tinged with the same expression, and in such a way as to prove that had he given himself up to meditations in the closet, he would have become a confirmed victim of hypochondriasis, instead of, as he was, one of the heartiest of men, and healthiest of writers.

The series of poems originally published, under the general appellation of "Moods of the Mind," indicate by their general particular titles the peculiar sensibility from which they sprang; each poem being the representative of a "Mood," and that mood usually of the gloomy sort. Of these "Despondency," "A Reverie," "The Isle of Despair," "The Cypress Tree," "Midnight Wanderings," and "Reflections on a Ruined Abbey," are suggestive enough on their bare enumeration, and strikingly illustrate how a character of the most practical turn may grow out of a purely contemplative and melancholy nature.

under the stern schooling which contact with the world affords.

It is at this point that we get into the pith and marrow of Moir's life, which was one of hard work from this hour forward. From 1817 to 1828, he never slept a night out of Musselburgh, but from day to day, and from night to night, discharged the heavy duties of his medical practice, with a manful assiduity, and a Christian kindness, such as form the chief elements in our beau ideal of a medical man. Yet, between the laborious morning and evening visits, and the frequent jingling of the "night-bell"—that brass-tongued ogre of the doctor's pillow—he stole a few intervals of rest for the cultivation of his literary powers, and now he steps into the bold arena of "Blackwood's Magazine," a sufficient honour in itself for the most enthusiastic ambition.

A manuscript magazine, projected by Moir, and mainly kept up by himself, had brought him a little fame in Musselburgh, and, what is more, had afforded him a field for practice, and emboldened by the success of his contributions to this very local serial, he sent in some pieces to *Maga*, then plethoric with young blood, and pulsing with life and jollity. Mr. Blackwood was a man of rare sagacity, and he appreciated and encouraged the new contributor.

The pieces contributed were often of the most opposite kind, drab colour to-day, harlequin's spangles to-morrow, and anon, the painted drollery of the red-lipped clown, shaking you from head to foot with laughter at his drollery. "The Eve of St. Jerry," "The Ancient Waggoner," and others of the same rollicking cast, were let off in company with sweet, tender strains, filled with plaintive melody, like touches of flute music, or the cooing of ring-doves. It is strange, though true, that although these various contributions were sent anonymously—the touches of humour being attributed by the public to Maginn—yet Mr. Blackwood scented out their identity, and saw in the queer song and the "plaintive pleading of regret," the diverse efforts of the same hand.

The first of his pieces to which the renowned Δ was attached, and to which he owed his popular cognomen of Delta, was "The Covenanter's Heather Bed," a poem of considerable merit, the idea

of which is taken from the picture representing the temptations of St. Anthony, and adapted to the situation and clothed in the images supplied by Scottish Puritanism. This poem was published in 1819, when Delta was twenty-one, and is a performance rich in promise. The poems just referred to, "Moods of the Mind," follow this, and, simultaneous with these, a series of Biblical sketches, comprising, "Elijah," "The Casting forth of Jordan," and "The Vision of Zechariah." Following these were some miscellaneous pieces—"Emma, a Tale," in sound blank verse—setting forth how a maiden, "all forlorn," dreams of her lover, who has gone to join the "holy wars in Palestine," and how, in her dream, she has vision of the battle-field, where night broods, and bird, and beast—

Have come to gorge
On the unburied dead. Rider and horse,
The lofty and the low, commingled lie,
Unbreathing; and the balmy evening gale—
Fitsly lifts the feathers on the crest
Of one who slumbers with his visor up.

The "one" is her absent lover, whose return she pines for; and when "racer" and morn appears, and upon the "ivy wreath" the "robin sings," with sound of trumpet, drum, and tramp of men and steed, that "one," "Young Ethelrid," returns, and like a faithful knight of those old steel-clad times—

Kneels at her feet in ecstacy,
And lifts her snowy fingers to his lips.

"The Vision," "Reflections on a Brumal Scene," "The Silent Eve," "To Margaret," "Afar, Oh Ladye Fair, away!" "Elegy composed on the Field of Pinkie," "Stanzas on the Re-Interment of King Robert Bruce," "The Snowy Eve," "The Wild Rose," together with "Sonnets on the Chief Localities of Interest in Scotland," "Sir Harold," and "Hymn to the Night Wind," are the chief of these early pieces.

We are thus particular in enumerating the early productions of Delta, in order that the reader, curious in such matters, may note how the development of genius needs time as a primary element; and not time only, but hard work, under the impulse of a set purpose, and with experience to cool the crude ardour of youthful enthusiasm. In the case of Delta the growth of a mind is most beautifully marked in the steady improvement of a power which lurks under these early effusions, showing that they

from a rich and virgin soil, yet the pruning of experience and art gave them to symmetrical propor-

tion these early pieces, however immature in themselves, compared with the best productions of his pen, were in the right vein, and soon became exceedingly popular. Hence *Delta*, the work, of which Moir was the substance, was soon looked for in the early issue of the *Tory* thunderer, with young people especially, the contributions soon became especial favourites. While popularity was growing for *Delta*, it was slowly, but steadily, gaining admission to the select literary circles of Edinburgh, and when Mr. Blackwood, became personally acquainted with several of the great writers of the magazine, and, among others, Professor Wilson. What he thought of the young poet, on his first acquaintance with him, we are hardly able to say, but the way in which the large-eyed wizard gains a mastery over the words of fine youths, is thus hit off by Aird. An essay is submitted to the professor, editor or friend, by a worthy young man. Mr. Wilson does not like it, and says so in general terms.

The youth is not satisfied, and, in a tone of one rather injured, begs to know specific faults. The generous friend, never dealing haughtily with the unworthy, instantly sits down, and, by conveying, in the most fear-inspiring of praise, his sense of that; but, this done, woe be to the essay piece of prose, or "numerous lines of verse."

Down goes the scalpel with the minute savagery of dissection, the whole tissues and ramifications of the work are laid naked and bare. The young man is astonished; but his indignation is of the right sort; he never forgets the lesson; and with bands of affection stronger than hooks of iron he is knit for life to the man who dealt with him thus. The severe rebuke was once done to *Delta*; he was young man to profit by it, and his intimacy with the professor naturally ripened into a friendship, which was dissolved but at the grave of the young man.

Afterwards a friendship of a singular and lasting sort sprang up between Mr. Galt, the novelist, who lived at Eskgrove, in the immediate neighbourhood of Musselburgh.

They became united as brothers, and so great was the confidence reposed in Moir by Galt, that when hurried off to America before he could get his novel, the "*Last of the Lairds*," finished, he left his friend to write the concluding chapters, involving, of course, the winding up—that all-important part of a novel—and this task was completed in a manner so ingenious as to furnish the friends, when they met again, with a source of mirth almost inexhaustible.

It is often said the more a man does, the more he is able to do; and it is truly surprising what an amount of energy *Delta* displayed in literature at this time, when we consider that at the same time the harassing tasks of his professional life were never once neglected, but pursued with an increasing and increasing ardour. His medical practice extended, his friends increased in number, and the demands on his talent became more and more frequent. From the night journey in the hail or snow, or the long watch beside the bed of some poor recipient of his medical skill and tender heartedness, he would retire to his study and pen delicate ballads, familiar epistles, essays, sonnets, and seraphic hymns. Into *Blackwood* he poured all sorts of contributions, from grave verse down to mock-heroics, imitations, cockney love songs, puns, parodies, freaks, fantasies, and all other sorts of queer, quizzical and funny things; yet with no vulgarity, no wilful distortion of kindly feelings, but, ever true to nature and humanity, and with a clever sparkle which had no gall in it.

At the close of 1824, *Delta* published a selection of his contributions to the magazines, together with a few new pieces, in a volume, entitled, "*A Legend of Genevieve*, with other Tales and Poems." It was a misfortune or mistake at starting to give "*The Legend of Genevieve*" so much predominance in the title, for it is by no means one of his best productions, and much inferior to many other pieces in the book. "*The Hymn to the Morn*" and "*Hymn to the Night Wind*," are, perhaps, the finest in the book—gems in their way, both for lyrical sweetness and felicity of thought. The book did not sell, such books never do: in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred they are either sent after dark to some friendly cheesemonger who is so burnt up with a passion for

juvenile productions as to consume a whole edition himself, or else thrust in twos and threes upon reluctant friends and acquaintances, the majority of whom deem it a sufficient service to accept the volumes and consequently never pay for them. These luckily were not Delta's resources, and in the course of time an edition *was* sold, though the work never paid, a circumstance the more to be expected inasmuch as that he continued singing monthly in *Blackwood*, and of all such productions the public has an eccentric liking to have them fresh and fresh, the productions of the past having little value until they can be reproduced under the shadow of a name which has by continuous outpourings, acquired extensive popularity.

In 1827, Delta enlarged his circle of friends and became acquainted with Thomas Aird, the strong-minded northerner, and also with Dr. Macnish, the well-known author of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness," the "Philosophy of Sleep," and other works; and, perhaps, still better known by his literary *nom-de-guerre*, "The Modern Pythagorean." Macnish's talent and sagacity and shrewdness, combined with the manliest simplicity and warm-heartedness, and the tags of oddity and fringes of whimsicality which hung all about the native movement of his mind, in the regions of the quaint and queer, made him a perfect delight to Delta; and they loved one another like brothers. An improved edition of "The Anatomy of Drunkenness" was dedicated to Moir.

In 1824, Delta commenced a tale in *Blackwood*, the title of which, "Mansie Wauch," needs only to be mentioned to bring a shower of refreshing memories over the majority of our readers. This soon became so popular in Scotland that clubs were formed where "Mansie" was read aloud to the eager ears of the cannie Scots, exploding with boisterous laughter. The tale was completed in 1827, and reprinted in a volume with some additions, in 1828, and is now a standard classic of humour, and among the very best of its kind. "Mansie Wauch" is a bold delineation of Scottish manners, filled up with scenes and characters truly national, yet of a class almost wholly untouched by either Scott or Burns. "What an excellent compound of conceit, cowardice, gossiping, silliness, pawkiahness, candour, kindly affections, and good Christian

principle—the whole amalgam, with no violent contrasts, with no gross exaggerations, beautifully blent down into verisimilitude, presenting to us a unique hero, at once ludicrous and lovable. And how admirably in keeping with the central autobiographer are the characters and scenes which revolve around his needle. Totally different is the whole delineation from the broad, strong, national characteristic, rough and ready, hit off by Burns; but yet equally true to nature, and thoroughly Scottish."

Temperate in living, cheerful in temper, and ever watchful of his moral and religious responsibilities, Delta pursued his course of healing the bodies of the sick and cheering the minds of the healthy, with few events to turn him aside from his steady course till March, 1829, when he threw himself into the thick of the extreme Protestant movement against Catholic emancipation. In this he was not merely a zealous protestant, he was a confirmed bigot, blinded by prejudice to the reasonable pleadings of the Romanists in favour of religious liberty. To this school he adhered to the last, a fact the more to be regretted because his religious sentiments, apart from sectarian considerations, were exalted in spirit, and practical in aim, and characterized by that earnestness and devotion which the Protestant faith in cultivated minds so pre-eminently encourages.

Among the miscellaneous entries in his journals and correspondence is one dated June 23rd, 1828, which bears on his history in an interesting manner. He says, in a letter to Macnish, "I am not aware that I am much given up to superstitious feelings; but it is not a little curious that, when I awoke last new-year's morning, it was strongly impressed upon my heart that this was to be the most eventful year of my life—in what shape, of course, I could not decipher; but either for joy or woe." His new year's dream was fulfilled, for he fell in love that year, and that is, next to conversion, the greatest event which can befall any man in the course of his life-time. On the 8th of June, 1829, Dr. Moir was married at Carham church, Northumberland, to Miss Catherine E. Bell, of Leith. It was a marriage of hearts as of hands; and besides faith and affection, Delta found in his wife that essential element in the domestic happiness of a man of letters, a sym-

with his literary habits, tastes and ambition.

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under the stern schooling which contact with the world affords.

It is at this point that we get into the pith and marrow of Moir's life, which was one of hard work from this hour forward. From 1817 to 1828, he never slept a night out of Musselburgh, but from day to day, and from night to night, discharged the heavy duties of his medical practice, with a manful assiduity, and a Christian kindness, such as form the chief elements in our beau idéal of a medical man. Yet, between the laborious morning and evening visits, and the frequent jingling of the "night-bell"—that brass-tongued ogre of the doctor's pillow—he stole a few intervals of rest for the cultivation of his literary powers, and now he steps into the bold arena of "Blackwood's Magazine," a sufficient honour in itself for the most enthusiastic ambition.

A manuscript magazine, projected by Moir, and mainly kept up by himself, had brought him a little fame in Musselburgh, and, what is more, had afforded him a field for practice, and emboldened by the success of his contributions to this very local serial, he sent in some pieces to *Magaz*, then plethoric with young blood, and pulsing with life and jollity. Mr. Blackwood was a man of rare sagacity, and he appreciated and encouraged the new contributor.

The pieces contributed were often of the most opposite kind, drab colour to-day, harlequin's spangles to-morrow, and anon, the painted drollery of the red-lipped clown, shaking you from head to foot with laughter at his drollery. "The Eve of St. Jerry," "The Ancient Waggoner," and others of the same rollicking cast, were let off in company with sweet, tender strains, filled with plaintive melody, like touches of flute music, or the cooing of ring-doves. It is strange, though true, that although these various contributions were sent anonymously—the touches of humour being attributed by the public to Maginn—yet Mr. Blackwood scented out their identity, and saw in the queer song and the "plaintive pleading of regret," the diverse efforts of the same hand.

The first of his pieces to which the renowned *Δ* was attached, and to which he owed his popular cognomen of Delta, was "The Covenanters' Heather Bed," a poem of considerable merit, the idea

of which is taken from the picture presenting the temptations of St. Anthony, and adapted to the situation clothed in the images supplied by tish Puritanism. This poem was published in 1819, when Delta was twenty-one, and is a performance rich in promise. The poems just referred to "Moods of the Mind," follow this, simultaneous with these, a series of Biblical sketches, comprising, "El" "The Casting forth of Jordan," "The Vision of Zechariah." Follow these were some miscellaneous pieces "Emma, a Tale," in sound blank—setting forth how a maiden, forlorn, dreams of her lover, who gone to join the "holy wars in Palestine," and how, in her dream, she vision of the battle-field, where in broods, and bird, and beast—

Have come to gorge
On the unburied dead. Rider and hor,
The lofty and the low, commingled lie
Unbreathing; and the balmy evening
Fittingly lifts the feathers on the crest
Of one who slumbers with his visor up

The "one" is her absent lover, and return she pines for; and when "untorn morn appears," and upon the wreath the "robin sings," with sound of trumpet, drum, and tramp of and steel, that "one," "Young Irid," returns, and like a faithful knight of those old steel-clad times—

Kneels at her feet in ecstasy,
And lifts her snowy fingers to his lip

"The Vision," "Reflections on the Brumal Scene," "The Silent To Margaret," "Afar, Oh Ladye away!" "Elegy composed on the death of Pinkie," "Stanzas on the Retirement of King Robert Bruce," "Snowy Eve," "The Wild Rose," together with "Sonnets on the Chief Lilies of Interest in Scotland," "Harold," and "Hymn to the West Wind," are the chief of these pieces.

We are thus particular in enumerating the early productions of Delta, in that the reader, curious in such matters, may note how the development of genius needs time as a primary element; not time only, but hard work, under the impulse of a set purpose, and with experience to cool the crude ardour of youthful enthusiasm. In the case of Delta the growth of a mind is beautifully marked in the steady improvement of a power which lurks in these early effusions, showing that

ing from a rich and virgin soil, yet the pruning of experience and art duce them to symmetrical proportion.

At these early pieces, however imperfect in themselves, compared with the latest productions of his pen, were the right vein, and soon became exceedingly popular. Hence Δ , the now, of which Moir was the subject, was soon looked for in the early issue of the Tory thunderer, with young people especially, the contributions soon became especial favourites. While popularity was growing of doors, Delta was slowly, but surely, gaining admission to the select literary circles of Edinburgh, and, though Mr. Blackwood, became personally acquainted with several of the leading writers of the magazine, and, among others, Professor Wilson. What on thought of the young poet, on first acquaintance with him, we are told, but the way in which the large-eyed wizard gains a mastery over the words of fine youths, is thus hit off by Mr. Aird. An essay is submitted to the professor, editor or friend, by a worthy young man. Mr. Wilson does not like it, and says so in general terms. The youth is not satisfied, and, in a tone of one rather injured, begs for specific faults. The generous arch, never dealing haughtily with anything worth, instantly sits down, and, by conveying, in the most fearful terms of praise, his sense of that; but, this done, woe be to the poor piece of prose, or "numerous lines." Down goes the scalpel with the minute savagery of dissection, the whole tissues and ramifications are laid naked and bare. The young man is astonished; but his sense is of the right sort; he never takes the lesson; and with bands of affection stronger than hooks of iron he is knit for life to the man who dealt with him thus. The severe reprimand was once done to Delta; he was a young man to profit by it, and his acquaintanceship with the professor gradually ripened into a friendship, which, though dissolved but at the grave's door.

Afterwards a friendship of a singular and lasting sort sprang up between Delta and Mr. Galt, the novelist, who lived at Eskgrove, in the immediate neighbourhood of Musselburgh.

They became united as brothers, and so great was the confidence reposed in Moir by Galt, that when hurried off to America before he could get his novel, the "Last of the Lairds," finished, he left his friend to write the concluding chapters, involving, of course, the winding up—that all-important part of a novel—and this task was completed in a manner so ingenious as to furnish the friends, when they met again, with a source of mirth almost inexhaustible.

It is often said the more a man does, the more he is able to do; and it is truly surprising what an amount of energy Delta displayed in literature at this time, when we consider that at the same time the harassing tasks of his professional life were never once neglected, but pursued with an increasing and increasing ardour. His medical practice extended, his friends increased in number, and the demands on his talent became more and more frequent. From the night journey in the hail or snow, or the long watch beside the bed of some poor recipient of his medical skill and tender heartedness, he would retire to his study and pen delicate ballads, familiar epistles, essays, sonnets, and seraphic hymns. Into *Blackwood* he poured all sorts of contributions, from grave verse down to mock-heroics, imitations, cockney love songs, puns, parodies, freaks, fantasies, and all other sorts of queer, quizzical and funny things; yet with no vulgarity, no wilful distortion of kindly feelings, but, ever true to nature and humanity, and with a clever sparkle which had no gall in it.

At the close of 1824, Delta published a selection of his contributions to the magazines, together with a few new pieces, in a volume, entitled, "A Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems." It was a misfortune or mistake at starting to give "The Legend of Genevieve" so much predominance in the title, for it is by no means one of his best productions, and much inferior to many other pieces in the book. "The Hymn to the Morn" and "Hymn to the Night Wind," are, perhaps, the finest in the book—gems in their way, both for lyrical sweetness and felicity of thought. The book did not sell, such books never do: in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred they are either sent after dark to some friendly cheesemonger who is so burnt up with a passion for

juvenile productions as to consume a whole edition himself, or else thrust in twos and threes upon reluctant friends and acquaintances, the majority of whom deem it a sufficient service to accept the volumes and consequently never pay for them. These luckily were not Delta's resources, and in the course of time an edition *was sold*, though the work never paid, a circumstance the more to be expected inasmuch as that he continued singing monthly in *Blackwood*, and of all such productions the public has an eccentric inkling to have them fresh and fresh, the productions of the past having little value until they can be reproduced under the shadow of a name which has by continuous outpourings, acquired extensive popularity.

In 1827, Delta enlarged his circle of friends and became acquainted with Thomas Aird, the strong-minded northerner, and also with Dr. Macnish, the well-known author of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness," the "Philosophy of Sleep," and other works; and, perhaps, still better known by his literary *nom-de-guerre*, "The Modern Pythagorean." Macnish's talent and sagacity and shrewdness, combined with the manliest simplicity and warm-heartedness, and the tags of oddity and fringes of whimsicality which hung all about the native movement of his mind, in the regions of the quaint and queer, made him a perfect delight to Delta; and they loved one another like brothers. An improved edition of "The Anatomy of Drunkenness" was dedicated to Moir.

In 1824, Delta commenced a tale in *Blackwood*, the title of which, "Mansie Wauch," needs only to be mentioned to bring a shower of refreshing memories over the majority of our readers. This soon became so popular in Scotland that clubs were formed where "Mansie" was read aloud to the eager ears of the cannie Scots, exploding with boisterous laughter. The tale was completed in 1827, and reprinted in a volume with some additions, in 1828, and is now a standard classic of humour, and among the very best of its kind. "Mansie Wauch" is a bold delineation of Scottish manners, filled up with scenes and characters truly national, yet of a class almost wholly untouched by either Scott or Burns. "What an excellent compound of conceit, cowardice, gossiping, silliness, pawkishness, candour, kindly affections, and good Christian

principle—the whole amalgam, with violent contrasts, with no gross exaggerations, beautifully blent down verisimilitude, presenting to us a hero, at once ludicrous and lovable. And how admirably in keeping with the central autobiographer are the characters and scenes which revolve about his needle. Totally different from the whole delineation from the broad, national characteristic, rough and hit off by Burns; but yet equal to nature, and thoroughly Scottish.

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Identified as he was with the conservative party, both by his avowed principles of church and state, and by his literary connections, it is somewhat surprising to find Delta breaking through restrictive rule, under the impulse of strong conviction, and, in 1831, being a zealous advocate of the Reform Bill.

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sent forth his "Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera," a masterly production, in which the doctrine of contagion was established in a manner at once clear and philosophical.

In the autumn of 1832, Delta attended the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, and visited Cheltenham and London. While in London, he sat to Maclise, for his portrait, which appeared in a full-length etching in "Frazer's Magazine." While in the south, he visited Coleridge, and lost himself, as Chalmers and Carlyle did also, in the theosophic infinitudes of the Highgate philosophy. But the chief object of his visit to London was to see his old friend Galt, who was now on the descending side of that perpetual see-saw, of which the lives of literary men mostly consist. "When we parted, seven years before," says Delta, "he was in the prime and vigour of manhood, his eye glowing with health and his step full of elasticity. Before me now sat the drooping figure of one old before his time, crippled in his movements, and evidently but half-resigned to this premature curtailment of his mental and bodily exertions." This is the old story of genius wasting under the bleak breath of bitter disappointment—a story too often told, not to be, alas! too true.

In 1833, Dr. Browne, Moir's senior partner, retired from business, and Moir succeeded him in the practice, with a junior partner. Under the new pressure of increased duties, his literary exercises were now a little abridged. Still he was active in many other things besides his medical practice. Municipal and general political affairs he still took an active interest in; and was so genuine a man of business, that into whatever committee he might happen to be elected, he was always appointed secretary. Among his friends he now numbered Thomas Hood, and Mr. Ritchie, the sculptor; while scores of young men in Musselburgh and Edinburgh, looked to him for counsel in life, and sought his friendly assistance in the realization of their schemes and projects. Ritchie was especially indebted to him for his warm-hearted services. Delta's efforts to assist him in his early career, must afford many pleasant memories to that now eminent sculptor.

Mr. Galt was now residing in Edinburgh, dying by inches; while Mr.

Blackwood was still more rapidly teneing away from the circle of friendships. Mr. Blackwood died in the autumn of 1834, and Delta was pointed one of his executors, as at the desire of Mr. Blackwood's who entertained the highest regard for Delta as an adviser and a guardian of Mr. Blackwood himself. In another friend perished, and the grave closed over the heart of the E. Shepherd. Next, William Mothe, author of "Jeannie Morrison," one of the most pathetic of ballads ever born, went the same night, and was closely followed by a friend, Michael Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," and the "C of the Midge," a man of extraordinary qualities, and as subtle, if not so a wizard, as his immortal name. Then again, on the 16th of Jan 1837, died Dr. Macnish, Delta's brother, "in the bloom of his far man who could not be known without being beloved, and whom Scotland well be proud to number among gifted children." To the memoir Macnish, Delta built an altar of collecting his fugitive pieces, and lishing them along with a well-written though partial, biography.

Death had thus thinned the rare his friends, and now the destroyer to his home and hearth, and the of 1838 found Delta and his wife ing the loss of two of their children. In the next year, another fine David Macbeth Moir, was cut "The desolation among my little said he, in a letter to his friend "has proved to me a very staggering blow." To complete this catalog of domestic sorrows, Mr. Galt died on 11th of April, 1839, and was buried in the new churchyard of Greenock. This friend Delta wrote a true memoir, tinged through with essence of his own fine friendship to him, yet darkened throughout by shadow of his heavy grief.

Looking at these events, who wonder that Delta's mind wore a of permanent sadness, which neither resources of literary study, nor a religious faith had power in dispelling. It is to the expression of this feeling his "Domestic Verses," published in 1843, are chiefly devoted. Seldom the history of literature, have the affections been so faithfully, yet

poetically portrayed. These are the tender translations of private feelings, in which we trace the predominance of a sanctified sorrow made still more touching by the fine religious earnestness which plays about their pleasing personalities. In the churchyard of Inveresk, there is a simple tombstone, bearing the name of three of Delta's children, Charles Bell, William Blackwood, and David Macbeth, all snatched away in infancy, one at the age of fifteen months, the other two at the respective ages of four years and four months, and four years and six months—to these all the poems in the volume, with the exception of the sonnets, bear reference. Here we have the pieces which have made Delta's name a "household word." The little gushes of home grief and parental affection which come home to the hearts of us all, because appealing to our common humanity, and reminding us continually of the little ones whom we most dearly love. Here are the dirges fresh from his grief-throbbing heart, rich in the fine music of his poet's nature, yet evidently wrung from him by the very intensity of his sorrow. Here is "Wee Willie," "Casa's Dirge," "To the Memory of D. M. M.," and that finest of all the Songs of the Domestic Afflictions, "Casa Wappy." To mention this is sufficient to call tears into thousands of eyes of those who have read it again and again, each time accepting it as the embodiment and expression of some sorrow of their own. While it has afforded consolation in the hour of keen pain to many a soul from whom death had snatched the dearest joy, it has knit them more closely with that beloved triangle which, for so many years, has stood mysteriously representing the sympathies of the fireside. Regarding "Casa Wappy" as the finest song of domestic affection in modern literature, we quote it here entire.

CASA WAPPY.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell,
When thou didst die.
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to the sight—
A type of heaven:
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
E'en less thy own self, than a part
Of thine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright brief day knew no decline—
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
That found thee prostrate in decay,
And ere a third shone clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow,
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnation'd bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictur'd wall,
Thy hat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball,
But where art thou?
A corner holds thy empty chair;
Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind black night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wall-flower and wild pea—
Are changed: we saw the world thro' thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem
An inward birth:
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thy evening prayer;
All day we miss thee—everywhere—
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below—
The silent tomb.

But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and "the busy bee."
Return; but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be—(while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours,
For aye remain:
Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave,
The grass renew'd should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery—Thought were woe—
And Truth a lie—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—virtue vain—
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O, dear best child!
With be us of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod
The sky-ward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, dearest boy,
That heaven is God's and thou art there,
With him in joy!
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that I and we dwell,
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And, dark however life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

In 1844, Delta suffered a slight abridgment of his usual robust health. With his usual disregard of self, and sensitive dislike to have the attention of strangers directed towards him, he had very inapparently sat a whole night in his wet clothes by the bed-side of a patient, and the illness which followed this, gave his nervous system a shock from which he never recovered.

A memorable day in Delta's life, the more memorable considering his fast growing fame as a poet, was that on which took place the Burns' festival, in 1841. Delta was invited, but he took no part in the proceedings, though he made amends by contributing to *Blackwood* a commemorative poem, entitled, "Stanzas for the Burns' Festival," which was the only composition he had produced during twelve months. These were "popular beyond any other thing that I have ever written," and were quickly reprinted in nearly every journal in the country.

A sore mishap befel Mr. Moir in the

beginning of the summer of 1846. He was on his way, with a small party of friends in a phaeton, to visit Borthwick Castle, when the horse took fright and ran off, and at last went smash with the vehicle over a low wall. The party were dashed out upon the ground. None of them, however, was much hurt, except Mr. Moir himself, who received a severe injury in one of his hip joints. It confined him for months and made him lame for life. His general health was impaired and his spirits depressed; but he bore up and resumed his laborious professional duties as speedily as possible. In November of the same year, he took an active share in the proceedings of the inaugural opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. Archbishop Whately, Professor Wilson, Professor Nicoll, Mr. Macaulay, and other distinguished men were present. Mr. Moir's part in the programme was to propose Mr. Macaulay's health. He was introduced to Macaulay in the course of the evening.

An excerpt from his correspondence at this time will throw considerable light on his character and domestic affairs. In a letter to his friend, Mrs. Alexander, he says—

"I am glad to say that all my little ones have been keeping remarkably well during this severe winter, as has also Mrs. Moir—whose inexhaustible attention and devotion to me, by night and by day, through three months of suffering and confinement to bed, make me humbly feel myself a poor creature in comparison. Elizabeth still continues to go three days weekly to Edinburgh, and has made very considerable advances in Italian, German, and French. She also draws well; and so pleased is her music teacher with her progress, that, to her consternation, he is publishing a set of Scottish airs with a dedication to his pupil. Robert is attending Greek, Latin, and mathematics, at college, and German with Dr. Nachot, and is going on very well. He must now turn his mind to the business of life. There is the Church, and medicine. I should almost like the fort for him, but fear his bent is towards the latter. He shall have his will. Catherine, Anne Mary, and Jane, are attending school. The first shows rather a musical bias, having of her own accord picked up some tunes on the piano. Anne Mary shows the same

devotion to reading; morning, noon, and night, nothing but a book—a book! Her health, however, is keeping good, and she is full of life and animation. The little Professor [John Wilson Moir] is healthy and strong; and Emily is running about, and chatting like a magpie: there is no truth in phrenology if she be deficient in the organ of language. So you see we are, taken in the lump, a very astonishing family!"

All Mr. Moir's children then alive are named in the foregoing quotation. Another son was born to him on the 5th of August following, and named Oswald. This was the last, making the eleventh, that blessed the poet's marriage! those who were prematurely cut off having, in the sanctities of sorrow, lent their due share in the blessing to father and mother; for

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

At the opening of the Glasgow Athenæum, at the close of 1847, Delta once more shook hands with his old friend Charles Dickens, who was the president of the evening. Among the speakers of the evening were Sheriff Alison, professors Aytoun and Gregory, Colonel Mure, of Caldwell, George Combe, Robert Chambers, and Delta. When the distinguished guests of the evening were proposed, Delta was enthusiastically called upon to reply; and, in a speech of graceful construction, and with a dash of that warm feeling which was a part of his nature, he paid a fine tribute to the intellect of his country, and to the peculiar national characteristics from which the greatness of Scotland has chiefly sprung.

Delta was a staunch churchman, and a zealous worker in the government of the Scottish church. In 1844 he was elected a member of the Kirk-session of Inveresk, and during the remainder of his life discharged the office with exemplary fidelity. In 1848, he was appointed to represent the burgh of Annan, in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and during the remainder of his life the office and honour were every succeeding year conferred upon him.

Soon after this, as we find from Mr. Moir's correspondence, his son Robert made choice of the medical profession, and commenced his curriculum at the Edinburgh University. There an unusual event transpired, which is thus

told:—"Last week, Mrs. Moir and I, after seven year's meditation on the subject, at length effected our escape from the trammels of home for two days and a half." The home birds did wonders in their short flight. They visited Penrith, Keswick, Derwentwater, Windermere, Kendall, Carlisle, Newcastle, and Berwick; saw the tomb of Southey, "from which we brought home with us grass and wild flowers." He was at this time engaged in preparing the single volume edition of Mrs. Hemans' works for the Messrs. Blackwood, for whom he prepared the edition in seven volumes, some years previously. Visiting and returning visits, prosecuting his professional calling with unabated zeal, despite his lameness and failing health, and still clinging to literature, as "a crutch," not "as a staff," we find him "gilding the pill of life" with that unalloyed metal of which true friendship is composed; still numbering among his friends the choicest spirits in the world of art and letters.

He was the man for friends—he could not only make but keep them. Towards the end of June, 1849, Delta took a June jaunt into the Highlands with professor Wilson, Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, and one or two other friends. Delta's health had been failing for some time, and the fresh air of the hills, and the excitement of trout-fishing brought him round again, so that he soon felt "again very much himself." The professor, true to his *alter ego*, Christopher, was in "great force, and up to the waist in water, day after day, for six or eight hours, fishing." Delta was happy "all the while, central in his double web of family ties! He had a strength round about him more than the munition of rocks."

Nothing of particular interest occurs till the spring of 1851, when Mr. Moir delivered his lectures on the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century, at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. He was, at this time, in a delicate state of health, his nerves much shaken, and his constitution impaired by his close application to professional labours, which left him but little leisure for home peace, and broke into the hours of his rest. His friends, who were aware of this, were not a little uneasy as to how he should get through his task, and were pleasantly disappointed to find that his strength increased as he pro-

needed, though still his power of popular delivery was not what it would have been had he had his usual health. Dr. Brown, the chemist, gives the following account of Delta's personal bearing in the delivery of these lectures:—"I accompanied Delta and the Directors of the Institution to the platform, on the occasion of his first lecture. His welcome, by one of the largest audiences ever gathered within the hall, was hearty and long drawn out, there being many present who loved the sight of a man so dear as the author of 'Casa Wappy,' and other familiar strains. Then the author of 'Mansie Wanch,' was an object of kindly interest to hundreds who had never seen him before. He read his lecture like a diffident person going through a manuscript work in a company of friends, without oratory, and without effect at all commensurate with the quiet eloquence of the written discourse. Yet there was a sweet and strong charm in the whole affair, the very spirit of good humour, simplicity, and manliness. It was the prelection of a true British poet and a British gentleman. At the same time, the identical discourse, nobly rendered by Wilson, would have told ten times as well. The passages his own manner was peculiarly suited to, were those of sly humour, which he gave with real zest, chuckling over them himself as he came upon them, and carrying the crowd away with him in his little whirlpools of laughter. He concluded, as he began, somewhat abruptly. In short, he showed himself not an orator, but a poet; always remembering that, as a poet, he could not fail to display himself in the secondary character of an eloquent judge of poetry. If this distinction had been borne in mind, his lectures would have been more satisfactory to those who demand too much of a man; and, as it was, they were highly popular with the majority."

From his correspondence we learn that letters, commendatory of his lectures, flowed in upon him for some time after their delivery, from Mr. Macaulay, Professor Wilson, Barry Cornwall, Charles Dickens, Thomas Aird, Professor Trench, George Gillan, and many others of his literary friends; while the lectures themselves, which were immediately published by Mr. Blackwood, soon attained to a second edition. His domestic affairs were even

more hopeful than ever; the local Mrs. Moir was improving; his Robert, was enjoying the appointment of house-surgeon to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and in a fair way to acquire the degree of M.D.; and other four girls and boys, as he himself says, were all getting on like plants, and forming a pleasant circle round the daily table—overflowing affection to their parents and to another.

In July, 1851, the last contribution of Delta, the "Lament of Selkirk," appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, making his three hundred and sixtieth article contributed to that journal. To mention the last contribution of any writer whose periodical appears through some favourite journal, bound us to him in the strongest bonds of sympathy with his nature at all times a gloomy task, and with mention of Delta's last effusion, we descend downwards, into the valley of shadow of death.

On Sabbath morning, June 2, 1851, Dr. Moir, in dismounting his horse at the door of a patient, accidentally hurt his weak limb, and himself a severe wrench in trying to save it. He suffered much pain returning home; nevertheless, he went to church in the afternoon, it being his turn to officiate as elder. On getting back to his house, he was obliged to go to bed. On Monday he ventured in his carriage to see a patient at 6 o'clock; his wife went with him. In returning home he spoke of his declining health in a desponding manner, and said, "Catherine, I am resigned to Almighty's will, whensoever it please Him to call me. I have been trying for some time past, to live one day as if it were to be my last." He grew worse, and was at last confined to bed, now pretty well and cheerful, shivering with heat, sick and faint, depressed in spirit. But he was strong in moral courage. A plate was to be presented to Mr. T. B. ridge, minister of Inveresk, by the people of his congregation, and it was named to deliver the address, in Town Hall, which he did in a admirable manner, for it was a task to his mind and heart. As his health did not improve, he set out on the 10th of July, with Mrs. Moir and his son, John Wilson, to try the effect

ing in parts, but like the generality of books, with shepherds and shepherdesses for heroes and heroines, it is tedious as a whole. This work contains six books, and was left unfinished.

The "Persiles y Sigismunda," a story of the North, the latest production of Cervantes, and the one which of all he loved the best, is a most wild and improbable romance, exceeding even in fantastic extravagance the tales of chivalry he had satirised so successfully in the "Don Quixote." Nevertheless, it is a model of elegance and perfect purity of style, and rich in flashes of genius, amid all its eccentricities, and, therefore, deserving well a place among the Spanish classics.

It remains to contemplate Cervantes as a dramatist and a poet. His fame as such rests entirely, we think, upon his two plays, the "Numantia," and "El Trato de Argel;" for they both contain higher flights of poetry than the "Viaje al Parnaso," or any other of his poetical attempts. He who has once read the "Journey to Parnassus," will not often revert to it again; but the dramas

contain some really fine passages. The "Numantia" celebrates the noble sentiment of patriotism. It is founded upon the story of the siege of that city, when the inhabitants rather than surrender to the Romans, perished amid the flames of their desolated homes.

"Life in Algiers" contains a vivid picture of the sufferings of the Christian captives in Moorish slavery, and was intended by the author as an excitement to the Spanish government to undertake active measures for the redemption of all such captives. We shall not attempt any analysis of these two dramas, that having been already so admirably done by M. Sismondi in his excellent work on the "Literature of the South of Europe."

And here we close our sketch of the life and writings of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; the brightest ornament that shines out amid Spanish literary records; a man of heroic soul, of fair and broad humanity, and of highest genius, of whom his country has, indeed, truest reason for pride and self-gratulation.

M. J. E.

DR. DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

(DELTA)

DR. DAVID MACBETH MOIR was born at Musselburgh, a sea-port town of Scotland, situated about six miles east of Edinburgh, on the 5th of January, 1798. His parents were respectable citizens. He was the second of four children, two of whom, Hugh Moir and Charles Moir, are still living. The father of this family died in 1817, the mother in 1842. The father of Dr. Moir was a man of high worth and established respectability; the mother was a woman of refined feeling and exalted intellect, who gave every encouragement to the mental growth of her children, and afforded them every possible facility for the acquisition of a knowledge of literature.

Young Moir received the first rudiments of his education at a small school in Musselburgh, from which he was removed to the grammar-school, and placed under the training of Mr. Taylor. Here he acquired a knowledge of the

Latin, Greek and French languages, besides making some progress in geometry and algebra. His boyhood was of a healthy sort, marked by no very striking features, yet full of that *bou-hommie* which the juvenile man invariably indulges in, when his elastic spirit is not broken by premature troubles. He was fond of innocent sports, and took a hearty share in the out-door games of boyhood. A warm, enthusiastic nature of a highly imaginative cast, always evinces itself in boyhood, in a love of green fields and athletic sports; and the remembrance, in after life, of these exciting scenes of pleasure, is a constant source of refreshment to the soul of a high-toned man. In his full manhood, Moir found it a peculiar pleasure to call to mind the "old lurking-places of hunt-the-hare;" and the "old fantastic beech-tree," from the boughs of which he and his companions suspended their swings. The

green bank where they played at leap-frog, or gathered dandelions for their tame rabbits; and the worm-eaten, weather-worn deal seat where they assembled on autumn evenings to tell the round of stories, wonderful traditions, household memories, and recitals of chivalric enterprise, were all to be noted, years afterwards, when the heart was capable of a new thrill, and could revert to the past with a tenderness which called forth tears. It is just in this sympathy with the simple and the true—this gush of feeling under the touch of memory's magic-wand—that we recognise the poet by nature, who is none the less a poet, though he never writes a line, because his very constitution is poetic.

At the age of thirteen, Moir was apprenticed to Dr. Stewart, a medical practitioner in Musselburgh, a man of considerable talent, who took his pupil under the influence of a love for him, rather than as a trick of business. He entered upon life thus early, and commenced his duties with a cheerful zeal; and, in a short time, so gained upon the confidence of his master, as to be regarded as a personal friend.

"Business first, literary recreation next, and poetry the prince of it; such was the key-note on which Moir pitched his life and kept it to the end." His first poetical attempt bears the date of 1812, when he was in his fifteenth year. Like most juvenile attempts, this was only "good considering" certainly not worthy of preservation. Soon afterwards, he contrived to get two short prose essays into the "Cheap Magazine," a small Haddington publication. The anxieties connected with this his "first appearance in print," recalls to the mind the anecdote told by Dickens, of his mysterious dropping of a sealed packet into a dark letter-box in Fleet-street, and then hovering near the office, on publishing day, to catch the tidings of its fate. Moir used to relate how, burnt up with eager impatience, he shot out into the streets of Musselburgh to await the coach which brought the magazine from Haddington, and then and there found himself a veritable published author. As his apprenticeship wore out, he began his attendance at Edinburgh College. Every Monday he walked up to his classes, and returned home on Saturday night, to spend the Sabbath in the family circle.

During the week he lodged in a small room in Shakspeare-square. His days were spent in hard work at the theatre of the college, or in the various classes; his evenings at Carfrae's sale-rooms, where he staked his last shilling against all comers in a fierce bidding for a choice book. On Saturday night he exhibited his purchases to his friends, and indulged in a few harmless speculations as to how many volumes it requires to form a library, and how many years to purchase it at an expenditure of five shillings a week. Now and then he indulged himself with a visit to the theatre, to see the performances of Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neill, John Kemble, or Edmund Kean.

His apprenticeship concluded, he got his diploma as a surgeon in the spring of 1816, when he was only eighteen years of age. A long-cherished notion with him had been to enter the army; but the battle of Waterloo had so altered the state of military affairs, that this purpose was abandoned. He accordingly returned home from Edinburgh, and spent the summer in literary pursuits, contributing to the "Scot's Magazine," and taking an active part in a debating-club, called the "Musselburgh Forum." Of this society he was secretary, and so respected was he for his zeal in serving the society, that the members, at the close of their session, voted him a silver medal, suitably inscribed. It is a suggestive fact, that the greater part of our men of letters have gained their earliest experiences in connection with debating-clubs. Towards the end of this same year, he ventured on the publication of a volume, entitled, "The Bombardment of Algiers, and Other Poems," the edition of which was wholly consumed by his friends. Mr. Aird speaks of this as a "performance not without promise;" an expression to be accepted as the most gentle mode of describing a failure; and of all dull books this is a dull one indeed.

In 1817, young Moir—then only nineteen years of age—entered into partnership with Dr. Brown, of Musselburgh, who had an extensive and lucrative practice, in the town and suburbs. Moir's father was just dead, and his mother was left dependent on her son. The duties of this new position found him prepared to meet them, and filial love usurped the mastery of his large heart.

"Many a time," says his brother

Charles, "have I heard my mother, who was a woman of a strong mind, record with a tearful eye the struggles of that period, and the noble bearing of her son David, who carried her successfully through all her difficulties."

But now he began to cultivate his literary talents with an assiduity which matched well with his steadfastness of aim and character. He read diligently in the brief intervals which his hard professional tasks afforded him; and with a wonderful facility of expression, he wrote off with great ease any idea which had occurred to him during the prosecution of his duties. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Pringle, author of the "Autumnal Excursions," and one of the editors of "Constable's Edinburgh Magazine," to which journal Moir became a frequent contributor. This mixture of business and literature taxed his powers to the utmost, and for the small pinch of attic salt he had to pay some heavy penalties. "When the duties of the day were over," says his brother Charles, "and it was always nine or ten o'clock in the evening before he could count on that—after supper the candle was lighted in his bed-room, and the work of the desk began. Having shared the same room with him for many years in my early life, the routine of those nights is as fresh in my mind as if it had been but yesterday. With that loving-kindness of heart, and that tender care for others, which was the distinguishing feature of his character, he used to persuade me to retire to rest; and many a time have I awoke, when the night was far spent, and wondered to find him still at his books and pen."

Under these circumstances did Moir pass his youth, and enter on the cares of manhood. No pale student was he, "wasting his soul in thin ballads," but a right hearty Scot, robust in constitution, and with a strong tendency to athletic sports and amusements. Most of our youths are sentimental from a deficiency of manly feeling, or, alas! a deficiency of brains; but your true man, who is to do something in his lifetime, and "leave the print of his heel on the earth," affects no paleness of the countenance, no paradoxical mysticism in conversation, and if he sighs or sheds a tear, it is not advertised like the prayer of the Pharisee, but endured in secret like the sincere emotions of the publican. Moir was just of this frank,

open school; very prone to common sense, and quite conscious that he had a body. "I am far from delicate," he says in a letter to Dr. Macnish, in 1828. "I have not been confined fourteen days to bed, for the last twenty years—a pretty good sign that my constitution is not naturally a very tender one. So far from it. I am much more known in the town of Musselburgh, among the *pro-funum vulgus*, for my gymnastic proficiency than for any mental capabilities, and many could give evidence to my prowess in leaping, running, swimming, and skating; whoever dreamt that I penned a sonnet when I should engross?"

Yet in spite of this vigour of frame he possessed a nervous system tremblingly delicate, and most strictly in harmony with the sensitiveness of his polished mind. His adolescence was marked by bashfulness, arising from nervous excitement, which it required many years' rough battling with the world to eradicate, and for which, indeed, there is no other remedy. It was under the influence of this strange feeling—certainly under a morbid influence of some kind or other, the consequence, doubtless, of over-excitement of the brain—that he wrote those early pieces of verse, in which the prevailing sentiment is melancholy, and regret for the past. These breathings of melodious sadness were, however, by no means peculiar to his youth, for all through, his poetry is tinged with the same expression, and in such a way as to prove that had he given himself up to meditations in the closet, he would have become a confirmed victim of hypochondriasis, instead of, as he was, one of the heartiest of men, and healthiest of writers.

The series of poems originally published, under the general appellation of "Moods of the Mind," indicate by their general particular titles the peculiar sensibility from which they sprang; each poem being the representative of a "Mood," and that mood usually of the gloomy sort. Of these "Despondency, a Reverie," "The Isle of Despair," "The Cypress Tree," "Midnight Wanderings," and "Reflections on a Ruined Abbey," are suggestive enough on their bare enumeration, and strikingly illustrate how a character of the most practical turn may grow out of a purely contemplative and melancholy nature,

under the stern schooling which contact with the world affords.

It is at this point that we get into the pith and marrow of Moir's life, which was one of hard work from this hour forward. From 1817 to 1828, he never slept a night out of Musselburgh, but from day to day, and from night to night, discharged the heavy duties of his medical practice, with a manful assiduity, and a Christian kindness, such as form the chief elements in our beau ideal of a medical man. Yet, between the laborious morning and evening visits, and the frequent jingling of the "night-bell"—that brass-tongued ogre of the doctor's pillow—he stole a few intervals of rest for the cultivation of his literary powers, and now he steps into the bold arena of "Blackwood's Magazine," a sufficient honour in itself for the most enthusiastic ambition.

A manuscript magazine, projected by Moir, and mainly kept up by himself, had brought him a little fame in Musselburgh, and, what is more, had afforded him a field for practice, and emboldened by the success of his contributions to this very local serial, he sent in some pieces to *Magazine*, then plethoric with young blood, and pulsing with life and jollity. Mr. Blackwood was a man of rare sagacity, and he appreciated and encouraged the new contributor.

The pieces contributed were often of the most opposite kind, drab colour to-day, harlequin's spangles to-morrow, and anon, the painted drollery of the red-lipped clown, shaking you from head to foot with laughter at his drollery. "The Eve of St. Jerry," "The Ancient Waggoner," and others of the same rollicking cast, were let off in company with sweet, tender strains, filled with plaintive melody, like touches of flute music, or the cooing of ring-doves. It is strange, though true, that although these various contributions were sent anonymously—the touches of humour being attributed by the public to Maginn—yet Mr. Blackwood scented out their identity, and saw in the queer song and the "plaintive pleading of regret," the diverse efforts of the same hand.

The first of his pieces to which the renowned *Δ* was attached, and to which he owed his popular cognomen of Delta, was "The Covenantant's Heather Bed," a poem of considerable merit, the idea

of which is taken from the picture representing the temptations of St. Anthony, and adapted to the situation and clothed in the images supplied by Scottish Puritanism. This poem was published in 1819, when Delta was twenty-one, and is a performance rich in promise. The poems just referred to, "Moods of the Mind," follow this, and, simultaneous with these, a series of Biblical sketches, comprising, "Elijah," "The Casting forth of Jordan," and "The Vision of Zechariah." Following these were some miscellaneous pieces, "Emma, a Tale," in sound blank verse—setting forth how a maiden, "all forlorn," dreams of her lover, who has gone to join the "holy wars in Palestine," and how, in her dream, she has a vision of the battle-field, where night-broods, and bird, and beast—

Have come to gorge
On the unburied dead. Rider and horse,
The lofty and the low, scumpled lie,
Unbreathing; and the balmy evening gale
Fidfully lifts the feathers on the crest
Of one who slumbers with his visor up.

The "one," is her absent lover, whose return she pines for; and when "radiant morn appears," and upon the "ivy wreath" the "robin sings," with sound of trumpet, drum, and tramp of men and steed, that "one," "Young Ethelrid," returns, and like a faithful knight of those old steel-clad times—

Kneels at her feet in courtesy,
And lifts her snowy fingers to his lips.

"The Vision," "Reflections on a Brumal Scene," "The Silent Eve," "To Margaret," "Afar, Oh Ladye Fair, away!" "Elegy composed on the Field of Pinkie," "Stanzas on the Re-Interment of King Robert Bruce," "The Snowy Eve," "The Wild Rose," together with "Sonnet on the Chief Localities of Interest in Scotland," "Sir Harold," and "Hymn to the Night Wind," are the chief of these early pieces.

We are thus particular in enumerating the early productions of Delta, in order that the reader, curious in such matters, may note how the development of genius needs time as a primary element; and not time only, but hard work, under the impulse of a set purpose, and with experience to cool the crude ardour of youthful enthusiasm. In the case of Delta the growth of a mind is most beautifully marked in the steady improvement of a power which lurks under these early effusions, showing that they

g from a rich and virgin soil, yet the pruning of experience and art lue them to symmetrical propor-

t these early pieces, however imet in themselves, compared with test productions of his pen, were ie right vein, and soon became dingly popular. Hence Δ, the w, of which Moir was the sube, was soon looked for in the hly issue of the Tory thunderer, with young people especially, the ibutions soon became especial fates. While popularity was growing of doors, Delta was slowly, but r, gaining admission to the select ry circles of Edinburgh, and, gh Mr. Blackwood, became perly acquainted with several of the g writers of the magazine, and, g others, Professor Wilson. What n thought of the young poet, on est acquaintance with him, we are ld, but the way in which the large- ad wizard gains a mastery over eds of fine youths, is thus hit off r. Aird. An essay is submitted to s professor, editor or friend, by worthy young man. Mr. Wilson ot like it, and says so in general. The youth is not satisfied, and, : tone of one rather injured, begs ow specific faults. The generous rch, never dealing haughtily with ng worth, instantly sits down, and s by conveying, in the most fear- erns of praise, his sense of that ; but, this done, woo be to the ss piece of prose, or "numerous " Down goes the scalpel with the minute savagery of dissection, ne whole tissues and ramifications lt are laid naked and bare. The ; man is astonished; but his is of the right sort; he never s the lesson; and with bands of affection stronger than hooks of he is knit for life to the man who cult with him thus. The severo o was once done to Delta; he was ung man to profit by it, and his intanceship with the professor ually ripened into a friendship, be dissolved but at the grave's ."

n afterwards a friendship of a sin- nd lasting sort sprang up between and Mr. Galt, the novelist, who to live at Eskgrove, in the im- neighbourhood of Musselburgh.

They became united as brothers, and so great was the confidence reposed in Moir by Galt, that when hurried off to America before he could get his novel, the "Last of the Laids," finished, he left his friend to write the concluding chapters, involving, of course, the wind- ing up—that all-important part of a novel—and this task was completed in a manner so ingenious as to furnish the friends, when they met again, with a source of mirth almost inexhaustible.

It is often said the more a man does, the more he is able to do; and it is truly surprising what an amount of energy Delta displayed in literature at this time, when we consider that at the same time the harassing tasks of his professional life were never once neglected, but pursued with an increasing and increasing ardour. His medical practice extended, his friends increased in number, and the demands on his talent became more and more frequent. From the night journey in the hail or snow, or the long watch beside the bed of some poor recipient of his medical skill and tender heartedness, he would retire to his study and pen delicate ballads, familiar epistles, essays, sonnets, and seraphic hymns. Into *Blackwood* he poured all sorts of contributions, from grave verse down to mock-heroics, imitations, cockney love songs, puns, parodies, freaks, fantasies, and all other sorts of queer, quizzical and funny things; yet with no vulgarity, no wilful distortion of kindly feelings, but, ever true to nature and humanity, and with a clever sparkle which had no gall in it.

At the close of 1824, Delta published a selection of his contributions to the magazines, together with a few new pieces, in a volume, entitled, "A Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems." It was a misfortune or mistake at starting to give "The Legend of Genevieve" so much predominance in the title, for it is by no means one of his best productions, and much inferior to many other pieces in the book. "The Hymn to the Morn" and "Hymn to the Night Wind," are, perhaps, the finest in the book—gems in their way, both for lyrical sweetness and felicity of thought. The book did not sell, such books never do: in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred they are either sent after dark to some friendly checcsomonger who is so burnt up with a passion for

juvenile productions as to consume a whole edition himself, or else thrust in twos and threes upon reluctant friends and acquaintances, the majority of whom deem it a sufficient service to accept the volumes and consequently never pay for them. These luckily were not Delta's resources, and in the course of time an edition *was* sold, though the work never paid, a circumstance the more to be expected inasmuch as that he continued singing monthly in *Blackwood*, and of all such productions the public has an eccentric liking to have them fresh and fresh, the productions of the past having little value until they can be reproduced under the shadow of a name which has by continuous outpourings, acquired extensive popularity.

In 1827, Delta enlarged his circle of friends and became acquainted with Thomas Aird, the strong-minded northerner, and also with Dr. Maenish, the well-known author of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness," the "Philosophy of Sleep," and other works; and, perhaps, still better known by his literary *nom-de-guerre*, "The Modern Pythagorean." Maenish's talent and sagacity and shrewdness, combined with the manliest simplicity and warm-heartedness, and the tags of oddity and fringes of whimsicality which hung all about the native movement of his mind, in the regions of the quaint and queer, made him a perfect delight to Delta; and they loved one another like brothers. An improved edition of "The Anatomy of Drunkenness" was dedicated to Moir.

In 1824, Delta commenced a tale in *Blackwood*, the title of which, "Mansie Wauch," needs only to be mentioned to bring a shower of refreshing memories over the majority of our readers. This soon became so popular in Scotland that clubs were formed where "Mansie" was read aloud to the eager ears of the cannie Scots, exploding with boisterous laughter. The tale was completed in 1827, and reprinted in a volume with some additions, in 1828, and is now a standard classic of humour, and among the very best of its kind. "Mansie Wauch" is a bold delineation of Scottish manners, filled up with scenes and characters truly national, yet of a class almost wholly untouched by either Scott or Burns. "What an excellent compound of conceit, cowardice, gossiping, silliness, pawkishness, candour, kindly affections, and good Christian

principle—the whole amalgam, with no violent contrasts, with no gross exaggerations, beautifully blent down into verisimilitude, presenting to us a unique hero, at once ludicrous and lovable. And how admirably in keeping with the central autobiographer are the characters and scenes which revolve around his needle. Totally different is the whole delineation from the broad, strong, national characteristic, rough and ready, hit off by Burns; but yet equally true to nature, and thoroughly Scottish."

Temperate in living, cheerful in temper, and ever watchful of his moral and religious responsibilities, Delta pursued his course of healing the bodies of the sick and cheering the minds of the healthy, with few events to turn him aside from his steady course till March, 1829, when he threw himself into the thick of the extreme Protestant movement against Catholic emancipation. In this he was not merely a zealous protestant, he was a confirmed bigot, blinded by prejudice to the reasonable pleadings of the Romanists in favour of religious liberty. To this school he adhered to the last, a fact the more to be regretted because his religious sentiments, apart from sectarian considerations, were exalted in spirit, and practical in aim, and characterized by that earnestness and devotion which the Protestant faith in cultivated minds so pre-eminently encourages.

Among the miscellaneous entries in his journals and correspondence is one dated June 23rd, 1828, which bears on his history in an interesting manner. He says, in a letter to Maenish, "I am not aware that I am much given up to superstitious feelings; but it is not a little curious that, when I awoke last new-year's morning, it was strongly impressed upon my heart that this was to be the most eventful year of my life—in what shape, of course, I could not decipher; but either for joy or woe." His new year's dream was fulfilled, for he fell in love that year, and that is, next to conversion, the greatest event which can befall any man in the course of his life-time. On the 8th of June, 1829, Dr. Moir was married at Carham church, Northumberland, to Miss Catherine E. Bell, of Leith. It was a marriage of hearts as of hands; and besides faith and affection, Delta found in his wife that essential element in the domestic happiness of a man of letters, a sym-

pathy with his literary habits, tastes and ambition.

Moir and Macnisch were now linked hand in hand in literary projects and labours. Magazines, Reviews and Annuals were flooded by them with sparkling or graceful contributions: and the two lagged on, strong in heart and health, and stronger still in hope. For the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, Delta had performed so many services that a presentation of plate was determined on by the proprietors, and in July, 1829, he became the joyful possessor of this note of admiration.

In April, 1830, Dr. Bowring being in Edinburgh, paid Moir a visit as a brother poet. On the 6th of the same month he became a father, and accepted cheerfully from Mrs. Moir the presentation of a daughter; and about the same time sat for his bust to Mr. Ritchie, the sculptor, then a young man full of promise. In 1830, he edited "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a collection of the posthumous papers of Alexander Balfour, who had long been a friend of Delta's, and of whom he wrote a life, and prefixed it to the volume, which was published for the benefit of Mr. Balfour's family.

Identified as he was with the conservative party, both by his avowed principles of church and state, and by his literary connections, it is somewhat pleasing to find Delta breaking through prescriptive rule, under the impulse of a strong conviction, and, in 1831, becoming a zealous advocate of the Reform Bill. In a letter to Macnisch, he thus explains himself—"You have become a Reformer, have you? Well, so have I; and not only that, but secretary to the Reform committee, in which capacity I have had correspondence with Jeffrey and Lord Rosebery. We were last night brilliantly illuminated, and all went off as smuck and smooth as a Quaker Meeting. It is absurd to deny the necessity of reform, when a House of Commons could pass a detestable Catholic Bill, against the constitution of the country, and the petitions of nineteen-twentieths of its inhabitants; it was quite time that an end should be put to such a delusive mockery of representation." Here the keynote is catholicism, which it is plain enough he not merely hated as a thing of error, but opposed with a spirit of intolerance which would have denied to

every papist the civil rights of a citizen.

In May, 1831, he appeared before the public in a new light, as the author of "Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine," a work, as he himself tells us, undertaken at the suggestion of his friend Galt. The work, as it stands, is only a history of the medical science of the ancients; the projected volumes, bringing down the history to the present time, were never written.

The year 1832 brought the cholera to Musselburgh. This town was the first point of its attack in Scotland, and in the month of January, it broke out with mortal virulence. Moir was one of the first to go forth in this season of danger and trial; and with unflinching courage and sleepless zeal he faced the new foe with the armaments of his medical skill. And here we meet with one of the most pleasing evidences of the strength and soundness of his character, in that, while he gave so much of his attention to the culture of letters, he never sacrificed the interests of his profession; but, on the contrary, attained to a perfection of skill in this, as simultaneously with it, he attained such high perfection in "the accomplishment of verse." Day after day is the adage repeated and applied to secular things, that "a man cannot serve two masters;" and it is an established rule to doubt the medical capabilities of a literary physician. Moir, however, was one of the few literary physicians who never suffered under the smart of this article of the popular faith; for, so far from neglecting his vocation, in order to cultivate his hobby, he never ceased to improve his knowledge and extend his practice of medicine, so as to merit the large confidence which was always reposed in him. As far as serving two masters, then, it depends very much on the capabilities of the man, a point which biography would never be slow in proving.

Moir was medical secretary of the Board of Health, at Musselburgh, and hence, the extra pressure of a cholera season fell doubly on him; and to answer collectively the numerous inquiries from all parts of the country, as to the prevention and treatment of the malady, he hurriedly threw together his "Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera," which flew through the country like wildfire, and came to a second edition in a few days. To follow this, he

sent forth his "Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera," a masterly production, in which the doctrine of contagion was established in a manner at once clear and philosophical.

In the autumn of 1832, Delta attended the meeting of the British Association at Oxford, and visited Cheltenham and London. While in London, he sat to MacIise, for his portrait, which appeared in a full-length etching in "Frazer's Magazine." While in the south, he visited Coleridge, and lost himself, as Chalmers and Carlyle did also, in the theosophic infinitudes of the Highgate philosophy. But the chief object of his visit to London was to see his old friend Galt, who was now on the descending side of that perpetual see-saw, of which the lives of literary men mostly consist. "When we parted, seven years before," says Delta, "he was in the prime and vigour of manhood, his eye glowing with health and his step full of elasticity. Before me now sat the drooping figure of one old before his time, crippled in his movements, and evidently but half-resigned to this premature curtailment of his mental and bodily exertions." This is the old story of genius wasting under the bleak breath of bitter disappointment—a story too often told, not to be, alas! too true.

In 1833, Dr. Browne, Moir's senior partner, retired from business, and Moir succeeded him in the practice, with a junior partner. Under the new pressure of increased duties, his literary exercises were now a little abridged. Still he was active in many other things besides his medical practice. Municipal and general political affairs he still took an active interest in; and was so genuine a man of business, that into whatever committee he might happen to be elected, he was always appointed secretary. Among his friends he now numbered Thomas Hood, and Mr. Ritchie, the sculptor; while scores of young men in Musselburgh and Edinburgh, looked to him for counsel in life, and sought his friendly assistance in the realization of their schemes and projects. Ritchie was especially indebted to him for his warm-hearted services. Delta's efforts to assist him in his early career, must afford many pleasant memories to that now eminent sculptor.

Mr. Galt was now residing in Edinburgh, dying by inches; while Mr.

Blackwood was still more rapidly hastening away from the circle of earthly friendships. Mr. Blackwood died in the autumn of 1834, and Delta was appointed one of his executors, as much at the desire of Mr. Blackwood's sons, who entertained the highest regard for Delta, as an advisor and a guardian, as of Mr. Blackwood himself. In 1835, another friend perished, and the green grave closed over the heart of the Ettrick Shepherd. Next, William Motherwell, author of "Jeannie Morrison," and one of the most pathetic of ballad writers ever born, went the same night-journey, and was closely followed by another friend, Michael Scott, the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," and the "Cruise of the Midge," a man of extraordinary qualities, and as subtle, if not so large a wizard, as his immortal namesake. Then again, on the 16th of January, 1837, died Dr. Macnish, Delta's almost brother, "in the bloom of his fame; a man who could not be known without being beloved, and whom Scotland may well be proud to number among her gifted children." To the memory of Macnish, Delta built an altar of love by collecting his fugitive pieces, and publishing them along with a well-written, though partial, biography.

Death had thus thinned the ranks of his friends, and now the destroyer came to his home and hearth, and the spring of 1838 found Delta and his wife weeping the loss of two of their children. In the next year, another fine boy, David Macbeth Moir, was cut off. "The desolation among my little ones," said he, in a letter to his friend Aird, "has proved to me a very staggering blow." To complete this catalogue of domestic sorrows, Mr. Galt died on the 11th of April, 1839, and was buried in the new churchyard of Greenock. Of this friend Delta wrote a truthful memoir, tinctured through with the essence of his own fine friendship for him, yet darkened throughout by the shadow of his heavy grief.

Looking at these events, who is to wonder that Delta's mind wore a tone of permanent sadness, which neither the resources of literary study, nor strong religious faith had power in dispelling. It is to the expression of this feeling that his "Domestic Verses," published in 1843, are chiefly devoted. Seldom, in the history of literature, have the home affections been so faithfully, yet so

poetically portrayed. These are the tender translations of private feelings, in which we trace the predominance of a sanctified sorrow made still more touching by the fine religious earnestness which plays about their pleasing personalities. In the churchyard of Invernesk, there is a simple tombstone, bearing the name of three of Delta's children, Charles Bell, William Blackwood, and David Macbeth, all snatched away in infancy, one at the age of fifteen months, the other two at the respective ages of four years and four months, and four years and six months—to these all the poems in the volume, with the exception of the sonnets, bear reference. Here we have the pieces which have made Delta's name a "household word." The little gushes of home grief and parental affection which come home to the hearts of us all, because appealing to our common humanity, and reminding us continually of the little ones whom we most dearly love. Here are the dirges fresh from his grief-throbbing heart, rich in the fine music of his poet's nature, yet evidently wrung from him by the very intensity of his sorrow. Here is "Wee Willie," "Casa's Dirge," "To the Memory of D. M. M.," and that finest of all the Songs of the Domestic Afflictions, "Casa Wappy." To mention this is sufficient to call tears into thousands of eyes of those who have read it again and again, each time accepting it as the embodiment and expression of some sorrow of their own. While it has afforded consolation in the hour of keen pain to many a soul from whom death had snatched the dearest joy, it has knit them more closely with that beloved triangle which, for so many years, has stood mysteriously representing the sympathies of the fireside. Regarding "Casa Wappy" as the finest song of domestic affection in modern literature, we quote it here entire.

CASA WAPPY.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death, as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
Even by its bliss we mete our dourth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell,
When thou didst die.
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to the sight—
A type of heaven:
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thy own self, than a part
Of thine, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright brief day know no decline—
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
That found thee prostrate in decay,
And ere a third shone clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Not think'st thou small'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow,
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpl'd cheek carnation'd bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictur'd wall,
Thy bed, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball,
But where art thou?
A corner holds thy empty chair;
Thy playthings jily scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind black night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—in the wall-flower and wild pea—
Are changed: we saw the world thro' thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem
An inward birth:
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thy evening prayer;
All day we miss thee—everywhere—
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below—
The silent tomb.

But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and "the busy bee"
Return; but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be—(while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours,
For aye remain:
Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave,
The grass renew'd should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery—Thought were woe—
And Truth a lie—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—virtue vain—
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O, dear lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod
The sky-ward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, dearest boy,
That heaven is God's and thou art there,
With him in joy!
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart,
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And, dark how'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

In 1844, Delta suffered a slight abridgment of his usual robust health. With his usual disregard of self, and sensitive dislike to have the attention of strangers directed towards him, he had very imprudently sat a whole night in his wet clothes by the bed-side of a patient, and the illness which followed this, gave his nervous system a shock from which he never recovered.

A memorable day in Delta's life, the more memorable considering his fast growing fame as a poet, was that on which took place the Burns' festival, in 1844. Delta was invited, but he took no part in the proceedings, though he made amends by contributing to *Blackwood* a commemorative poem, entitled, "Stanzas for the Burns' Festival," which was the only composition he had produced during twelve months. These were "popular beyond any other thing that I have ever written," and were quickly reprinted in nearly every journal in the country.

A sore mishap befel Mr. Moir in the

beginning of the summer of 1846. He was on his way, with a small party of friends in a phaeton, to visit Borthwick Castle, when the horse took fright and ran off, and at last went smash with the vehicle over a low wall. The party were dashed out upon the ground. None of them, however, was much hurt, except Mr. Moir himself, who received a severe injury in one of his hip joints. It confined him for months and made him lame for life. His general health was impaired and his spirits depressed; but he bore up and resumed his laborious professional duties as speedily as possible. In November of the same year, he took an active share in the proceedings of the inaugural opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. Archbishop Whately, Professor Wilson, Professor Nicoll, Mr. Macaulay, and other distinguished men were present. Mr. Moir's part in the programme was to propose Mr. Macaulay's health. He was introduced to Macaulay in the course of the evening.

An excerpt from his correspondence at this time will throw considerable light on his character and domestic affairs. In a letter to his friend, Mrs. Alexander, he says—

"I am glad to say that all my little ones have been keeping remarkably well during this severe winter, as has also Mrs. Moir—whose inexhaustible attention and devotion to me, by night and by day, through three months of suffering and confinement to bed, make me humbly feel myself a poor creature in comparison. Elizabeth still continues to go three days weekly to Edinburgh, and has made very considerable advances in Italian, German, and French. She also draws well; and so pleased is her music teacher with her progress, that, to her consternation, he is publishing a set of Scottish airs with a dedication to his pupil. Robert is attending Greek, Latin, and mathematics, at college, and German with Dr. Nachot, and is going on very well. He must soon now turn his mind to the business of life. There is the Church, and medicine. I should almost like the former for him, but fear his bent is towards the latter. He shall have his will. Catherine, Anne Mary, and Jane, are all attending school. The first shows rather a musical bias, having of her own accord picked up some tunes on the piano. Anne Mary shows the same

devotion to reading; morning, noon, and night, nothing but a book—a book! Her health, however, is keeping good, and she is full of life and animation. The little Professor (John Wilson Moir) is healthy and strong; and Emily is running about, and chatting like a magpie: there is no truth in phrenology if she be deficient in the organ of language. So you see we are, taken in the lump, a very astonishing family!"

All Mr. Moir's children then alive are named in the foregoing quotation. Another son was born to him on the 6th of August following, and named Oswald. This was the last, making the eleventh, that blessed the poet's marriage! those who were prematurely cut off having, in the sanctities of sorrow, lent their due share in the blessing to father and mother; for

"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

At the opening of the Glasgow Athenæum, at the close of 1845, Delta once more shook hands with his old friend Charles Dickens, who was the president of the evening. Among the speakers of the evening were Sheriff Alison, professors Aytoun and Gregory, Colonel Mure, of Caldwell, George Combe, Robert Chambers, and Delta. When the distinguished guests of the evening were proposed, Delta was enthusiastically called upon to reply; and, in a speech of graceful construction, and with a dash of that warm feeling which was a part of his nature, he paid a fine tribute to the intellect of his country, and to the peculiar national characteristics from which the greatness of Scotland has chiefly sprung.

Delta was a staunch churchman, and a zealous worker in the government of the Scottish church. In 1841 he was elected a member of the Kirk session of Inverkeithing, and during the remainder of his life discharged the office with exemplary fidelity. In 1849, he was appointed to represent the burgh of Annan, in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and during the remainder of his life the office and honour were every succeeding year conferred upon him.

Soon after this, as we find from Mr. Moir's correspondence, his son Robert made choice of the medical profession, and commenced his curriculum at the Edinburgh University. There an unusual event transpired, which is thus

told:—"Last week, Mrs. Moir and I, after seven year's meditation on the subject, at length effected our escape from the trammels of home for two days and a half." The home birds did wonders in their short flight. They visited Penrith, Keswick, Derwentwater, Windermere, Kendal, Carlisle, Newcastle, and Berwick; saw the tomb of Southey, "from which we brought home with us grass and wild flowers." He was at this time engaged in preparing the single volume edition of Mrs. Hemans' works for the Messrs. Blackwood, for whom he prepared the edition in seven volumes, some years previously. Visiting and returning visits, prosecuting his professional calling with unabated zeal, despite his lameness and failing health, and still clinging to literature, as "a crutch," not "as a staff," we find him "gilding the pill of life" with that unalloyed metal of which true friendship is composed; still numbering among his friends the choicest spirits in the world of art and letters.

He was the man for friends—he could not only make but keep them. Towards the end of June, 1849, Delta took a June jaunt into the Highlands with professor Wilson, Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, and one or two other friends. Delta's health had been failing for some time, and the fresh air of the hills, and the excitement of trout-fishing brought him round again, so that he soon felt "again very much himself." The professor, true to his *alter ego*, Christopher, was in "great force, and up to the waist in water, day after day, for six or eight hours, fishing." Delta was happy "all the while, central in his double web of family ties! He had a strength round about him more than the munition of rocks."

Nothing of particular interest occurs till the spring of 1851, when Mr. Moir delivered his lectures on the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century, at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. He was, at this time, in a delicate state of health, his nerves much shaken, and his constitution impaired by his close application to professional labours, which left him but little leisure for home peace, and broke into the hours of his rest. His friends, who were aware of this, were not a little uneasy as to how he should get through his task, and were pleasantly disappointed to find that his strength increased as he pro-

ceeded, though still his power of popular delivery was not what it would have been had he had his usual health. Dr. Brown, the chemist, gives the following account of Delta's personal bearing in the delivery of these lectures:—"I accompanied Delta and the Directors of the Institution to the platform, on the occasion of his first lecture. His welcome, by one of the largest audiences ever gathered within the hall, was hearty and long drawn out, there being many present who loved the sight of a man so dear as the author of 'Casa Wappy,' and other familiar strains. Then the author of 'Mansie Wanch,' was an object of kindly interest to hundreds who had never seen him before. He read his lecture like a diffident person going through a manuscript work in a company of friends, without oratory, and without effect at all commensurate with the quiet eloquence of the written discourse. Yet there was a sweet and strong charm in the whole affair, the very spirit of good humour, simplicity, and manliness. It was the prelection of a true British poet and a British gentleman. At the same time, the identical discourse, nobly rendered by Wilson, would have told ten times as well. The passages his own manner was peculiarly suited to, were those of sly humour, which he gave with real zest, chuckling over them himself as he came upon them, and carrying the crowd away with him in his little whirlpools of laughter. He concluded, as he began, somewhat abruptly. In short, he showed himself not an orator, but a poet; always remembering that, as a poet, he could not fail to display himself in the secondary character of an eloquent judge of poetry. If this distinction had been borne in mind, his lectures would have been more satisfactory to those who demand too much of a man; and, as it was, they were highly popular with the majority."

From his correspondence we learn that letters, commendatory of his lectures, flowed in upon him for some time after their delivery, from Mr. Macaulay, Professor Wilson, Barry Cornwall, Charles Dickens, Thomas Aird, Professor Trench, George Gilfillan, and many others of his literary friends; while the lectures themselves, which were immediately published by Mr. Blackwood, soon attained to a second edition. His domestic affairs were even

more hopeful than ever; the health of Mrs. Moir was improving; his son, Robert, was enjoying the appointment of house-surgeon to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and in a fair way soon to acquire the degree of M.D.; and the other four girls and boys, as he himself says, were all getting on like olive plants, and forming a pleasant circle round the daily table—overflowing with affection to their parents and to one another.

In July, 1851, the last contribution of Delta, the "Lament of Selim," appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*; making his three hundred and seventieth article contributed to that journal. To mention the last contribution of any writer whose periodical greetings through some favourite journal, have bound us to him in the strong social bonds of sympathy with his nature, is at all times a gloomy task, and with the mention of Delta's last effusion, we proceed downwards, into the valley of the shadow of death.

On Sabbath morning, June 22nd, 1851, Dr. Moir, in dismounting from his horse at the door of a patient, accidentally hurt his weak limb, and gave himself a severe wrench in trying to save it. He suffered much pain in returning home; nevertheless, he went to church in the afternoon, it being his turn to officiate as elder. On getting back to his house, he was obliged to go to bed. On Monday he ventured out in his carriage to see a patient at Granton: his wife went with him. In returning home he spoke of his declining health in a desponding manner, and said, "Catherine, I am resigned to the Almighty's will, whensoever it may please Him to call me. I have been trying for some time past, to live every day as if it were to be my last." He got worse, and was at last confined to his bed, now pretty well and cheerful, now shivering with heat, sick and faint, and depressed in spirit. But he was still strong in moral courage. A piece of plate was to be presented to Mr. Beveridge, minister of Inveresk, by the people of his congregation, and Moir was named to deliver the address, in the Town Hall, which he did in an admirable manner, for it was a task quite to his mind and heart. As his health did not improve, he set out on the 1st of July, with Mrs. Moir and his little boy, John Wilson, to try the effects of

relaxation and change of scene. They got to Ayr, where he passed a feverish sleep. He got worse; but refused to have medical attendance, saying, "If a doctor were here, he would order me to bed, and I should never rise again." Next day, they went to Dumfries, and he was so far recovered as to be able to walk. On Thursday evening he walked by the side of the Nith, in company with his wife and son, and his friend Thomas Aird, enjoying the beauties of the scenery in the rich lustre of a July sunset. "Oh me," he cried, pressing his hand on his stomach, "there's that spasm again;" while, at the same time, his face collapsed as if he had been struck with a musket-ball. He sat down to rest on a stone seat, refusing to have any aid from those around him; but, as the pain continued, he was with great difficulty got back to the King's Arms Inn and put to bed. Now, his son, Mr. Robert Moir, one of the house-surgeons of the Edinburgh Infirmary, arrived to his assistance, and Dr. Blacklock was called in. The patient kept sinking; and Dr. Browne, of the Christon Institution, was brought at midnight, and Mr. Robert Moir went off to Edinburgh for Dr. Christison. The medical men saw their patient sinking fast, and thought it prudent to call Mrs. Moir. In the brief absence of the medical men, the dying man said to his wife, "Catherine, my hours are numbered: I feel that I am not to be long with you. But do not let me distress you, or I will say no more. Look at me, my wife, and see I am perfectly resigned to the will of an All-wise Providence. Have faith: God will protect you and our children." To his friend, Thomas Aird, he said, taking him by the hand—"I am going to die, but I am quite resigned—quite resigned. I have contemplated this for some time back."

Thus he lingered on, getting more and more exhausted, slowly and consciously approaching his end. On Saturday his daughters and his partner, Mr. Scott, Mr. Charles Moir, the Rev. Mr. Boveridge, his pastor, and Mr. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, arrived, and the morning was spent in the sacred privacies of family love. Death was now upon his countenance, and with his wife and children and friends around him, he gave them each his parting blessing, passing his hand over the head of each as he pronounced it solemnly; and then,

with his hand upon the head of his wife, he prayed his blessing on his little ones at home, "Jeanie, and Emy, and Osy"—so he fondly styled them—and on his elder brother, and all his absent friends. "And now may the Lord, my God," thus he prayed aloud, "not separate between my soul and my body, till He has made a final separation between my soul and sin: for the sake of my Redeemer!" He died at two o'clock, on Sabbath morning, the 6th of July.

At the request of the inhabitants of Musselburgh, the funeral was a public one. It took place on Thursday the 10th of July. All the shops in the town were closed, the bells tolled mournfully, and about four hundred people followed in procession to the churchyard of Inveresk. In the body of the procession, besides the immediate relatives and friends of the deceased, were the Very Rev. Principal Lee; Professors Wilson, Alison, Aytoun, Christison; many of the clergy of Edinburgh, Musselburgh, and the country around; the Hon. Mr. Coventry; Messrs. Blackwood; Sheriff Gordon; Mr. Robert Chambers; Mr. Gordon, of the Church of Scotland's Educational Committee; Mr. Hugh Miller, the geologist; Dr. Jas. Simpson; and other eminent men of the city and neighbourhood. His age was fifty-three.

And there in the quiet churchyard of Inveresk, sleeps the dust of David Macbeth Moir, with the dust of his three little boys, whom he loved so dearly and lamented so touchingly.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

In estimating the character of the beloved Delta, we find more to admire in the man than the poet; and what is most excellent in the poet, seems the reflex of the man. His poetry, indeed, is not of the highest order, but it is at the same time the most perfect second rate poetry we possess, and its lack of power is always compensated by earnestness, elegance, and a pathos at once lofty and simple. His popularity is by no means a fair voucher of his merit, because the themes on which he sung were even more attractive than the songs themselves; and besides this happy appeal to the popular heart, his opportunities of publication through the medium of the great-voiced *Maga*, was such as fall to the lot of few writers of equal literary merit.

Delta's habits were regular, as his life was even, and his morals perfect. He had none of those morbid traits of feeling, which frequently stamp the productions of genius with striking originalities; and while for this reason his poetry lacked the smack of wild romance, and strong spirit of stirring personality, by which we are alternately pained and startled, in such writers as Byron, so his character as a man comes out all the more perfect from whatever canon of criticism we adopt in reference to his writings. In fact he was a good member of society, bound by all the social ties, and by the earnest observances of religion; and hence, while, we love the man the more, his conventional sameness makes his verses less attractive. To what extent a citizen may cultivate the growth of literature, without hurrying himself into any whirlpools of morbid excitement, without even sacrificing the minutest obligations of his worldly calling, Delta will always afford a remarkable example. His chief time for study was after the house was shut up for the night. He could then with some degree of satisfaction sit down to read and write. Still even then he was not safe, the uncertainties of his profession, frequently requiring him to be obedient to the "night bell," when he would have preferred to pass the moonlight with the muses. That he possessed a share of moral courage and enthusiasm for his hobby, such as falls to the lot of few of us, is certain from the bare fact of his steady application to literature, during a life of unremitting labour and anxiety as a physician. The time when he wrote his lectures on poetry happened to be the season of the year when sickness of every kind is most common, so that, until ten or eleven at night, he seldom got pen to paper. On going to his bed-room, sometimes at three in the morning, his mind was so engrossed with his subject that it used to be five or six o'clock before sleep would visit him. This, however, he never allowed to interfere with his breakfast hour, and he came down stairs to his day's labours so fresh and cheerful that those who knew the restlessness and suffering of his nights, could not but wonder to see him.

At an early period of life Mr. Moir joined the Communion-table, and was never afterwards a season absent from it. He was solicitous as to the family

services of religion, and had scriptural readings and family-worship regular once a day. He was a very home-n—the best of his poetry is a reflex of home joys and sorrows—and he took affectionate interest in the welfare and instruction of his little ones, and his family was blest in life with a parent willing and able to second him in his desire to educate his children in religious purity and intellectual strength. Everything about his home was devoted to him, and he gave heed to the most trifling circumstance connected with the history of his children; a thing which only that man shuns whose heart is not sound at the core. "I have a very tree, and bushes in the garden, each its history for him." "This one," he would say, "was planted by poor Charlie—all these smaller ones were slips taken from it: that one there was poor Willie's," and so on; every seed bearing some secret charm for his every shrub and flower having its place in the home affections; they all "took root in woe."

In dealing with his friends, his manly sincerity often led him to express his disapprobation of anything which displeased him in a manner too blunt and plain to be relished; but he was ready to make immediate reparation. He thought he had done the slight injury to a fellow-man; and his zeal for serving others, by word or deed, had no end or limit, when the person to be served was worthy of heart-service. Characteristically he says, in a letter to his friend Aird, "I have no wish to live a day longer than I can be useful to my fellow-creatures."

And much for rejoicing is there in the fact, that he never sacrificed one of the interests of his profession for literature. The world has nourished many mistakes on this point, so much so that it has come to be regarded as an inevitable consequence of literary study and particularly the cultivation of poetry, that they unfit men for every other occupation; that, in fact, when by this vocation they become teachers of the world, they, at the same time, get separated from it, so as to become the most ignorant of the very topics on which they offer counsel. But from this being the case with Delta, was noted for his skill as a physician; his power of graphically delineating and treating disease equalling that—

any practitioner of similar position and pretensions. He had no pedantry in the sick chamber, and joined to his kindness of manner, was a half-prophetic insight into the nature of disease and the mode of its removal, springing from his extensive knowledge of science and a poet's method of generalising the facts before him. He was a gentleman, his blood flowed steadily, and his impulses were curbed by a mind of the most perfect balance. His manners were simple, his social relations sincere and strong, and his whole *personnel* pervaded by such a warm and holy serenity, that there was none of the exaggeration of friendship in the phrase by which he was designated by those who knew him; for, from first to last, he was in mind and heart the "amiable Delta."

Besides the works already enumerated, and the many miscellaneous productions contributed to the periodicals, Delta was the author of the "Exile of Norogorod," a poem of 1400 lines, "Chatelar, a Drama, in Three Acts," the "Lunatic of Love," consisting of eight hundred lines, and five other tales averaging five hundred lines each. The greater portion of this is perishable and perishing. He wrote too much and too fast to do justice even to himself; and so great was his appetite for publication, that he sent his pieces out of his hands frequently in the crudest and most imperfect state. Had he devoted his whole time to literature, he would have written much less, because he would have been more severe in self-criticism; and, by the concentration of his powers on fewer subjects, would have taken a higher place in literature than that which he is destined now to occupy. We may say of him, what, perhaps, we can say of no other writer who has written so much, that he has left behind him a few things that will live for ever; and that in the whole mass of his perishable productions, there is not one which does not give evidence of a mind capable of better things.

One of the happiest efforts of his youthful genius is the "Silent Eve," a sketch so green and life-like in its picturesque detail, as to be almost worthy of Wordsworth. Some of his "Scottish Melodies" are fine things. "Eric's Dirge" would be one of the best of these, were not its whole effect marred by an abominable parenthetical Tennysonian iteration, which

follows us up like a nightmare grinning horribly in the middle of each stanza. One of his most finished productions is "Reminiscences of Boyhood," a fine sample of blank verse, full of feeling, and illumined with

That refulgent sunshine, only known
To boyhood's careless and unclouded hours.

Delta repeated himself; he lacked power, and was seldom very original. That thought of Wordsworth's—

The best die first,
While they whose hearts are dry as summer's
dust,
Burn to the socket,

he has used in two poems; once in the domestic story of the "Lost Lamb"—

When from the flocks that feed about,
A single lamb thou chooseth out,
Is it not that which seemeth best,
That thou dost take, yet leave the rest?
Yes! such thy wont, and even so
With his choice little ones below
Doth the Good Shepherd deal.

And again almost in Wordsworth's own words in the lines, "To the Bust of my Son Charles"—

The dearest soonest die,
And bankrupt age but finds the brain,
In all its sluices dry.

In his flower poem "Lilies," we have a thought borrowed in a similar way from Hans Christian Anderson, and rendered almost in the very words of the Danish poet—

No! other hearts and hopes be ours,
And to our souls let faith be given,
To think our lost friends only flowers
Transplanted from this world to heaven.

In the "Fowler," the most picturesque and classical of any of his rustic sketches we meet with a paraphrase of that fine expression in the "Prometheus" "*ἀνθρωπον γελασμα*," rendered thus—

The shore
Of ocean, whose drear multitudinous voice,
Unto the listening spirit of silence sang.

A noble couplet truly, but built on a borrowed thought. In fact, Delta's poetry is a recasting of his readings in imaginative literature in the world of personal feelings, experiences and friendships. His fine imaginative poem, "The deserted Churchyard," is a re-writing of an earlier production of his, called "Solitude;" and in like manner "The Winter Wild," also an earlier piece, appears again in a higher form in a later production, called "The Snow." The majority of these early strains, out of which were elaborated many of his most suc-

cessful and abiding things, are noticeable for their delicacy of fancy and feeling, their perfection of melody, and their frequent play on the same strain of sentiment, "mournfully reverting to the happy days of boyhood, wailing for desolate and disconsolate love, or symbolizing man's fate by the decay of the year." Though he wrote much, he improved to the last, adding to the experiences of his ripening years, a fuller tone of thought; while his heart lost none of its youthful freshness, but continued young in sentiment to the very last.

His poetry has two prime excellences. It is full of true domestic feeling, chastened into a tender spirituality, by religious faith and trust, and of descriptions of scenery equal to the productions of any writer of the present century. What could excel in picturesqueness the following, from the "Fowler":—

New day with darkness for the mastery strive:
The stars had waned away—all, save the last
And fairest, I suppose, whose silver lamp,
In solitary beauty, twinkling, shone
Mid the far west, where, through the clouds of
 rock
Floating around, peep'd out at intervals
A patch of sky; straightway the reign of night
Was finished, and, as it instinctively,
The ocean flocks, or slumbering on the wave
Or on the isles, seem'd the approach of dawn
To feel; and, rising from afar were heard
Shrill shrieks and piping desolate—a pause
Ensued, and then the same lone sounds return'd,
And suddenly the whirling rush of wings
Went circling round us o'er the level sands,
Then died away; and, as we look'd aloft,
Between us and the sky we saw a speck
Of black upon the blue—some huge, wild bird,
Osprey or eagle, high amid the clouds
Sailing majestic, on its plumes to catch
The earliest crimson of the approaching day.

True to his fine heart is the lesson of humanity taught him by the slaughter which he and the Fowler there committed on the wild flocks of sea birds.

Soul-sicken'd, satiate, and dissatisfied,
An alter'd being homeward I return'd,
My thoughts revolting at the thirst for blood,
So brutalizing, so destructive of
The finer sensibilities which man
In boyhood owns, and which the world destroys.
Nature had preached a sermon to my heart;
And from that moment, on that snowy morn—
(Seeing that earth enough of suffering has,
And death)—all cruelty my soul abhor'd,
Yea, loathed the purpose and the power to kill.

There is a little sketch in his poem on "Thomson's Birth Place," so short, sweet, and sunny, that it might be placed beside one of Wilson's, or Watteau's, or Moreland's pictures, as a literary transcript of Nature's own outlines and colours; it is this:—

A rural church; some scattered cottage roofs,
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke,
Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,
Ascended, mingling with the summer sky;
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stained;
A fairy streamlet, singing to itself;
And here and there a venerable tree
In foliaged beauty—of these elements,
And only these, the simple scene was formed.

Such gold-gaps and patches of green and blue take precedence of painting, because while they present literal transcripts of the scenes of nature, they suggest by a few broad touches, human thoughts and feelings of a kindred tone, and carry both the mental and the visual eye to scenes far away. These things the painter cannot accomplish—the limit to his expression is the edge of his canvass. Right well could he sing of—

Meadows
And palm-tree shadows,
And bee-hive cones, and a thymy hill,
And greenwood mazes,
And greenwood daisies,
And a foamy stream, and a clacking mill;

for it was the spirit of his love and life to cling to all things gentle, and beautiful, which could minister to the high spirituality of his simple nature, whether green trees, or glad birds, or tender flowers, or rosy-cheeked children; for his heart was a stranger to sordid sympathies, and his genius sought kindred with the homely and the heart-warming. Though so much that he has written will soon be forgotten, his "Domestic Verses," his "Elegiac Effusions," and a few of his sonnets and his prose tale, "Mansie Wauch," will live for ever as productions worthy of the author of "Casa Wappy."

Delta's last work, the "Lectures on the Poetical Literature of the Last Half Century," requires a brief notice before we conclude this paper. This is a book of wholesome, manly criticism; not free from errors of judgment, or entirely purged of prejudice, yet containing errors and prejudices which, so far from detracting, only exhibit his generous enthusiasm and goodness of heart; and are as creditable, in a poetical sense, as if they were characteristics of perfection. Himself a poet, and on terms of intimacy with many of the living writers whose works it was his duty to criticise, it is pleasing that he has discharged his task in so generous and independent a manner, so that we can well afford to forgive him for his few blunders.

In criticising the works of the writers respectively comprised within the period under consideration, the genial character of Delta's mind evinces itself in the most pleasing manner. His distinctions are delicate, and his summings up exhibit great breadth of appreciation, fulness of reading, and considerable power of analysis. He has a keen eye for borrowed lines, and all degrees of plagiarism. He hits off the characteristics of the several authors by sparkling epigrammatic comparisons, so piquant in spirit, so kindly in tone, as to provide a *mélange* of light reading, side by side with the most solid estimates of modern poetical literature.

But the book has two besetting sins. These are the classification of poets as to merit and style, and the enunciation of what we regard as a most unphilosophical idea in regard to the relations and objects of poetry itself. Some of Delta's estimates are accurate and just, and especially when they concern minute particulars; but when he attempts to arrange the poets in the order of their respective positions in literature, he makes (*we* think) some decisions so erroneous as to verge on the ludicrous. What does the reader think of his placing Sir Walter Scott "alone and above all" in the list of modern poets—above Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge; above Campbell, Keats, Shelly, Tennyson! "I at once put him far beyond Byron, Wordsworth, or any other competitor for supremacy, on a throne by the side of Shakspeare." And again, "I challenge one instance from the whole history of literature, where that popularity, whether slow 'or sudden, which was not deserved, has continued to endure; and assuredly Scott's must, while a single human heart continues to beat." In poetry, there can be little ground for disputing that Scott was, to a considerable extent, extinguished by Byron, whose genius took a higher flight into regions where Scott's less ample wing would not carry him; and now, Scott is least read of any of the seven whose names are believed, by Delta, to have been eclipsed by him. Scott's immortality rests on his prose fictions, and only the most partial nationality could have prompted Delta to place his poems "alone and above all on a shelf by the side of Shakspeare."

Another prejudice, long cherished and stoutly maintained, was that strange conception of the nature and office of poetry which placed it in opposition to the revelations of science, as a creation so distinct and remote from facts, as to be in danger of annihilation in this age of philosophical inquiry and precision. This idea flashes out frequently in his poems, but is expounded in full force in the last of these lectures. In his "Reminiscences of Boyhood" he says—

The leaden talisman of truth,
Hath disenchant'd of its rainbow hues
The sky, and robbed the fields of half their
flowers.

And in another he expresses the wish—

And be my mind
To science, when it deadens, blind.

Though we have not room to discuss this question here, nor if we had, would it perhaps be fit we should; yet, we may dismiss the point by stating our opinion that science and poetry may harmoniously march together; the one widening the field of man's physical and mental triumphs, the other ministering to the requirements of his moral nature; both necessary elements of his character and life. If science teaches us to regard as fictions many of the creations of the mind which so long have been the truths of poetry; if she discards the witches and their infernal broth; the seers, the demons, the fairies, and all the spells of a necromancy which has perished; she, at the same, enlarges the sphere of man's thought and wonder; lifts him nearer to the Creator by an inspiration drawn from the Creator's works; and so provides a region of new idealities wherein the creatures of poetry and imagination may find "room and verge enough" to develope each its particular form of being. Whatever increases man's knowledge of nature and himself, increases the domain of true poetry, by the production of a series of images and personalities peculiar to the new life which has arisen; and it must be the task of imagination to adapt itself continually to the new conditions of existence, and not to cling in sadness and tears to perishing idols, merely because there was once a time when they were worshipped with hearts of devotion and with eyes of faith.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

BIOGRAPHY may be compared to a lamp perpetually burning before the niche which contains the effigy of a great man. If it be feeble and dim, the image remains half-shadowed; but if it throw a full and brilliant light, the figure and face of the dead are reflected in luminous relief from the chiaroscuro of the past. Through the works in which our ancestral master-spirits have embalmed their minds for immortality, they "rule our spirits from their urns;" but through the groves of the historical academy, they become visible as the lights to which a hundred centuries may look back for warning or example. Sir THOMAS MORE was one whose works were dedicated to the future, but whose blood was shed for the past; in morals, a philosopher, mounting far above his time; in religion, an enthusiast, clinging to superstitions by which an usurping church had profaned and polluted the pure faith first preached abroad by the fishers of Galilee. In depicting his character, writers have sometimes confounded the office of the historian with that of the funeral orator, or the partizan of a hostile creed. There have, however, been temperate and candid pens employed in delineating his career, which appears indeed so conspicuously in the annals of his age, that we find, without unusual difficulty, the colours to paint him for our biographical gallery.

Of the stem from which he sprung, his autographical epitaph declares the truth, he was of an honourable but not illustrious birth. Sir John More, the father, is supposed to have been descended remotely from an Irish stock; but all the family papers being seized after the attainder of the son, history is without the means of verifying this fact. However, we look for no pedigree in the author of "Utopia." He was at once the flower and the fruit of his genealogical tree. No ancestral lustre gave an early glory to his name. His merits were original and personal—not derivative; and heralds would have blazoned him dimly in their books, since they, as Burke has phrased it, seek no further for virtue than in the preamble of a patent or the inscription of a tomb. Sir John, however, who was born about the year 1440, figured as a lawyer of fine

parts and unimpeached integrity; wearing the robes of a judge, and doubled, in his old age, by seeing him the Chancellor of England. Few maxims, nevertheless, have been queathed; though one axiom monumental all chroniclers have thought precious enough to be preserved. "choice of a wife," said the forensic "is like dipping your hand into a full of snakes, with only an eel at them: you may happen to light the eel, but it is a hundred to one you are stung by a snake." Since not in this profession, Sir John times risked the venom, for so times did he marry, and died at aged ninety, not like Cleopatra warming an asp upon his breast from feasting too luxuriously on gr Thomas was by his first wife, who related to her physicians a dream, when in that credulous age, obtained credit of a prophecy. She had, said, a vision of all her children, among them was one whose countenance shone with a superior bright

This was Thomas. He was born Milk-street, London, in 1480; twentieth year of Edward the Fourth reign. Anecdotes are related of infancy, prophetic of a future great but they are nurses' gossip, too poor to be preserved. He was early placed at St. Anthony's Free School, an ancient foundation, in Threadneedle street, where, among other eminent men, Whitgift and Heath had received their education. There, as he himself, he rather greedily devoted than leisurely chewed his grammar rules; but stayed only for a short while for his father had interest enough to procure him admission into the family of Cardinal Morton. This method of education was then much in vogue though considered the privilege of noblemen's sons. The Cardinal, however, among all his patrician students had none so illustrious as Thomas More, who afterwards drew a genealogical portrait of him in his "Utopia," as in his "History of Richard III." His policy crowned Henry in place of his usurper, and united the House of the Red and White Rose; and his talents elevated him to the triple honour of an Archbishop's mitre, Chancellor

and a Cardinal's hat; yet we re-
her him less admiringly for these,
for the share he had in training to
rity the rare and fruitful genius of
udge's son. He predicted of him
whoever lived to watch him grow
would see a marvellous man; for
g More gave an early earnest of
apacity. In the Christmas plays
ook part among the actors, and
med audiences of no common sort
be sparkle of his unpremeditated
he devised pageants for the amuse-
of his companions; drew inge-
pictures, and wrote beneath them
s which he need never have been
med to own.

cultivate this sprouting genius,
Cardinal sent him, at seventeen
of age, to Oxford, where he re-
ed two years. Rhetoric, logic, and
sophy chiefly occupied his mind,
the classics, and especially Greek,
gh that language of the original
s was not then commonly studied
is country. From the university
ame to New Inn, to read for the
where his father allowed him an
ne so scanty, and exacted from him
rticular an account of his expenses,
he could scarcely dress with de-
r. More, however, applauded in-
of blaming this conduct, for it
him from luxurious habits which
ader vice, and he was himself of an
ic disposition. At about twenty,
d, he began to practise the mortifi-
ons of a cloister, wearing a hair-
next his skin, which he never put
even under the Chancellor's er-

. In 1500, he was appointed
r in Furnival's Inn, holding that
for three years, and publicly lec-
g on religious topics in St. Law-
s Church, Old Jewry. Thither the
ed of the metropolis flocked, and, as
mus' Epistles inform us, were not
med to derive addition to their
d wisdom from the youthful lay-
At the expiration of his term of
e, he felt a strong attraction towards
olitude of a monastic life, and lived
years near the Chapter House, and
ly performed all the spiritual exer-
and penance of a Carthusian friar.
t determined him not to join any
kish community, was the general
ation of discipline which, to his
he saw; and thus, fortunately, he
saved from the Hypogean darkness
celibatical cell, to perform the most

exalted offices of life—to marry, to be a
faithful husband, a good father, and a pa-
triot, active in the service of his country.

More entered Parliament at twenty-
one, and soon distinguished himself by
an eloquence which the senate timidly
applauded, though the Court resented it
fiercely. For he was not a palace
agent, and once roused the Commons
to refuse a subsidy, imperiously de-
manded of them by the Crown. One
of the Privy Council went to the King
and told him, "that a beardless boy had
overthrown his purpose." Even then,
however, the sovereign dared not openly
attack the representatives, but satisfied
his pique by inventing a quarrel against
the young orator's father, from whom he
extorted, in the Tower, a fine of £100.
To coerce the son, nevertheless, was
found impossible, so a bishop was em-
ployed to cajole him, which was equally
futile; for Thomas refused the flatteries
by which they sought to corrupt him,
and continued to study the arts of elo-
quence, and to acquire that authority
of learning which might give him a do-
minion over the minds of other men.
He studied the lives of the pious, and
resolved to copy the virtue of Pius of
Mirandula, whose works he then trans-
lated and published. But in their celi-
bacy he could not persuade himself to
imitate the Fathers of the Roman Church;
for wisely he judged, that it was better to
live chastely with a wife, than licentiously
as a priest, and to move purely in the
light of day, than to brood, bat-like, in
the obscurity of those catacombs, where
monks and hermits wasted their bodies,
and petrified their souls.

He wrote for advice to the scholarly
Dean Colet, founder of St. Paul's School,
which, as an inroad into the camp of
ignorance, More afterwards compared
to the horse of Troy. Colet, who loved
his disciple, and spoke of him as the
only wit in England, bade him marry;
and this he did, with Jane, eldest
daughter of John Cotte, of New Hall, in
Essex. She was a very young girl, with
none of her native simplicity concealed
by art; and More, at twenty-seven
years of age, made her his wife. His
first affection, indeed, had chosen her
sister; but, as he quaintly thought, it
would be a shame and wrong for the elder
to see the younger preferred, "he from
a certain pity framed his fancy to her,
and soon after married her." Settling in
a house in Bucklersbury, he continued

the practice of the law, and carried on correspondence with many eminent men of his day. Among these, the most distinguished was Erasmus, who, after many mutual letters, came to England, expressly to see his friend. They met at the Lord Mayor's table, and it was contrived that they should fall into conversation before they were introduced. Erasmus was astonished by the logic and wit of the young stranger, who did not fear to dispute with him, as on equal terms, and at length exclaimed, "Aut tu Morus es, aut nullus?" To this More readily replied, "Aut tu es Erasmus, aut Diabolus."^{*}

More's poetical writings at this time, were, by contemporaries, admired as elegant and pure, but though he was a master of rhetoric, and the English language had been restored to a classic strength, these compositions were altogether languid and diffuse. There is discoverable in them, indeed, a logical force, and no little mixture of philosophy, but the style is prolix, and the ideas are lost in an overlaboured rotundity of diction. His path, however, was not yet to be among the myrtle-shaded ways of literature. The political system of England was then in that troubled state which is the forerunner of change, and the rapid passage of authority from hand to hand, tended not to allay the rising commotion. Already the young lawyer had seen four kings upon the throne, had been persecuted by one of them, and he was now witness to the universal joy that greeted the coronation of Henry VIII. Youthful, handsome, opulent, prodigal, and, for a prince, well educated, the monarch promised to become anything, but the sordid, cruel, and licentious wretch he proved. The people cheered their hearts, by hoping for milder laws; the nobles flattered him with praises, in anticipation of a splendid reign; the clergy exalted him as the anointed of God's vicar on earth, and all joined in applauding as virtues, or excusing as ephemeral foibles, the words and the actions of the new monarch. Rejoicing in one tyrant's death; they exulted as though magnanimity itself had inherited

his crown, instead of a worse d who cajoled and trampled on the —the more flagitiously, in proportion as they put their trust in him.

in consonance with the general sentiment, as well as with the fashion of the day, wrote a coronation ode to prince, and his queen. Henry was indecent enough to rejoice in the congratulations showered on him at the expense of his father, for it was part of his character to revenge upon others with inhuman severity, the crimes congenial to his own predilections.

Soon after the accession of the More was appointed an under-sheriff of the City of London. As a lawyer he became famous, earning "wages of conscience," upward of £400 a year, which was equal to times the amount now. There scarcely a great suit in which he was not employed, for the fame of his logic and eloquence circulated through every part of the kingdom. He was twice, in 1512 and 1515, appointed reader to Lincoln's Inn, and assiduously buried his mind amid the unexhausted treasury of knowledge, which the value of letters had thrown open to research. But while these literary cares occupied his attention, the ties of friendship were not forgotten.

More had dedicated to him his celebrated *Praise of Folly*, and now satirists endeavored to depreciate the works of that found and versatile scholar. They long pelted at him the flippant epigrams inspired from wine cups, but at last Dorpius compounded an attack on *Morie Encomium*, to which More undertook a reply. The philosopher himself retorted mildly on his young ductile assailant, with whom he was in friendship for many years; but the under-sheriff analyzed his quibbles, and exposed to Europe a mixture of ignorance, scurrility, malevolence, and the ability of his epistle on this subject won him general applause.

Six years after his marriage, he lost his first wife, and three years afterwards he took a second — Alice Milton, a widow with one daughter. He acknowledged that he wedded her from any particular affection, the account of the necessity to have one in his household to care for his children. Neither young nor beautiful, neither rich nor of fine qual-

* If the reader knows Latin, he will be indignant if we translate this. If he does not, he will be indignant if we don't. Loosely, then, Erasmus said, "If thou art any one, thou art More;" to which More replied, "If thou art not the devil, thou art Erasmus."

More had wooed her for a friend, never thinking of her for himself. But gradually the friend having passed aside, he made the suit his own, placed her among the *penates* of his hearth, and taught her music, to render her less worldly.

For himself, he also desired little to concern himself with the general transactions of the world. No man ever sought with more assiduity to gain entrance to the court, than he to keep out of it; but he was already too conspicuous to be spared from the administration of public affairs. Wolsey, mounting by sudden degrees towards the greatness he afterwards achieved, was desired by the King to engage the services of More; but the legal robe still fitted him better than a courtier's taffety cloak, and he eluded the offered honour. Nevertheless in 1516 we find him associating with Cuthbert Tonstall, in the Embassy to Flanders, where envoys from Charles of Castille, met them to fence with pensful of protests, protocols and ultimata, though differently named in the diplomatic language of the day. Six months were thus consumed, with a successful result, and More was thoroughly satiated with ambassadorial honours. Such duties, he said, writing to an ecclesiastic, suit me less than they suit you, who have no wives at home, or else find them wherever you go. Yet he passed some agreeable hours with the learned men of Antwerp, and at his return, was offered a pension by the king. This he declined, as well as other distinctions which the Court was desirous of conferring on him. At length an incident occurred which carried him beyond his own control, to the public eminence he appeared to shun.

A richly freighted ship belonging to the Pope put in at Southampton. In accordance with the maritime laws of that age, Henry VIII. claimed it as a prize. The Roman Legate required that the case should be argued before the constituted tribunals of the realm. A hearing was appointed before the Chancellor and the Judges in the Star Chamber. Who should plead for the Pontifical right? There was no lawyer equal to More, and he could not refuse the service of God's vicar and the head of his religion. Therefore, when the great question was tried, he rose, and with such eloquence and learning, pleaded the cause of the Vatican, that not only was the Pope's ship restored,

but the king delighted with the powers of his antagonist, so far that he refused any longer to forego the advantage of such a man's aid in the administration. No high office was then vacant, but More was appointed Master of the Bequests, and a month after knighted and sworn a Privy Councillor, whence with a rapid transition, he rose to the post of Treasurer to the Exchequer. In this dignity he felt as he tells us, somewhat uneasy as they feel on horseback who have never before been in a saddle. Yet the prince was so affable that all courtiers flattered themselves with a confidence in his especial favour, "just as our London matrons persuade themselves that our Lady's image smileth upon them as they pray before it." Nor was he the only virtuous man deceived by the early hypocrisy of this Eighth Henry, for Erasmus joined in offering to the court the fragrance of an honourable fame.

Great was the change that had now come over the complexion of More's life. He was no longer an advocate, but an officer of state; no longer a private gentleman, but an ornament of the court; though still preserving that simple integrity of heart and plain frugality of life, which enabled him, amid palace follies, to feast with content on pure philosophy, sometimes holding a nocturnal vigil with the king, and conversing long hours with him, on the movements and distribution of the stars.

So agreeable to the monarch and his consort was the society of this witty and accomplished man, that they continually sent for him "to make merry with them." The knight had made it a rule to chat with his wife, and prattle with his children some part of every day; but his conversation became so entertaining to the king and queen, that he could not once in a month obtain permission to spend an evening with his family. In order to relieve himself from this surfeit of court favour, he sacrificed all vanity, and wilfully made himself less attractive than before, so that gradually his time became more his own. There were, however, other cares to occupy his heart. The first deep murmurs of the reformation boded a storm in Europe; Leo was corrupting the church by every flagrant device of sacerdotal greed; Erasmus had aroused the monastic orders; and Luther was refuting the spurious doctrines intro-

duced to prop up a dis-solute and decaying hierarchy. More from his philosophical watch-tower saw over the horizon glimmering, the mighty religious revolution, about to emerge from the chaotic anarchy of super-tition and slavery then overwhelming the Christian world. There was a dawn of light on the high range; it was descending into vallys, and promised soon to spread over the plain; controversy became hot, and More was not yet foremost in the rising war. However, with a temperate and candid tone he defended his friend, and vindicated him off when attacked by the planetary Linnæus, wandering between two horizons, and falling into collision with every body, whether luminous or not that happened to intersect them on their way.

The rhetorical graces of his language and the resources of his learning, gave him superiority over the impetuous, but shallow opponents. In all assemblies of men he was eminent, and especially in the House of Commons, which elected him Speaker in 1523. Shrinking at first from that position, he no sooner took his station on it, than he rose to vindicate Parliament against the influence and arbitrary conduct of Henry VIII. With the periphrasis of a courtier, he folded round sentiment, and maxims, not common then in a civil and vocal senate. The king interfered through Wolsey, with every proceeding of the House. More refused to check this. When, therefore, a subsidy was proposed, and the Cardinal, fearing opposition, came down to awe and humble the refractory members, all heard his speech in silence, and none could reply to it. Wolsey added several in particular. They made no reply. He demanded an answer from the speaker, and More with mock humility told him they could not dare discuss in such an awful presence, nor was it, he boldly added, consistent with their ancient and just liberties, to deliberate under restraint. The Cardinal in anger rose and withdrew, when More at once supported the subsidy. Shortly afterwards, being in Wolsey's gallery, at Whitehall, the Cardinal said to him, "Would to God you had been at Rome, Sir More, when I made you speaker." "So would I, too," he replied. The powerful priest was sincere, for it was not long before he tried to get rid of his knightly friend, by sending him on a

mission to Spain; but the King interposed, and the design was prevented. Henry had discernment enough to recognise a mind that could serve him for though styled *Defender of the Faith* for his perception of the Luther doctrine, he needed a greater intellectualty to cope with the profound and the eloquence of the Wittenberg professor.

That wonderful man, had rescued from a lethargy of centuries, the degraded mind of Europe, had declaimed with prophetic encouragement against the English prince, had told him he was a liar and a blasphemer, and was now retorted upon More in terms of similar vituperation. Attached by faith and predilection to the Church of Rome, he volunteered answered the continual attacks made upon it, whether in heavy tome or flying broad sheets, packed with columns of pedantic erudition. For the services to the shattered fabric of Papal authority, the knight was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and so great was his favour with the king, that as an oriental would phrase the sun of majesty condescended sometimes to illuminate the house in garden of his friend at Chelsea. So in the estimation of those also who calculate,

For such divinity doth hedge a king,

could mortal man receive more splendour than More, when the eighth Henry of England came to dinner uninvited, and then walked alone the garden for an hour with one or wound round the Lancasterian Chancellor's neck! Never, except once, Wolsey, had such familiar graciousness been shown. But he knew his master's character; he knew him to be an inveterate perjury all his life, and even then he concluded that there was little to be proud of in the distinctions, for if his head could win Henry's castle in France he would at once have hewn it off the block.

The secret of his favour was his ability to serve in the councils of the realm, his skill in diplomacy; and, perhaps the check he interposed between Cardinal Wolsey's ambition and the weakness of the king. For, the son of a Liverpool butcher was now master-spirit in this kingdom. In the Parliament and in the closet, none but More dared to oppose him; he once called him fool for showing some flaws in a treat

he had drawn up, and was wittily replied to by Sir Thomas. Indeed, as the one rose, the other descended along the slope of royal favour, accelerated by his conduct in reference to the queen's divorce; until at length the Great Seal was demanded of Wolsey and given to More. By his own acknowledgment, no man in England was more worthy. Henry, however, incapable of recognising high virtue, or of rewarding it when it was disclosed to him, flattered himself with the hope that the Chancellor might be bribed by the precarious splendours of his position, to aid in his licentious purposes and his unnatural intrigues. But the new bearer of the seal remembered too much of his own character, and the brilliant and long prosperous virtue of those who in other times had filled that chair—the authority of genius, of wisdom, of probity and patriotism that had surrounded it with a glory superior to that of the Crown. Stainless in the integrity of his mind, he ascended to this honour in 1530, and resolving to continue incorruptible, his prescient judgment knew that it would not long be reconcilable with his conscience, or his inclination to wear the robes of the office.

Wolsey, as Chancellor, had made his post at once a fortress and a temple. It was girt with a double belt of prescriptive dignities, to overawe and guard the subjected people, defended by superstition, defended by power, and impenetrable through the broad gates that appeared to invite approach. These were merely the adornment of the station. None passed through them to the presence of the haughty Cardinal. There was no access to him except through the postern-door of bribery; but when More succeeded, his affable familiarity listened to every suitor, and in an open hall gave opportunity to every one who had a cause to plead it. While he sat as Chancellor, his father, though nearly ninety years of age, presided as a Judge in the King's Bench. When he passed through Westminster Hall to his place in the Chancery Court, More, always in a pious spirit, and in accordance with the manners of the time, knelt down before him to ask a blessing; nor would he ever, in the old man's presence, take the precedence which his rank conferred, without first offering it to him. In the administration of the law, corruption never stained his hand,

and literally his own honest boast was true. He said, that before a cause came on, he would with friendship endeavour to compose the disputed affair; "But I assure thee, on my faith," he added, "that if the parties will at my hands call for justice, were it my father stood on one side and the devil on the other, his cause being good, the devil should have right."

This principle he illustrated many times when relatives and friends presumed to recline on his favours. Equity was not held as a philosophical rule in those regretted days; but More had prepared and disciplined himself for a war with ancient corruption and inveterate abuse. All society took a tincture from the complexion of the Court, and a public malady, deep and complicated, diseased not only the practice, but the very essence of the law. The Chancellor opposed himself to this circulating stream of evil influences; and by the exercise of an abstinent and immoveable virtue, checked its progress, though obloquy, in consequence, attached to his name. He conciliated no enemies, and he obliged few friends, because neither could be done while he held in view pure justice as the Pharos of his life. A whimsical instance of this impartiality is recorded. One day, a beggar came to complain that Lady More detained a little dog which belonged to her. The Chancellor sent for his wife with the dog, and placing the lady at one end of the hall, and his poor petitioner at the other, desired both to call the animal by its name. They did so, and without hesitation it ran to the mendicant. "I sit here to do everyone justice," he said, and compelled Lady More to pay a proper price for her favourite. Sometimes, too, he lightened the cares of his office by a little pleasantries; as when an attorney, named Tub, brought him a frivolous cause, which he endorsed "A Tale of a Tub," and sent away folded, so that the joke was undiscovered till the trial came on.

Remembering the Serbonian bog of immemorial suits now choking up the Court of Chancery, history can scarcely expect credence for the fact, that Sir Thomas cleared the glutted cloaca of his day; and, one afternoon, calling for the next cause, was told that no more remained! That was a palmy season for litigants of all degrees—a golden age of equity; for not only did the Chancellor

exalt himself far above such sources of corruption as those by which Bacon pilloried his name to infamy, but he rejected even gifts and oblations laid before him by those who never came for his decision in a court of law. The bishops offered him five thousand pounds as a present. He declined it. They begged that his wife and children would accept the money. He refused. He would serve the Church by writing against heresies, but for such service he would not be paid. Therefore, he would not touch a coin from their hands; though this did not spare him from the calumnies of men, who circulated a rumour that he had been bribed—a slander dishonourable to them, as it long proved injurious to him.

Henry himself could not bend him to his will. The divorce conflict still raged between the Court of England and the College at Rome. More was solicited to favour the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn; but, instead of yielding, he begged permission to resign his office, which, after much importunity, was granted, and, in 1532, Sir Thomas gave up the Great Seal. The necessity of this descent from power seemed not to affect him at all; but his wife Alice, with less philosophy, scolded him bitterly for his resignation. The facetious knight, with more humour than taste, called his daughters, and asked them if they perceived nothing wrong in their mother's appearance. They said "No." "How," he cried, "do you not see that her nose is somewhat awry?" "Tillyvally," retorted the one-time widow, "And what will you do, Mr. More? Will you sit and make goslings in the ashes? It is better to rule than to be ruled." Probably she little liked the prospect of poverty now opening before her; for, when all the late Chancellor's debts were paid, he was not worth more than a hundred pounds, with an annual income of about the same amount. He was careless of his own fortune, but religiously provided for the interests of those who had zealously served him while he held the Seal. By his father's death he inherited a very trivial property.

More lived, as we have noticed, in Chelsea. Four houses are pointed out as his. Beaufort House seems to have the best pretension, and near it he hired another as an asylum for aged persons, to whom he sent his daughter,

Margaret, as a minister of charity, to see that their wants were supplied. For, in the character of this great and good man, a love of humankind forms a particular grace. He was benevolent to all, and rancorously persecuted none. The purest integrity was accompanied by the gentlest manners, the most elegant genius, and a familiar acquaintance with the noble spirit of antiquity with a hearth-warm friendliness, that endeared him to all and those not few—who came within the influence of his manners. The fantastic libellers to whom I have alluded, would paint him as an amateur inquisitor, a type of that Cardinal Caraffa, who fitted up his private room with racks and pulleys that he might with the connoisseurship of cruelty, delectify his soul with the tortures of poor wretches, whom his bigotry had, by anticipation, damned. They tell us that More bound heretics to a tree in his garden, and beat them until their agony confessed an uncommitted crime. Robbers, murderers, and perpetrators of sacrilege, he did arrest and cast into prison, but that he persecuted the reformers, is an untruth which our Protestant writers can afford to repudiate. There is enough ferocity proved against the satellites of the Romish Church without imputing to good men the nefarious guilt of the Holy Officer. The charges against More had their origin in two circumstances. He caused a child to be whipped before his household for improper expressions concerning the sacrament, and he had a ragabond fanatic flogged for insulting women, under a pretence of religious zeal. From these incidents have sprung aspersions on his character, which, magnified by the ignorance or malignity of pamphleteers, have at length resumed the shape of a laborious and consistent calumny. More resigned all that his pride could aspire to—the most exalted office in the realm, the adulations of thousands, the sweet possession of power, the pomp and consequence of authority, to spare one reproach from his conscience, and with a liberal philosophy he respected the conscience of others.

From the day of his resigning, the Chancellor More went swiftly down that decline which carried him at last to the scaffold. There was in his mind a foreboding of this fate, for he spoke of it often; and when the new queen was

about to be crowned, uttered an exclamation which showed that he was endeavouring to meet, with religious resignation, the tempest then darkening round his head. Three bishops begged him first to accept £20 to buy a gown, and second to take part in the coronation ceremony. He took the money, and naively told them, that as he had complied with one of their requests, he was the bolder in refusing the other. The language he was reported to use on this subject incensed the king, and probably led him early to meditate that crime which blackened as much as any, the infamy of his reign. From this period, the fallen Chancellor was watched with assiduous malignity, in order that some shadow of reason might be discovered plausibly to cover the revenge of the throne. The ornament of his own age, and the moral teacher of every other, was a proper victim for a tyranny which he would not instigate to injustice, and a proper sacrifice for a people which he would not provoke to insurrection. Gratitude for benefits in years past remitted nothing of the rigour that now pursued a virtuous offence; but if More erred in ascribing to the King a magnanimity which was as foreign to him as honour was to the first, or decency to the second Charles, he may be pardoned the mistake, since Henry, though a flagitious husband, was not yet the *Carnifex* of his wives. He had already, indeed, succeeded to the passions of the hangman, after abdicating the pride of the high priest; but Sydney and Milton had not then blazed their imperial philippics before the world; and the charitable knight imputed to good motives the actions of a prince, because he sincerely believed in some authority attaching to a crown.

At that time, however, arose the celebrated enthusiast, Elizabeth Barton, called the "Holy Maid of Kent." More knew her to be an impostor, and treated her as such; but, in her ravings, she pretended to make revelations of public affairs, implicating many in dark and equivocal schemes. Parliament, in 1534, passed bills of attainder, and the woman suffered a barbarous punishment for her offence, while Sir Thomas, among others, was attainted for not disclosing what he had heard. From this, at once he understood the conspiracy that was playing a stake against his life. This charge was a flimsy veil to conceal an

inveterate malice, searching for causes for accusation. The new Chancellor and a conclave of dignitaries interrogated him on his conduct. Back from the Holy Maid of Kent, they soon passed to the question of the King's marriage, and significantly told More that he must publish his consent to a deed already ratified by the approval of the Lords, the Commons, the Bishops, and the Universities of England. First they sought to persuade, and then they endeavoured to terrify him. They denounced him as a villain and a traitor, as one who unpatriotically stood forward for the authority of the Pope. The committee, however, were foiled at all points by his replies; and when the king, enraged, demanded that he should be charged upon the bill, concerning the Holy Maid of Kent, they frankly said, that the Lords would hear him in his own defence, when they could not answer for his condemnation. Henry had not a mind capable of imagining that peers could be honourable as well as other men. He vowed that More should be impeached; he would not yield to a subject; he would attend the House himself; and the noble judges should, by his presence, be overawed in their decision. It was his will that the fallen bearer of his seal should be proved guilty, and the legislature had no more to do than to convict him. Such was divine right in the sixteenth century. Still the committee urged the danger of allowing More to plead before the Lords; his eloquence would carry them away. He would challenge them all by their heraldic names; he would exhibit the true picture of his life, and let them upon their honour say, whether or not he had treacherously acted towards his country. Even the taurine-dullard gained, at length, a glimpse of reason, and consented to prorogue the execution of his assassin's scheme.

Be it remembered, that the councillors who brought him to acquiesce in a suspension of hostility against More, were not inspired by principle an iota less disreputable than his own. Far from it. They desired to mount their selected victim where their aim would be more sure. They saved him from trial, because they feared he *would not* be found guilty. And in persuading the king to this point, they ominously spoke of inventing a better means to serve his turn. Nor was his malice saddened by

any long delay. In that year (1534), three important laws were passed. First, the "Act of Succession." By this, Henry's marriage with Catherine was declared void, and the issue of his union with Anne announced as heir to the throne. An oath was required in favour of this succession, under pain of confiscation and imprisonment. Second, the King was made Supreme Head of the Church, and the authority of the Pope excluded from the control of ecclesiastical affairs. To these were added, an Act, declaring it high treason on to will or express, by word or writing, to desire to deprive the children of Henry and Anne Boleyn of their rights of succession. Soon after, the monarch, triumphing in his new title, struck a medal, with a legend in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, which proclaimed the saying, that he had Crucified the Church as Pilate had crucified the Saviour, with the solemnity of three inscription. As a scrupulous lawyer, More could not accept the first of these laws; as a conscientious Roman Catholic, he could not acknowledge the second; as a brave man, he could not fear the third.

Therefore, when the oath was imposed, More joined Bishop Fisher in rejecting it. The marriage, he asserted, was unlawful, and Catherine was still his Queen. "By the mass, Mr. More," said the Duke of Norfolk, "it is perilous dealing with your grace." "*Indignatio principis mors est.*" "I, that all my lord," he replied, "then, in good faith, the difference between your grace and me is only this, that I shall die to-day, and you to-morrow." Well he knew the hollow of the black would soon be glutted with his blood. To him, as to the Genevan philosopher in after times, opinion was the Queen of the earth, and princes themselves were first among its slaves. Yet the origin of this power was from one mysterious consciousness, the voice of the soul, less fallible than reason, the appeal of virtue against the sophistry of weak dominion. If not in these terms, at least on principle of this kind, the persecuted man resigned himself to suffer for a conduct he could not change without violating the purity of his honour. When, therefore, about a month after the oath was passed, he was cited with other clergymen to appear before Cranmer in Lambeth, he went piously to mass, and then by the

river to his destination. It was his usage on leaving home, to be accompanied to his boat by wife and children, whom he lovingly kissed and bade adieu; but this time, as with a prophetic sentiment of the end that was at hand, he closed the wicket gate of his garden, desired none to follow him, and said in a melancholy voice, what to the place and its peace he felt to be a last farewell.

The oath was solemnly tendered to him, and solemnly he refused to take it. A friendly counsellor sought to persuade him by the logic of a rich man, resolved to compound with conscience for the preservation of his wealth; but he adhered to his declared opinion, and during four days was held in custody by the Abbot of Westminster. At length, the King, with an ingratitude consonant to his other actions, and with the malice of exasperated and conscious turpitude, ordered his committal to the Tower, together with Fisher, on a charge of high treason. All grants that had been made to him were declared void, and every device was used to insult him and embitter his closing days. Then the character of the lauded monarch glowed in its full brilliance through the veil with which panegyric and loyalty had it shrouded from view. If there was any lustre in it, it was like that bloody glare of the sun, which terrified old voyagers when sailing from the North. Like his Roman prototype Constantine, he never showed mercy to any accused of treason; and like Caligula, he never ratified his purulent malice unless by taking the life of those he had injured and feared to provoke. His miserable limping soul, never docile in youth, was incorrigible in maturer age; unhappily his power was equal to his vice, and thus through an error of mankind, originated by fraud, and perpetuated by apathy, this flattered traitor and forsworn assassin, found himself with the power to degrade and murder the noblest of the human race.

At the Tower Gate, the porter demanded of More what he wore uppermost. The knight gave him his cap, and was sorry it was no better. But wit was not current there, so he was disrobed, and conducted to an apartment, where in about a month his daughter received permission to visit him. Looking out of the window one day with her,

he saw "a father of Sion" and three monks going to execution for refusing the oaths. "Lo! dost thou not see, Mag?" he said, "that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriages." Soon after his wife came to see him, and besought him to do as he was required by the king, that he might escape from being shut up with mice and rats, and go back to Chelsea to his house, his library, his gallery, garden, and orchard. But he told her heaven was as near him in the Tower, as in his own home, and he would not lose eternity even to gain a thousand years of life. Lady More, however, was not in patriotic virtue, a Rachael Russell, she still solicited him to accept the oath and thus procure his freedom. Possibly, she may have been an emissary of the court, in a taste to which her own worldly ideas inclined her, for many attempts were made to corrupt the knight and break his resolution. Agents, also, were sent to entrap him into treasonable words, though the utterance of these was not essential to his condemnation, for with Henry VIII. perjury was as useful an appanage of royalty as the globe and sceptre.

In this manner a whole year passed away. More was then arraigned for treason at the King's Bench bar. Weak, emaciated, afflicted with a disease in the breast, pale and bent he tottered, leaning on a crutch, to meet his eight judges. The names of the Jury have been preserved. They fill so many lines in the calendar of infamy; but it is not necessary to repeat them, since they were only dragged from obscurity by the baseness of their crime, and are only saved from oblivion by the same crucifixion of history which keeps Monk and Ephialtes perpetually hanging like malefactors before our eyes. "An indictment of ponderous prolixity was read, charging him with a "malicious, treacherous, and diabolical" refusal of the oath. Witnesses were suborned to swear falsely against him, and he told one of them to his face that he was perjured, and would be accountable for that offence to God. The trial, however, was a form to mock the sanctity of justice. Already was the prisoner doomed, guilty, of course, the jury found him, and hurriedly he was asked why sentence of death should not be recorded against his crime. With a plain

and manly eloquence he defended the acts of his life, and the principles for which he avowed himself ready to die. To death, then, was he condemned, and on passing back to the Tower, Margaret, his daughter, stealing from the crowd, fell upon his neck and wept, the expressions of her affection and sorrow. He blessed her, bade her be comforted, and went forward to prepare for the scaffold on which he was to appear at the expiration of a week.

More could be facetious even at this time. A light-headed courtier came to him, and with garrulous impertinence asked him to *change his mind*. "I have changed it," at length he answered. A report of this reached the King, who sent to demand an explanation, for there was grace for him still, if he would now recant. The knight replied that his meaning was, that whereas he intended to have been shaved on the morning of the execution, he had now *changed his mind*, and his beard should share the fate of his head!

Early after dawn on the 6th of July, 1535, Sir Thomas Pope came to the prisoner's chamber with a message from the King and Council, that he should prepare himself for death before one o'clock that morning, and that he should not use many words at his execution. For, still the cowardly tyrant feared the judgment of his victim's last utterance upon him; and More was submissive enough to obey. He put on his best clothes. The Lieutenant of the Tower advised him to change them, saying he was but a rascal who would have them. "What, Mr. Lieutenant," he cried, "shall I account him a rascal who shall do me this day so singular a benefit? Nay, I assure you, were it cloth of gold, I should think it well bestowed on him, as St. Cyprian did, who gave his executioner thirty pieces of gold." However, he afterwards changed his dress, and gave the headsmen a present in money.

The time came. He was conducted by the Lieutenant to the place of execution. His beard was long, his face thin and pale; he carried in his hands a red cross, and walked with his eyes turned towards heaven. Even then, however, he was humorous with his guards. On ascending the scaffold he found it rickety and begged assistance, saying, "I pray, see me up safe, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." All he said to the spectators was, that they should

pray for him, and remember that he died for the Catholic faith. He next knelt and repeated a psalm; then he rose, and when the executioner asked forgiveness, kissed him, and said cheerfully, "Thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit than ever any mortal man can be able to give me. Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not away, for saving thy honesty." After this he laid his head on the block, but exclaimed, "wait until I have removed my beard, for *that* has never committed treason." The axe fell, and humanity was outraged by seeing the head of this pious man fixed on a pole on London bridge. Margaret, his daughter, however, found means to purchase this memorial of her monarch's crime, enclosed it in a leaden box, and ordered it to be buried with her own body, in a vault under Saint Dunstan's, Canterbury. The Knight's corpse lies in the Tower chapel, though some have said it was afterwards removed by his daughter.

Henry received the report of More's execution when he was playing at draughts, and Anne Boleyn was looking on. He cast his eyes on her and said, "thou art the cause of this man's death." He then shut himself up in a chamber and feigned, or perhaps really felt melancholy, but his attempt to fix on his wife the stigma of this crime, only increased the scorn with which all posterity regards his abhorred and wretched name.

More was religious, and his religion was clouded by superstition; but he was not a bigot. In his habits he was simple, and in his abstinence austere. Loyal, beyond virtue, to the King, he resisted his demands when they disagreed with the dictates of conscience. Affectionate to his family, he was benevolent to all men, and though he died in an exploded faith, we may reverence his memory as that of a wise and good man.

The anecdotes of his wit are innumerable. One of his best replies was that to a person named *Manners*, who, on his elevation, said to him, "honours suitant *Mores*." "In English that is true" retorted the Knight, for then "honor" would change *Manners*."

A friend brought him a stupid book in manuscript, for his opinion. More with grave humour told him *it would be*

better in verse. The author took his work, versified it, and brought again: "Aye," said the Chan "now *it is* something. It is rhyme but before, it was neither *rhythm* nor *reason*." He once employed a fellow to rob a justice on the 1 who had declared that none but *fools* ever had their pockets picked.

Sir Thomas More, however, was remembered chiefly for his literary work. *The Utopia* or *Happy Republic* bore his household name. It was written in about the year 1516. Great applause greeted it all over Europe, and in French, Italian, and Dutch translations were speedily circulated. In this pious scheme of a commonwealth author embodied his own ideas of government. As Swift did in his *Travels of Gulliver*, so did he in this, obliquely censuring those principles of the English administration which were opposed to his theory of policy and public justice. Such pictures of a state in ideal perfection, have been the favourite studies of men. This suggested the new Atlantis of Lord Bacon; and the same imagination painted those fabulous creations of an ancient mind—the *haleyon* or legendary island, the *Μακρον γηρον*, the *Va Bliss* and *Cities of the Just*, in which, as in other brilliant illusions of the imagination of mankind is prone to indulge. A History of Richard the Third, and of Pius of Mirandula, many controversial works and some quaint but interesting letters, have been preserved. His curious, and is not honourable reputation, that the writings of Sir Thomas More have been admired more almost every country than in his own, indeed, they have here been little read, and the polemical part of them can be profitable only to theological and political students. But there is a witchery of a beautiful romance "Utopia" the best library edition which, was printed side by side with the *New Atlantis*, with a commendatory and introductory discourse, by St. John. It formed, in fact, a series, in which the *Religio Medici*, *Hydrotopia*, or *Urn Burial*, by Thomas Brown were included. If be any of our readers who have read this singular work, I am sure have neglected one of the richest compositions in the language. It is a Titian picture, lighted up with the aerial tints of Claude, in relief to

Rembrandt chiaroscuro, in which of the groups and scenes are ended. They are imperfectly familiar to the literature of their country; have not studied this composite masterpiece of philosophy and fancy. I will not add any elaborate summary on the character of Sir Thomas More. We know a man when we see he has acted. What he speaks or does may be a disguise, or an epitaph on his tomb. In the history of More's life, however, his motives reveal themselves in the general tenour of his actions. It is not, indeed, the chief merit of biography to judge the person whose career it paints; but to show

so clearly what he was, that the world may judge him from that account. What I cannot avoid, however, is the reflection that More was a good and pious man, sacrificed by an odious prince, before whom the English nation was then content to bow down. And as these occurrences multiply with the pages of our annals, who can wonder, and, still more, who can regret, that in the next century, that infamous and decrepit tyranny was overthrown first in the field by Cromwell, and second in Parliament by the liberal and patriotic antagonists of the Second James.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO.

Beauty is not to be considered merely the fair flower that blooms by the side of the wanderer's path; it is not only the line of silver or of gold that adorns the edges of the dusky cloud; the bright feathery foam that crowns the crest of the dark and rugged wave. It is all of these, and it is something more. It is not an extrinsic ornament, one of life's dispensable luxuries; in a greater or less degree, it is an absolute necessity, and most truly a powerful agent to purify the soul from carnal tendencies, to strengthen and elevate, to spiritualize and refine. Beauty, in the highest sense, the ideal, the transcendental, leads the soul infinitely upwards from the earthly and the human to the immortal and divine. It is the likeness of God shining through the works; the monograph of the Great Artist; the type of that radiant splendor that shall bloom evermore in his Paradise.

Hence, to elevate the public taste, becomes the duty of all "Art-interpreters," who are as the evangelists of the Ideal, through whom we receive revelations of the beautiful. Among people in general, rare indeed is a true appreciation of this high excellence, which ought to be, the animating soul of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and poetry. Such recognition is rather educational than intuitive. It may be objected, that the world has been inundated with theories of beauty,

and that selection is difficult. The principles relating to ideal loveliness have, however, recently attained a more perfect development; and hence follow results less likely to perplex the earnest thinker. But we must keep aloof from a question so abstract. It is, however, very evident that many intelligent persons even, have singularly chaotic ideas upon this interesting subject.

To quote the words of an acute and clear-seeing critic: "The conceptions of the elder Greeks regarding beauty were nobler than ours, and for that reason their art was of a loftier character. Their beauty was divine, not human; intellectual, not sensuous; and, like the Jews and Persians, they sought in the loveliness of the human form a type of the perfections of the Deity. . . . Beauty, then," continues the same eloquent writer, "is a thing of the intellect. . . . It is universal and divine; it is incapable of tarnish or desecration; the 'beauty of holiness,' and the 'beauty of God,' of the Hebrew prophets, are better imaged in the heathen deities of Greece than in the pictured saints of the Roman Church."

The truth that beauty is *universal*, has too often been overlooked; many having sought to imprison their idea thereof within some one particular type, instead of recognising it in every form, and in all the varieties of its development.

It is the work of the true artist to-

reveal to the sons of earth the wondrous sights and sounds that throng the "world of beauty," in visible imagery, or with the glad voice of song. For he ever stands near to the pearly gates of heaven, and through the portals opening at intervals, he receives benedictions of loveliness, and glimpses of celestial glory, which he transmits to us through "pictured and enamelled dreams," or amid the lofty harmonies of "starry poetry."

The mantle of inspiration which enfolded the painters and sculptors of ancient Greece, seemed to descend with especial power upon the artists of modern Italy. The residents of the fairest land in Europe, a country rich in historic recollections, in proud and lofty memories of heroic time, and thoughts of many wrongs still deeper in stern influence, to them in particular, was intrusted (second to the Greeks) the mission of interpreting the poetry of art. The annals of painting and sculpture in Italy, form a bright and most interesting record, for the Italian artists have given examples of almost every variety of excellence, in the beautiful and the pathetic, in the terrible and the sublime. And among the brilliant galaxy of names included in such history, not one star shines with more untroubled lustre than the name of the "divine Raphael," which is never pronounced by the art-student without the sincerest reverence and the truest love.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO DI URBINO was born on Good Friday, 1483, in the city of Urbino. He was the son of a respectable painter named Giovanni Sanzio, who was patronised by the Duke Federigo of Urbino. Raphael lost his mother early in life. His father married again, and his second wife, Bernardina, a fair, loving creature, was as kind and affectionately attentive to the subject of this memoir as if he had been her own child. Giovanni Sanzio was his son's first instructor, and the boy was soon able to assist his father in his most important works. And thus passed away the childhood of Raphael, amid the sweet and gentle influences of home, beneath the soft Italian sky, his spirit ennobled and purified by a contemplation of all that is fair and lovely, and thus rendered a shrine for those lofty thoughts which must be ever resultant from a right study of the beautiful, the ideal, in nature and in art. But

how many, alas! there are who introduce into their souls that har which ought so surely to follow a devotion to any object that is noble and good. Why is this? It is because worthy motives intrude upon their ship. Love of display, self-gratifying desire of gain, looking for the praise of men; these are the sources of illness. Ah, not thus, oh thinker—stand forth amid the world's toils free, earnest, and sincere, without thought of self, no wish of recompense that which flows of necessity from the deep love through which your work is accomplished, and whence you receive, in truth, in high though unobtrusive action, each his "its own exceeding reward." So live and act, and assured, in due time, not only shall you enjoy this supreme satisfaction, yours shall also be the palm to the victor's hand, the crown to the brow.

Raphael's father left home for Perugia in 1494, in order to make arrangements for placing his son under the tuition of Pietro Perugino, the most renowned artist of the time, but before the completion of these arrangements, Giovanni Sanzio died, in the August of the same year. The negotiations were, however, carried on by his widow and a friend named Simone Ciarla, and so at the age of ten years, the young Raphael was sent to study under Perugino, whom he remained until he was twenty years of age.

Pietro Vannucci, surnamed *Il Perugino*, from his residence in Perugia, was an intimate friend of the great Leonardo da Vinci. In a poem by Giovanni Sanzio, these two artists are gracefully alluded to as "*par d'etate e par d'arte*." The works of Vannucci are distinguished by simplicity and sweetness and a "pure and gentle feeling." His early productions of Raphael bear evidence to the influence of his master's manner. The charming little picture of "St. Catherine" in the National Gallery is to be referred to this painter. The young artist was a most industrious student. His favourite subjects were the Madonna and the infant Christ. Many beautiful pictures were painted by him while he was with Perugino. Perhaps the most famous is the one representing the "Marriage of Mary and Joseph," now at Milan. Raphael greatly surpassed his master. In

aid a first visit to Florence. He provided with letters of recommendation from the Duchess of Sora, Duke of Urbino's sister, to the faloniere Sodorini, the successor of Medici. This visit, although short, an event in the artist's history. He had the acquaintance of Ghirlandajo and of the excellent Fra Bartolo-

His friendship with the latter firm and enduring, even unto death. exerted a beneficial influence upon the other. The elder of the two, indebted his friend in colouring, and a happy disposition of drapery, Raphael in turn imparted to the Friar a more perfect knowledge of principles of perspective.

Florence also our artist studied the works of Masaccio, and became acquainted with some of the cartoons of Sandro da Vinci, and certain of the efforts of Michael Angelo. Hence acquired new ideas of force and of unity. He soon returned to Perugia with a mind expanded and enriched, filled with memories of beauty. The following year he was employed to execute several altar-pieces for different churches, and he executed besides, some other pictures of great excellence, which are scattered through various churches.

After the completion of these works, Raphael returned to Florence, where he remained until the year 1508. Here he enjoyed every facility for study and improvement, which could be supplied by course with eminent men and access to noble galleries of painting and sculpture. The fair city of Florence was the home of refinement of learning and of genius. It was rendered sacred ground through having been the birthplace of many of Italy's most glorious sons. It was here that Dante Alighieri first saw the light of day. Here he sang and suffered—during his exile in after time, stung by the ingratitude of his birth-city, he immortalized it by the indignant dedication of his lofty verse.

Some of Raphael's finest pictures painted during his second visit to Florence, a period of about three years. He was here, indeed, in the brightest season of life—the glad spring-time of youth, when all is so fresh and beautiful and it seems a joy to live and breathe the free air of heaven. It is the world, of poetry and romance and airy

dreams, when the whole world seems a summer-land of beauty, and the spirit overflows with the well-springs of a sweet inspiration, developing itself in soul of genius, in the "harmony of colours," of music, or of song. It was but natural then that the young artist's creations should be in accordance with such happy influences. Take also into consideration the effect of country, and of climate. That glorious Italy, so wreathed with dear enchantments and crowned with strange and lofty memories, its every spot of ground ringing with the echoes of hero-footsteps, and all the air musical with the tones of divinest minstrelsy—was it not a fitting temple for the young enthusiast to bend low in adoring reverence at the shrine of the beautiful and the true? Ah, bright and fair, indeed, must be the artist's life in Italy, if faith and love be with him—for without these no life can be sublime, no death can prove triumphant.

Among the pictures Raphael painted at Florence, are many portraits, some altar-pieces, a Madonna beneath a palm-tree, now in the Bridgewater Gallery, the celebrated *Madonna del Cardellino*, at Florence, and others, altogether about thirty pictures. When our artist was about twenty-five years of age, through the recommendation of his relative, the sculptor, Bramante, he was ordered to Rome by Pius Julius II. to complete the decorations of the Vatican, which had been commenced in the reign of his predecessor, and left unfinished.

At that period Raphael had already established a reputation which extended throughout all Italy. The Italians are ever ready and able to appreciate the beautiful, and to welcome genius with sympathy. They are more quick to recognise, and more fervent to love the indications of talent, than the residents in our cold, northern latitudes. Raphael received so urgent an order from the Pope to proceed to Rome, that he was obliged to leave many of his pictures at Florence, for his friends Ghirlandajo and Fra Bartolomeo to finish. In a sketch of Michael Angelo we have already spoken of the haughty character, the unconquerable energy, and the resistless will of Pope Julius II., and of the many large and magnificent designs, whose execution shed such lustre upon the annals of his pontificate.

As soon as Raphael reached the Roman Capital, he commenced the embellishment of the *Camera* of the Vatican. The first saloon called the *Camera della Segnatura*, he devoted to the celebration of Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. In four circles he painted on the ceiling four figures, enthroned in the clouds with befitting symbols, and attendant genii. Of these the figure of Poetry is distinguished by superior grandeur and inspiration. Beneath these figures, and on the four sides of the room he painted four great pictures, each about fifteen feet high by twenty-five feet wide, the subject illustrating the four allegorical figures above. Under Theology, he placed the composition generally known by the title of *La Disputa*, i.e. the argument concerning the Holy Sacrament. In the upper part is the heavenly glory, the Redeemer in the centre, beside him the Virgin-mother. On the right and left arranged in a semi-circle, patriarchs, apostles, saints, are seated; all full of character, dignity, and a kind of celestial repose, befitting their beatitude. Angels are hovering round; four of them surrounding the emblematic Dove, hold the gospels. In the lower half of the picture are assembled the celebrated doctors and teachers of the Church, grand, solemn, meditative figures; some searching their books; some engaged in "colloquy sublime." And on each side, a little lower, groups of disciples and listeners, every head and figure a study of character and expression, all different, all full of nature, animation and significance; and thus the two parts of this magnificent composition, the heavenly beatitude above, the mystery of faith below, combine with one comprehensive whole.

Under Poetry, we have Mount Parnassus; Apollo, and the Muses are seen on the summit. On one side near them, the epic and tragic poets. Below on each side are the lyrical poets, Petrarch, Sappho, Corinna, Pindar, Horace.

Under Philosophy, Raphael has placed "the School of Athens." It represents a grand hall or portico, in which a flight of steps separates the foreground from the background. Conspicuous and above the rest, are the elder intellectual philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates. Plato characteristically pointing upwards to heaven; Aristotle pointing to the earth; Socrates impres-

sively discoursing to the listeners him. Then on a lower plan we the Sciences and Arts, represent Pythagoras and Archimides, Zoroaster and Ptolemy the geographer; alone, as if avoiding, and avoid all, sits Diogenes the Cynic. Raphael has represented the art of painting the figure of his master Perugin has introduced a portrait of him humbly following him.

Law or Jurisprudence, from the peculiar construction of the wall which it is painted, is represented less completeness, and is broken into divisions. Prudence, Fortitude and Temperance are above; below one side, is Pope Gregory, defining the ecclesiastical law; and on the Justinian promulgating his first code of civil law.

The biographers of Raphael generally silent with regard to literary attainments. One of his now preserved in the *Museo Borghese*, written in a kind of *patois*, and he adduced as an evidence of his illiterate, were it not that other of his are extant, composed in a clear and elegant Italian. He was well acquainted with many branches of literature, and paid especial attention to history and poetry. Petrarch one of his dearly loved authors from this poet's "*Trionfo della Fama*" he gathered many ideas which he made use of in his delineation of "Philosophy," in the *Camera della Segnatura*.

Whilst engaged at Rome on his frescoes in the Vatican, our artist found a generous patron and friend Agostino Chigi, a rich merchant of Rome, for whom he painted several valuable pictures—among other "Triumph of Galatea," and the "St. Peter's" in the Chapel, belonging to the Chigi family.

About the same time, Raphael executed a fine portrait of Pope Julius II. and also a likeness of himself, which is familiar to every one through the gravings. It represents him as a young man of singular beauty, with masses of dark hair, soft sweet and a touching noble expression the *beau-ideal* of a poet-artist.

Michael Angelo having fled from Rome at this period, on account of a quarrel with the Pope, Bramante obtained the keys of the Sistine Chapel

exhibited to Raphael the sublime
 of his famous rival, which doubt-
 in some measure, influenced his
 style, for a short time afterwards
 bael painted the "Sybils" for A.
 6, and the "Isaiah" of S. Agostino.
 he same year he commenced the
 ad chamber of the Vatican, in which
 illustrated the miraculous triumph
 the Church over her enemies. This
 includes the wonderful picture of
 diodorus driven from the Temple,"
 of Raphael's most striking produc-
 t. "The group of the celestial
 iors trampling on the prostrate He-
 rus, with the avenging angels float-
 air-borne to scourge the despoilers,
 nderful for its supernatural power
 is a vision of beauty and terror."
 portrait of Julius II. is introduced
 is work, under the character of the
 -priest, Onias. The Pope died in
 , before the completion of this
 ber, and the triple crown devolved
 Leo X.

he age of Leo X. was the golden age
 alian art and literature. The Pa-
 court was thronged with men of
 ing and of genius, crowned, and
 le-robed, and placed high among
 whom the people "delighted to
 ur." Visions of beauty were then
 only dreamed, but raised to actual
 through marble and through can-
 and poet-lips were eloquent with
 music of immortal song. Raphael
 on terms of intimacy with many of
 most eminent men of the day—
 sto, Sanazzaro, and the Cardinal
 bo, were among his friends. His
 and riches greatly increased, so that
 ilt himself a beautiful residence, in
 quarter of Rome, called the *Borgo*,
 een the Castle of St. Angelo and
 church of St. Peter. Scholars flocked
 is school from all parts of Italy,
 by all the young men under his
 on he was regarded with the pro-
 dest reverence and love. Most of
 ontemporary artists enjoyed friendly
 ons with him, excepting Michael
 o, who, at that period, was absent
 Rome. At the commencement of
 X's pontificate the venerable Lio-
 da Vinci, visited the capital, and
 the acquaintance of Raphael, who
 maintained a sincere friendship
 Francia, and corresponded with
 rt Durer.

a Bartolomeo visited Rome in 1513,
 thus renewed his intercourse with

Raphael, whose marvellous frescoes in
 the Vatican filled the simple-hearted
 friar with wonder and admiration. Some
 of his best pictures were painted on his
 return to his convent after this visit.

Meanwhile, the works in the Vatican
 were still in progress. The remaining
 decorations were all in illustration of
 the history of Leo X., for in represent-
 ing the events in the lives of preceding
 pontiffs the artist only "shadowed forth
 the glory of his patron." The most
 celebrated subjects in this series consist
 of "Attila driven from Italy by Saint
 Leo the Great," "the Liberation of St.
 Peter from Prison," and the "Fire in
 the Borgo,"—*L'Incendio del Borgo*.

It is singular to trace through these
 compositions how very cleverly Raphael
 has allegorized different incidents in the
 life-story of Leo X. For instance, in
 the representation of the expulsion of
 Attila, "even St. Leo himself and his
 dignified attendants become only sup-
 posititious personages, intended to im-
 mortalize Leo X., and the cardinals and
 prelates of his court, whose portraits are
 actually substituted for those of their
 predecessors in the honours and digni-
 ties of the Roman See.

To have represented Leo X., as living
 in the time of Leo III., would have
 been an anachronism, to have exhibited
 him as miraculously expelling Attila
 from Italy, would have been a false-
 hood. But Attila himself is only the
 type of the French monarch, Louis XII.
 whom Leo had, within the first months
 of his pontificate, divested of the state
 of Milan, and expelled from the limits
 of Italy."

Observe, how very skilfully the artist
 disposes of the apparent difficulty of
 reconciling the two events. It is an-
 other question, how far such a treat-
 ment of the subject is consistent with
 the true dignity of art, and whether or
 not an artist be justified in giving real
 portraits of living men, under the names
 of historical personages. We see, how-
 ever, no serious objections thereto, so
 long as care is taken to preserve the
 distinguishing characteristics of the
 primary subject of the picture.

The fresco representing the angel
 liberating St. Peter from prison, is
 placed opposite to another of Raphael's
 master-pieces—*The Mass at Bolsena*,
 in which the consecrated wafer miracu-
 lously dropped blood, to reprove the
 incredulity of the officiating priest. In

the picture of the release of St. Peter, the artist alludes to the imprisonment of the Pope Leo X. at Ravenna, and his subsequent liberation.

L'Incendio del Borgo depicts a fire in that quarter of Rome, which occurred in the reign of Leo IV., and was said to have been extinguished by a supernatural interposition. "This wonderful piece alternately chills the heart with terror, or warms it with compassion. The calamity of fire is carried to its extreme point, as it is the hour of midnight, and the fire which already occupies a considerable space, is increased by a violent wind, which agitates the flames that leap with rapidity from house to house. The affright and misery of some of the inhabitants are also carried to the utmost extremity. Some rush forward with water, are driven back by scorching flames; others seek safety in flight, with naked feet, robeless and with dishevelled hair; women are seen turning an imploring look to the pontiff; mothers whose own terrors are absorbed in fear for their offspring; and here a youth who bearing on his shoulders his aged and infirm sire, and sinking beneath the weight, collects his almost exhausted strength to place him out of danger."

The last chamber painted by Raphael in the Vatican was called the *Hall of Constantine*, being illustrative of the career of that Emperor. The frescoes in this series were executed by pupils from the artist's designs, as he had so many important undertakings under his superintendence, that it was utterly impossible for him to complete them all with his own hands. Hence he merely furnished the cartoons from which his scholars worked.

In the mean time Raphael painted several pictures for his munificent patron, Agostino Chigi, consisting chiefly of fresco decorations for his palace in the *Transtevere*, now called the *Villa Farnesina*; among which may be mentioned a series representing the history of *Cupid and Psyche*, still in excellent preservation. Our artist possessed also considerable architectural talent, for he furnished Agostino with the design of a private Chapel, and also engaged to superintend the erection of a magnificent mausoleum, which his patron was desirous of having built in his life-time. A sculptor, named Lorenzetto, executed two marble figures for this

sepulchre, from models supplied by Raphael. One of these was the statu "Jonah," worthy of being classed with the productions of ancient art. Our artist adorned the *Loggie* of the Vatican with a set of compositions from Old Testament history, entitled "Raphael's Bible." "The *Loggie* are open galleries, running round three sides of an open court." The construction of these galleries had been commenced by Bramante, but he had not been able to complete the design. They were consequently finished by Raphael, with the addition of great improvements upon the original plan. The painter thus afforded a new specimen of his skill as an architect, with which Leo X. was well pleased. The direction of the interior decorations were also entrusted to Raphael. "This afforded the artist an opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the antique, and his skill in imitating the ancient grotesque and arabesque ornaments, specimens of which then began to be discovered, as well in Italy as in other places, and which were collected from all parts at considerable expense by Raffaello, who also employed artists in various parts of Italy, even in Greece and Turkey, to furnish him with drawings of whatever remains of antiquity might appear deserving of notice. The execution of this great work was chiefly entrusted to two of his scholars, Giulio Romano, and Giovanni da Udine; the former of whom superintended the historical department, the latter the stucco and grotesques, in the representation and exquisite finish of which he excelled all the artists of his time; but various other artists who had already arrived at considerable eminence were employed in the work, and laboured with great assiduity. Among these were Giovanni Francesco Penni, Bartolomeo da Bugnato, Perino del Vaga, Pellegrino da Modena, and Vincenzio da S. Gimignano. The great extent and variety of this undertaking, the fertility of imagination displayed by Raffaello in his designs, the condescension and kindness with which he treated his pupils who attended him in great numbers whenever he appeared in public, and the liberality of the pontiff in rewarding their labours, all combined to render the Vatican at that period a perfect nursery of art."

There is an interesting story related

of one of the boys employed there, in grinding colours, and carrying the composition of line and other artistic requisites. From hearing the conversations of the painters, and continually living in sight of the glorious creations of genius, this youth acquired a deep love of painting, and a burning desire to devote his life to the art, that he too might leave behind him some such fair memorials. Thought and observation were his only means of study, for he never practised painting until he was eighteen years of age, when all at once he "seized the pencil and astonished his employers." And from that time Polidoro da Caravaggio was numbered in the ranks of the disciples of Raphael.

After the artist had completed the decorations of the *Loggia* he was employed to embellish one of the saloons of the Vatican in the same manner. Leo X. determined also to have the lower walls of the *Capella Sistina* hung round with costly tapestry, to be woven in Flanders, in wool, and silk, and gold. He desired Raphael to furnish the designs for this work, from different portions of Scripture history. The cartoons were accordingly executed, and forwarded to Flanders, where they were suffered to remain after the completion of the tapestry, until the reign of Charles the First, who had the good taste to purchase them. They are now at Hampton Court, and familiar to us all. Originally they were ten in number, but three, unfortunately, have been lost. The tapestries were finished at Arras, and sent to Rome, in 1519. Raphael had the pleasure of seeing them disposed in their places, amid much admiring applause on the part of the spectators. Several sets of hangings were worked from the same cartoons, and of these one set was presented to Henry VIII. of England, and afterwards sold out of the kingdom.

It is said that Francis I. of France, and the King of England were both anxious to engage the services of Raphael as Court painter, but they were equally unsuccessful. The artist painted for the French Monarch a "Holy Family," and the beautiful picture of "St. Michael overcoming the Dragon," for which production he was most magnificently rewarded. One of Raphael's finest works was executed for the convent of St. Sixtus, at Piacenza—it is called the "Madonna di San

Sisto," and represents the infant Christ enthroned in the arms of the Virgin, St. Sixtus and St. Barbara kneeling in adoration on each side.

When Bramante died, in 1514, the office of Superintendent of the building of St. Peter's was rendered vacant, and consequently a competition for the appointment took place between the architects of Rome, among whom were Raphael, Fra Gioconda, and Peruzzi. In compliance with the last request of the dying Bramante, Leo installed Raphael in the vacant office, with Gioconda for his assistant.

The artist was very much interested in the discovery and preservation of all the art remains of antiquity. He formed a plan for excavating the whole of ancient Rome, for the purpose of disinterring all such treasures. He wished also to make an "accurate survey of the city, with representations of all the remains of ancient buildings, so as to obtain, from what might yet be seen, a complete draught or model of the whole as it existed in the most splendid era of its prosperity." A letter on this subject which he addressed to the reigning pontiff is still in existence. He commences:—"There are many persons, holy father, who estimating great things by their own narrow judgment, esteem the military exploits of the ancient Romans, and the skill which they have displayed in their buildings, so spacious and so richly ornamented, as rather fabulous than true. With me, however, it is widely different; for when I perceive in what yet remains of Rome the divinity of mind which the ancients possessed, it seems to me not unreasonable to conclude, that many things were to them easy, which to us appear impossible. Having therefore, under this conviction, always been studious of the remains of antiquity, and having with no small labour investigated, and accurately measured such as have occurred to me, and compared them with the writings of the best authors on this subject, I conceive that I have obtained some acquaintance with the architecture of the ancients. This acquisition, while it gives me great pleasure, has also affected me with no small concern, in observing the inanimate remains as it were of this noble city, the queen of the universe, thus lacerated and dispersed. As there is a duty from every child towards his parents and country,

so I find myself called upon to exert what little ability I possess in perpetuating somewhat of the image, or rather the shadow, of that which is, in fact, the universal country of all Christian, and at one time was so devoted and so powerful that mankind began to believe that it was raised beyond the extent of fortune, and destined to perpetual duration. Hence it would seem that Time, envious of the glory of mortal, but not fully confiding in his own strength had combined with fortune, and with the perfidious and unprincipled barbarians that to him *corroderunt* file and consuming both the might and their destructive fury; and by fire, by sword, and every other mode of destruction might complete the ruin of Rome.

The artist then proceeded to lament the indifference and neglect with which the modern Roman had treated the noble monument of their former glory, suffering them to be left to ruin and decay, or even with aviligious land, employing them in the construction of their dwelling. He added, "It ought not, therefore, holy father, to be the last object of your attention, to take care that the little which now remains of this, the ancient mother of Italian glory and magnificence, be not, by means of the ignorant and the malicious, wholly extirpated and destroyed; but may be preserved as a testimony of the worth and excellence of those divine mind, by whose example we of the present day are invited to great and laudable and rising."

Raphael was justly distinguished for the excellence of his portraits, which were, of course, eagerly sought after. Among the most striking was that of Bindo Altoviti, of Joanna of Aragon, of Leo X., with the Cardinals Rossi, and Giulio de Medici, and the picture of "La Fornarina," supposed to be the portrait of a beautiful Roman girl, to whom the artist was attached.

At this period we behold Raphael at the very summit of his greatness, and felicity, living in the midst of splendour and of luxury; the companion and the friend of princes; beloved by his disciples, esteemed and admired by all. The Cardinal Bibbiena offered him his niece in marriage, with a rich dowry; but the lady's death took place before the completion of the arrangement. It does not appear that the artist was at all desirous of this marriage; the pro-

posal, even, however, to show in high estimation he was held. His life so bright and beautiful was destined to prove of long duration.

Raphael's last and greatest creation was the grand picture of the "Transfiguration," which he undertook, at the desire of the Cardinal de Medici, bishop of Narbonne. It was destined for the altar-piece of the Cathedral of Narbonne. At that time there were two parties in Rome, one in favour of Michel Angelo, and the other in favour of Raphael; not that there was any open rivalry between the great artists. The term used by Vasari was, "all evidently are not to be endured." He, therefore, procured a Venetian painter, named Sebastiano del Piombo, to meet the energetic demand with the general, attractive and brilliant colouring. A Raphael was engaged upon the "Transfiguration," Sebastian commenced the celebrated picture of the "Raising of Lazarus," for which it was generally understood that Buonarroti not only applied the cartoon, but sketched of the figure upon the panel. The picture was afterwards exhibited there in the chamber of the Council, and although the work of the Venetian obtained due praise the palm was commonly awarded to that of Raphael.

This *chef d'œuvre* is divided into two parts. The lower represents a demon brought for cure to the Redeemer, by his disciples and friends. The upper portion displays Mount Tabor, and the transfigured Christ above, with ideal grace, and divine immensity. Moses and Elias on each side, in three dimensions, prostrate on the ground, shading their eyes from the dazzling light of the ineffable glory. But the artist had quite completed the dream of beauty, death intervened. Raffaello Sanzio, the world-renowned divine picture, died on the anniversary of his birthday, Good Friday, at the comparatively early age of thirty-seven years. During his illness Pope had sent to his residence with the Lincolns, inquiries; and joined in the universal sorrow, was announced that the beloved was no more. The mortal remains of Raphael were laid in state, in his chamber, beneath his last glorious work; thither came crowds of rich and poor, haughty noble and the loving dis-

to render to the painter's memory the homage of their tears.

They came to give a last farewell,
The young, the glad, the gay,
To him, who low before them there
In pale cold silence lay.

He rested calm with clasped hands,
With rich disparted hair;
And though the loving glance was gone,
The beauty still was there.

And thus they met—a princely band—
The rich, the great, the proud;
The scholar, and the patron high,
Alike in homage bowed.

With solemn steps, and downcast eyes,
With hushed and reverent breath;
In the awful presence-room
Of the majesty of death.

And "pictured dreams" were bright around,
But chief among them rose,
That grand transfigured form that shone
In most divine repose.

The likeness of the victor Christ,
When unto earth was given
Glimpse of the glory that he wore,
Among the thrones of heaven.

Ah! it was well that they should place
The cold and lifeless clay,
Beneath the image of the truth,
The life, the light, the way!

Of him, the holy priest, to whom
The Father God had given
The mastery over death and hell,
The fairest crown in heaven.

And he who pictured that bright scene,
Lay still in child-like rest;
The wreath unheeded on his brow,
The purple on his breast.

He might not hear if nations rose
To greet him with acclaim;
He might not hear the voice of love
That lowly breathed his name.

They gazed upon the life-like forms,
His hand had loved to trace,
And on the marble, pure and still,
Of his placid, sleeping face.

His genius bright with hues of heaven,
Still "eked them overhead;"
And 'mid that flush of power and light,
They scarce could deem him dead.

And hearts that never felt before,
Were touched and bleeding then;
And sighs were breathed, and tears were in
The eyes of lofty men.

Then slowly moved the reverent crowd,
And left the sacred spot;
But that hushed room and that pale corse,
They never more forgot!

The remains of Raphael were followed to the grave by a long and stately funeral procession, amid the deep heart-regrets of an assembled multitude. His tomb is in the Church of the Pantheon, near that of his betrothed wife, Maria de Bibbiena. The Pope requested Cardinal Bembo to compose his epitaph. His loss was deplored throughout Italy as a national calamity.

Raphael is generally placed *first* in the catalogue of painters. No other artist of modern times has ever united in himself so great a variety of excel-

lence. He may not have Michael Angelo's mastery over the terrible and the sublime; but he greatly excels the Florentine in dignity and grace. His Madonnas may not possess the deep spiritual beauty of those of the earlier painters; nevertheless, they are "exceeding fair," and wear upon their brows the light of a "tender human love." His colouring may not be characterized by the brilliancy and richness which distinguished the school of Venice; but his design is by far more pure and lofty than that of the Venetians. Others might approach him in one particular department; but, in completeness and versatility, he was without a rival. The genius of Raphael was highly dramatic. Every sentiment that can sway the heart, every passion that can convulse the soul, has found a true and ready exponent in the creations of his pencil. The impress of poetic feeling is stamped upon all his productions; and perhaps no painter has ever possessed more just claims to the proud title of the Shakspeare of Modern Art. He rarely repeats himself; in the grace of his compositions, in the beauty, dignity, and character of his heads, he is alike eloquent and alone.

We have no written record of Raphael's inner life; of his thought and sentiment, of his loves and his sympathies, of his woes, joys, faith, and aspirations. The pictured halls of the Vatican compose the fair temple, wherein his life-intellectual is enshrined; and, in truth, we could scarcely ask for more. It is a revelation of power and majesty and beauty, and tells us sufficient, if not all we should like to know of the character of the inspiring genius; a genius, we should imagine, with wide and unchained sympathies, rejoicing in the glory and loveliness of nature, regarding life as a beauty and a blessing, and working out the poem of existence with the faith of a lofty soul and the love of a generous heart. Were it otherwise, indeed, there would be no existent harmony between genius and its productions; and from these productions the true spiritual essence of mental character is best shadowed forth. It will be said that base and unworthy men have often thought and acted aright. Yes; but not uniformly. The works of such may be brilliant with coruscations of genius, but they will assuredly be deficient in that steadfast, shining light,

which can alone exist when the whole being moves in sweet concert with the universal harmonies.

Some accusations have been brought against the moral character of Raphael. We believe them to be utterly unfounded; and, in support of our own opinion, we are happy to adduce a testimony from the elegant pen of Mrs. Jameson: "There was a vulgar idea at one time prevalent, that Raphael was a man of vicious and dissipated habits, and even died a victim to his excesses. This slander has been silenced for ever, by indisputable evidence to the contrary. And now we may reflect with pleasure, that nothing rests on surer evidence than the admirable qualities of Raphael, that no earthly renown was ever so unsullied by reproach, so justified by merit, so confirmed by concurrent opinion, so established by time."

After advertising to the painter's extraordinary industry (for he left behind him, when he died, at thirty-seven years of age, 287 pictures and 576 drawings),

a circumstance which almost proves itself that he could not have employed his short life otherwise than well, the writer continues: "As Raphael carried to the highest perfection the union of those faculties of head and hand which constitute the complete artist, so the harmony pervaded his whole being, a nothing deformed or discordant could enter there. In all the portraits which exist of him, from infancy to manhood there is a divine sweetness and repose; the little cherub face of three years is not more serene and angelic than the same features at thirty. The child who, father and mother, tutor and stepmother caressed and idolized in his loving innocence, was the same being whom we see in the pride of manhood sublimed and reigning over all hearts; so that to borrow the words of a contemporary, 'not only all men, but the very brute loved him;' the only very distinguished man of whom we read, who lived and died without an enemy or a detractor."

JOHN KEATS.

"To the poet, if to any man, it may justly be conceded to be estimated by what he has written rather than by what he has done, and to be judged by the productions of his genius rather than by the circumstances of his outward life. For although the choice and treatment of a subject may enable us to contemplate the mind of the historian, the novelist, or the philosopher, yet our observation will be more or less limited and obscured by the sequence of events, the forms of manners, or the exigencies of theory, and the personality of the writer must be frequently lost; while the poet, if his utterances be deep and true, can hardly hide himself even beneath the epic or dramatic veil, and often makes of the rough public ear, a confessional into which to pour the richest treasures and holiest secrets of his soul. His life is in his writings, and his poems are his works indeed. The biography, therefore, of a poet can be little more than a comment on his poems, though his life may be of long duration, and chequered by strange and various adventures — but these pages concern one whose whole life may be summed up in three volumes of poems, some earnest friendships, one

passion and a premature death." men die so they walk among posterity and our impression of Keats is that an earnest, highly susceptible nature perseveringly testing its own power and striving ever towards a realization of its high ideal of perfection; of manly heart bravely surmounting a profiting by its own hard experience and of an imagination glowing with the brilliant hues of romance and a gory, ready to inundate the world, learning to flow within regulated channels, and endeavouring to abate its violence without decreasing its power.

Ever improving in his art, he gave no reason to believe that his marvellous faculty partook of the nature of the facility of rhyming which in many men has been the outlet of their ardent feelings in youth and early manhood, but which as the cares of the world he pressed more heavily upon them he subsided into morbidness of feeling have disappeared altogether. In him no one doubts that a true genius was suddenly arrested, and they who will allow him to have won a place in the first ranks of English literature, will not deny the promise of his candidature.

The interest which attaches to

family of every remarkable individual, has failed in discovering in that of Keats more than that his childhood was surrounded by virtuous and honourable influences. His father, a man of excellent understanding, and of a lively energetic countenance, was employed in the establishment of Jennings, the proprietor of large livery stables in Moorfields, opposite the entrance to Finsbury Circus. He married his master's daughter, but was perfectly free from any taint of affectation or vulgarity on account of his prosperous alliance. He was killed in 1804 by a fall from his horse at the early age of thirty-four. Mrs. Keats, a lively intelligent woman, had four children. John, the subject of this memoir, was born 29th of October, 1795. Of his two brothers, George was the older than himself—Thomas younger, and his sister considerably younger. John resembled his father in feature, stature, and manner, and was possessed of warm affectionate feelings; which are evident from the following little anecdote. On occasion of his mother's illness, the doctor having ordered her not to be disturbed for some time—John kept sentinel at the door for three hours, guarding the entrance with an old sword he had picked up, and allowing no one to enter the room. At this time he was about four years old. Some years later he was sent to Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield, then in high repute.

A maternal uncle of young Keats, had been an officer in Duncan's Ship off Camberdown. This naval uncle was the ideal of the boys, and inspired them with the desire when they went to school of keeping up the family's reputation for bravery. This was manifested in the elder brother by cool manliness, but in John and Tom by a fierce pugnacity of disposition; John was always fighting, he selected for his companions those who excelled in warlike accomplishments. Nor were the brothers backward in exercising their mettle on each other; this disposition was however combined with great tenderness of feeling, and in John with a passionate sensibility, which exhibited itself in strange contrasts, he would frequently pass suddenly from a wild fit of laughter, to an equally violent flood of tears. In giving way to his impulses he regarded not consequences; he once attacked an usher violently, who had been boxing his brother's

ears; and after his mother's death which occurred in 1810, he hid himself for several days in a nook by the master's desk, indulging in one long agony of grief, refusing consolation alike from master or from friend. The sense of humour which so frequently accompanies a strong sensibility, abounded in him. He ever delighted in displays of grotesque originality or wild pranks, and he appeared to prize these next to his favourite quality—physical courage. His perfect indifference to be thought well of as "a good boy," was as remarkable as the peculiar facility with which he mastered his tasks, which never seemed to occupy his attention, but in which he was ever equal to his companions. His skill in all manly exercises, combined to the extreme generosity of his disposition made him highly popular. "He combined," writes one of his schoolfellows "a terrier-like resoluteness of character, with the most noble placability;" and another mentions that his extraordinary energy, animation and ability, impressed them all with the conviction of his future greatness, "but rather in a military or some such active sphere of life, than in the peaceful arena of literature." (Mr. E. Holmes, author of 'Life of Mozart.') "His eyes then, as ever, were large and sensitive, flashing with strong emotions, or suffused with tender sympathies, and more distinctly reflected the varying impulses of his nature, than when under the self-control of maturer years; his hair hung in thick brown ringlets round a head, diminutive for the breadth of shoulders below it, while the smallness of the lower limbs, which in later life marred the proportion of his person, was not then apparent, but at the time only completed such an impression as the ancients had of Achilles, joyous and glorious youth—everlastingly striving."

It was only after remaining at school a considerable time, that his intellectual ambition developed itself; he determined to carry off all the first prizes in literature, and he succeeded. He obtained them after arduous study, and at the expense of his amusements and favourite exercises. Even on holidays, when all the boys were out at play, he would remain translating his Virgil or Fenelon, and when his master would oblige him to go out for the sake of his health, he would walk about with

a book in his hand. The quantity of translations he made on paper during the last two years of his school-life, was astonishing. The twelve books of the *Æneid* were a portion of it, though he does not appear to have been acquainted with much other Latin poetry, nor to have commenced learning Greek. Yet Took's "Pantheon," Spence's "Polymetia" and Lemprière's Dictionary, were sufficient fully to introduce his imagination to the enchantment of Mythology, with which at once he became intimately acquainted; and a mind eagerly alive to the beauties of classic literature, led the way to that wonderful reconstruction of Grecian feeling and fancy, for which he was so peculiarly adapted. He does not at this time seem to have been a sedulous reader of other books, but "Robinson Crusoe" and Marmontel's "Incas of Peru" appear to have impressed him strongly. He must have met with Shakespeare, for he told one of his companions "he thought no one could dare to read 'Macbeth' alone in a house, at two o'clock in the morning."

On the death of their remaining parent, in 1810, the young Keats's were consigned to the guardianship of Mr. Abbey, a merchant; about £5,000 were left to be divided among the four children. John, on leaving school, in 1810, was apprenticed for five years to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon of considerable eminence, at Edmonton. From its vicinity in Enfield he was enabled to keep up his acquaintance with the family of Mr. Clarke, where he was ever welcomed with much kindness. His talents and energy strongly recommended him to his preceptor, and his affectionate feelings found a response in the heart of the son. In Charles Cowden Clarke he found a friend, capable of sympathizing in all his highest tastes and purest feelings, and in this genial atmosphere, his noble powers gradually expanded. Yet so little opinion was formed of the direction his genius would take that when, in 1812, he asked for the loan of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," it was supposed, he merely desired from a boyish ambition, to become acquainted with so illustrious a poem. The effect produced by this wonderful work of the imagination was electrical. He was in the habit of walking over to Enfield once a week to talk over his reading with his friend, and now he would talk

of nothing but Spenser. A new world of beauty and enchantment seemed opened to him: "He ramped through the scenes of the romance," writes Mr. Clarke, "like a young horse turned into a spring meadow,"—he revelled in the gorgeousness of the imagery as in the pleasures of a newly-discovered sense; the expressiveness and felicity of an epithet (such, for example, as "The sea-shouldering Whale"), would illumine his countenance with ecstasy, and some fine description would strike on the secret chords of his soul and awaken countless harmonies. His earliest known verses are those in imitation of Spenser, beginning—

Now morning from her orient chamber came.

Nor will the just critic fail in discovering that much in the early poems which, at first, appears strained and fantastical may be traced to an indiscriminate and blind reverence for a great, though unequal model. In the scanty records which remain of the adolescent years, in which Keats became a poet, a sonnet on Spenser illustrates this view—

Spenser! a jealous humor of thine,
A forester deep in the midmost trees,
Didst last eve ask my promise to rhyme
Some English, that might serve thine ear
to please.
But Elin pant! 'tis impossible
For an inhabitant of wintry earth
To rise like Phoebus with a golden quill,
Firewinged, and make a morning in his
mirth.
It is impossible to 'scape from toil
O the sudden, and receive thy spicing:
The flower must drink the nature of the
soil
Before it can put forth its blossoming;
Be with me in the summer days, and I
Will for thine honour and his pleasure try.

Few memorials remain of his other studies—Chaucer evidently gave him the greatest pleasure—he felt in reading it nothing but the pure breath of nature in the early dawn of English literature. The strange tragedy of the unhappy fate of Chatterton, "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in its pride," is a frequent subject of allusion in Keats's letters and poems. The impressive nature of Keats would naturally incline him to erratic composition, but his early love verses are remarkably deficient in beauty and pathos. The world of personal emotion was to him far less familiar than that of the imagination, and indeed it appears to have been long ere he descended from the heights of poetry and romance, to the

ded realities of human love. Let it be supposed that the creations of his young imagination were cold, unlovely, and unimbued with natural feelings; so far from it, it may be considered that it was the blending of the ideal and sensual life, so peculiar to the Greek Mythology, which rendered it attractive to the mind of Keats, when the "Endymion" comes to be critically considered, it will at once appear that its excellence consists in the appreciation of that ancient spirit of poetry, to which all outward perceptions were excellently ministered, and which he took to refine and to elevate the sensitive feelings of those who would yield to their influence.

Endymion, generally ardent in youth, did not remain without its impression in the early poems of Keats. With Milton Mather, to whom his first epistle is addressed, he enjoyed an intellectual sympathy. This Mather had introduced him to congenial friends, both of men and books. Those poems were written just at the time when he became aware of the little in which he felt in the profession of poetry so studiously pursuing, and was caught in the midst of that conflict between the outer and inner world, which, alas! too often the poet's lot is in life. Mr. Mather remarks at that time "the eye of Keats was critical than tender, and so was his mind; he admired more the external decorations than felt the deep beauties of the muse. He delighted in giving you through the mazes of elaborate description, but was less conscious of the sublime and pathetic; he would spend many evenings in reading, but I never observed the tears in his eyes, nor the broken voice which is indicative of extreme sensibility." This modification of a nature, at first naturally susceptible, and the subsequent development of the imagination, is an unfrequent phenomenon in the history of psychology. His next poetic epistle, dated August 1816, is addressed to his brother George, and we find it there too. By this time the full consciousness of latent genius had dawned upon him. After a gorgeous description of the present happiness of Endymion, he betrays that he is not altogether free from what has been so aptly called the "weakness of great poets"—the love of fame.

These are the living pleasures of the bard:
But richer far posterity's award.
What does he murmur with his latest breath,
While his proud eye looks thro' the film of death?
What tho' I leave this dull and earthly mould,
Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold
With after times. The patriot shall feel
My stern alarm, and unsheath his steel;
Or in the senate thunder out my numbers,
To startle princes from their easy slumbers;
The sage will mingle with such moral theme
My happy thoughts sententious: he will beam
With lofty periods when my verses fire him,
And then I'll stoop from heaven to inspire him.
Lays have I left of such a dear delight,
That maids will sing them on their bridal night.

Then, as if feeling his presumptuousness, he checks himself and says—

Could I, at once, my mad ambition smother,
For tasting joys like these, sure I should be
Happier and dearer to society.
At times, 'tis true, I've felt relief from pain,
When some bright thought has darted thro' my
brain:
Thro' all that day I've felt a greater pleasure
Than if I had brought to light a hidden treasure.

His third epistle (Sept., 1816), addressed to his friend Cowden Clarke, is written in a bolder, freer strain than the others. In it occur those just and sententious descriptions of the various orders of verse with which his friend had familiarized his mind. They betoken that he united clearness of perception to brilliance of fancy:—

The sonnet swelling loudly
Up to its climax and then dying proudly;

the ode,

Growing like Atlas, stronger for its load;

the epic,

Of all the king,
Round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's
ring;

The sharp the rapier-pointed epigram;

Spenserian vowels that elope with ease,
And float along like birds on summer seas.

Among his sonnets, of which he wrote several, some are of unequal merit, and relating to forgotten details of every-day life, are only interesting so far as they illustrate the progress of genius and the constant striving after something worthy of the *high* and *noble* art to which he had dedicated his powers. A few, however, exist of surpassing loveliness—sublime in strength, rich in expression, and harmonious in rhythm. That "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," has, by a high judge of poetry, been pronounced "the most splendid sonnet in the language."

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold:
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,

That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Leigh Hunt remarks, it is "epical in the splendour and dignity of its images, and terminates with the noblest Greek simplicity."

These critical remarks have anticipated the termination of Keats's apprenticeship and his removal to London, for the purpose of walking the hospitals. He lodged in the Poultry, and having been introduced by his friend, C. Clarke, to some literary friends, he soon found himself in a genial and sympathizing atmosphere, which stimulated and encouraged him to exertion. One of his most intimate friends at that time, eminent for his poetical originality and political persecutions, was Leigh Hunt, whom all must admire for his noble, independent spirit, which recoiled from every species of oppression, as well as for the delightful, melodious poetry with which he has enriched his country. Miserable, indeed, was the return which his fearless advocacy of justice met with. In those days of hard opinion, which we of a "freer and worthier time," look back upon with strong indignation, Mr. Hunt had been imprisoned for an expression of public feeling, in his "Journal," a little too liberal for those times. The heart of Keats leaped towards him, in human and poetic brotherhood; and the earnest sonnet on the day Hunt left prison, cemented the friendship. They read and walked together, and wrote verses in competition on a given subject. "No imaginative pleasure," observes Mr. Hunt, "was left unnoticed by us or unenjoyed, from the recollection of the bards and patriots of old, to the luxury of a summer rain at our windows, or the clicking of the coal in winter-time." Thus he became intimate with Hazlitt, Shelley, and Haydon, Basil Montague and his distinguished family, and with Mr. Ollier, a young publisher, who offered to publish a volume of Keats's productions. The poem with which it commences was suggested by a delightful summer's day, as he stood by a gate on Hampstead Heath, leading into a field by Caen Wood; and the last "Sleep and Poetry," was occasioned by his sleeping in Mr. Hunt's cottage

in the same year. These two pieces, of considerable length, show the sustained vigour of the young poet's fancy. Yet the imperfections of Keats's style are here more apparent than in his shorter efforts. Poetry to him was not yet an *art*; the irregularities of his own verse were to him no more than the irregularities of that nature of which he considered himself as the interpreter.

For what has made the sage or poet write,
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the moving of the mountain pine,
And when a tale is beautifully told,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade.

He had yet to learn that art should purify and elevate that nature which comprehends; and that the ideal loses none of its beauty in aiming at perfection of form as well as of view. He did not like to consider poetry as the result of anxious and studious thought, nor that it should represent the struggles in the hearts of men. He says most exquisitely, that

A drainless shower
Of light is poetry—'tis the supreme power;
'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm.

At the completion of the first volume he gave a striking proof of his facility for composition. He was enjoying the evening with a lively circle of friends when the last proof-sheet was brought him, with a message from the publisher that, if he intended to have a dedication he must write one immediately; he journeyed to a side table, and, whilst the rest were busily conversing, wrote the Sonnet commencing,

Glory and loveliness have passed away.

This little book, the beloved first fruits of so great a genius, scarcely arrested the public attention; it had hardly a purchaser beyond the circle of ardent friends, who composed most of the great minds of that time—and the profuse admiration which they bestowed upon it, must have contrasted strangely with the utter neglect of the rest of mankind, and been a bitter lesson to his highly sensitive feelings. Haydon, Dilke, Reynolds, Woodhouse, Rice Taylor, Wesley, Leigh Hunt, Baile and Haslam, were, at this time, Keats's principal companions and correspondents.

The uncongenial nature of the profession for which Keats was preparing himself, became daily more apparent to him. An extensive book of careful and

notations testify his diligence—distasteful as he felt his profession to be—though one of his fellow students describes him at the lectures as being very fond of mixing up the notes with doggerel rhymes, especially when he got hold of another student's syllabus. He did not meet with much sympathy among the students, and whenever he showed them his graver compositions, they were sure to be severely ridiculed. They were therefore much surprised, when he presented himself at the Apothecaries' Hall, that he "passed" the examination with much credit. When, however, he entered on the practical part, although successful in all his operations, yet his mind was so oppressed with the *dread of doing harm*, that he came to the settled conviction that he was totally unfit for the profession, on which he had expended so many years of study and a considerable part of his property. "My dexterity," he remarks, "used to seem to me a miracle, and I resolved never to take up a surgical instrument again;" and thus he found himself on the threshold of manhood—without the means of daily subsistence, but with a host of friends deeply interested in his welfare, and indulging those proud hopes for the future which so often buoy up only to deceive the highest geniuses.

While at Margate in May, 1817, he commenced the poem of "Endymion:" it was finished on 28th November of the same year, as recorded by the existing manuscript, fairly written in a book, with various corrections of words and phrases, but with little transposition of sentences. In the following extract from a letter to his brother George, he gives his reasons for working out a simple mythological legend into so long a story. "As to what you say about my being a poet, I can return no answer but by saying that the high idea I have of poetical fame makes me think I see it towering too high above me. At any rate I have no right to talk until 'Endymion' is finished. It will be a test, a trial of my powers of imagination, and chiefly of my invention—which is a rare thing indeed—by which I must make 4,000 lines of one bare circumstance, and fill them with poetry. And when I consider that this is a great task, and that when done it will take me but a dozen paces towards the Temple of Fame—it makes me say,

'God forbid that I should be without such a task.' I have heard Hunt say and I may be asked, '*why endeavour after a long poem?*' to this I should answer, Do not the lovers of poetry like to have a little region to wander in, where they may pick and choose, and in which the images are so numerous that many are forgotten and found new in a second reading,—which may be food for a week's stroll in the summer? Do not they like this better than what they can read through before Mrs. Williams comes down stairs? a morning's work at most.

"Besides, a long poem is a test of invention, which I take for the polar star of poetry, as fancy is the sails, and imagination the rudder. Did our great poets ever write short pieces? I mean in the shape of tales. This same invention seems, indeed, of late years, to have been forgotten in a partial excellence."

So much for what Keats says of his own composition—of its imperfections (which consist rather in the excessive luxuriance of imagery, and extreme sensibility, if these can be called faults, than in overdrawn and "spun-out" description) he was well aware, as the reader may perceive by the preface to "Endymion:"—"Knowing within myself the manner in which this poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public, what manner I mean will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error, denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished."

"Endymion" is filled with imagery of the most startling loveliness, gorgeous descriptions, and wild, rich, ever-varying Æolian music; the metre is capricious, indeed, it can hardly be said to have any versification, and the lines are broken in the strangest, though not unnatural manner, so that it is easy to mistake it for blank verse, unless reading aloud, although the rhymes are remarkably correct and ingenious. The whole poem displays a singularly accurate acquaintance with the mythology of Greece, and an exquisite appreciation of its beauties. In reading the poem we are constrained to own that in "bidding to live again the images of pagan beauty," Keats had *not* dulled their brightness.

The winter of 1817-18 was spent

cheerily enough among his friends; at Hampstead; his society was much courted for the agreeable mingling of playfulness and earnestness which distinguished his manner toward all men. He was perfectly natural and unassuming; there was no striving to say "smart things;" he joked well or ill, as the case might be, with a laugh that still rings sweetly in many ears; but at the mention of oppression, or baseness, or any calumny against those he loved, he rose into grave majesty at once, and gave vent to his indignation in withering words of reproach; his habitual gentleness and self-control made these occasional looks of bitter contempt almost terrible. At one time, hearing a gross falsehood respecting the artist Severn, repeated and dwelt upon, he left the room, declaring "he should be ashamed to sit with men who could utter and believe such things." At another time, hearing of some unworthy conduct, he burst out, "Let there no human do these into which we can sweep such fellows?"

To display of every kind he had a special abhorrence, and he complains, in a note to Haydon, that "conversation is not a search after knowledge, but an endeavour at effect; if Bacon were alive, and to make a remark in the present day, in company, the conversation would stop on a sudden, I am convinced of this." "Plain practical life, on the one hand, and a free exercise of his rich imagination, on the other, were the ideal of his existence; his poetry never weakened his action, and his simple every day habits never obscured the beauty of the world within him." In a letter written to Bailey about this time, we find the following fine suggestive idea: "Twelve days have passed since your last reached me. What has gone through the myriad of human mind since the 14th. We talk of the immense number of books, the volumes rained down and by them and; but *perhaps more goes through the human intelligence in twelve days than ever was written.*"

A lady, whose intuitive perception only equals the depth of her understanding, says, she distinctly remembers Kents, as he appeared at this time at Hazlitt's lectures. "His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn, he wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side of his face; his mouth was full and level in

intellectual than the other features. His countenance lives in my mind, as one of singular beauty and brightness; it had an expression as if it had been looking on some glorious sight. The shape of his face had not the appearance of a man's, but more like some women's face I have seen; it was so wide over the forehead, and so small at the chin. He seemed in perfect health, and with life offering all things that were precious to him."

We cannot resist quoting three axioms which Kents penned in February 1818, to his friend Taylor (we presume the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," &c.) on poetry, which show what a simple correct taste he possessed, united to a most feeling appreciation of its exquisiteness.

Axiom 1. "I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance."

2. "Its touches of beauty should never be half way, thereby making the reader breatheless instead of content. The rise, the progress, the telling of imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the *luxury of twilight*. But it is easier to think what poetry should be, than to write it. And this leads me to another axiom: That if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all. If 'Endymion' serves me as a pioneer, perhaps I ought to be content, for, thank God, I can read, and perhaps understand, Shakspeare to his depths; and I have, I am sure, many friends who, if I fail, will attribute any change, in my life and temper to humbleness, rather than pride, to a cowering under the wings of great poets, rather than to a bitterness that I am not appreciated."

Kents' letters of this period are peculiarly his own; they exhibit great powers of perception, depth of thought, intensity of feeling, originality of conception. The following earnest paragraph will show how unwearied he was in the endeavour rightly to "occupy" the *five talents* entrusted to his stewardship, even to the sacrifice of his most darling hopes.

"I was proposing to travel over the North this Summer. There is but one thing to prevent me. I know nothing

—I have read nothing—and I mean to follow Solomon's directions, "Get learning, get understanding." I find earlier days are gone by, I find that I can have no enjoyment in the world, but continual drinking of knowledge. I find there is no worthy pursuit, but the idea of doing some good to the world. Some do it with their society; some with their wit; some with their benevolence; some with a sort of power of conferring pleasure and good humour on all they meet, and in a thousand ways, all dutiful to the command of great nature. There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought. I will pursue it; and for that end, propose retiring for some years. I have been hovering for some time between an exquisite sense of the luxurious, and a love for philosophy; were I calculated for the former, I should be glad, but as I am not I shall turn all my soul to the latter."

The usual monotony of Keats's life was now agreeably varied by a pedestrian tour, through the lakes and highlands, with his friend Brown. The rapture of Keats was unbounded when he became sensible to the full effect of mountain scenery. At the turn of the road above Bowness, when the Lake Windermere first bursts on the view, he stopped as if petrified with beauty. A sort of journal of this tour, remains in various letters written at this time, they are saturated with the spirit of delight which he felt at beholding nature in her wildest, grandest moods, and bear witness how eminently his mind was qualified to appreciate nature in her touchingly simple, as well as her overpoweringly grand forms, from the "trembling light heather bells" to "black mountain peaks," or "mossy waterfalls," yet there is a vein of rich humour in them, and they abound in remarks on the people, and their peculiar habits and modes of life.

In November, 1818, there appeared in the Quarterly, an article most severely and ungenerously criticising Keats's poems. It had no worth as criticism, (for the justness of the critic, must be tested by what he admires, not only by what he dislikes and abuses) it was eminently stupid; for the book according to the reviewer, might have been one of those productions, which it is absolutely waste of time to

notice at all, (pity indeed that the reviewer set no higher value on *his* time, than to waste it in *such* a manner!) From the article, the reader would perceive the writer's utter incapacity to appreciate poetry of any sort, and the avowal that he could not read the book he had undertaken to criticise, (!) was a piece of impertinence so glaring, as should have deterred all from reading the criticism. The notice in Blackwood was even more scurrilous, but more amusing and inserted quotations of some length. Now it has been currently believed that these severe cuts, in two leading Reviews were so bitterly felt by Keats, that they brought on a consumption, of which he ultimately died—true, Keats did die shortly after the criticisms upon him, and his friends out of honest anger, propagated the notion, that the brutality of the critics had a most injurious effect on his health, *but a conscientious enquiry entirely dispels such a belief.* It is sufficiently apparent from Keats's letters, how little importance he attaches to such opinions, how seldom he alludes to them at all, and with how little concern when he does so. Mark his own words in a confidential letter to his publisher, shortly after seeing the critiques.

..... "I cannot but feel indebted to those gentlemen who have taken my part. As for the rest I begin to get a little acquaintance with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what "Blackwood," or the "Quarterly" could inflict; and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary perception and ratification of what is fine. I. S. is perfectly right in regard to the "Slipshod Endymion;" that it is so is no fault of mine. No! though it may sound a little paradoxical, it is as good as I had power to make it by myself. Had I been nervous about it being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice, and trembled over every page, it would not have been written; for it is not in my nature to fumble. I will write independently. I have written independently *without judgment*, I may write independently and *with*

judgment hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in it self—that which is created, must create itself."

A few weeks later he writes on the same subject.—"Reynolds is well and persuades me to publish my 'Pot of Basil,' as an answer to the attack made on me by 'Blackwood' and the 'Quarterly.' . . . I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death. Even as a matter of present interest the attempt to crush me in the 'Quarterly' has only brought me more into notice, and it is a common expression among book-men, 'I wonder the 'Quarterly' should cut its own throat.'" So little, indeed, had it cooled his ardour, or broken his spirit, that about this time he penned the following passage of exalted feeling:—"In the second place I will speak of my views, and of the life I purpose to myself. I am ambitious of doing the world some good; if I should be spared that may be the work of future years. In the interval I will assay to reach as high a summit in poetry as the nerve bestowed upon me will suffer. The fairest conceptions I have of poems to come, bring the blood frequently into my forehead. All I hope is that I may not lose all interest in human affairs; that the solitary indifference I feel for applause, even from the finest spirits, will not blunt any acuteness of vision I may have. I do not think it will. I feel assured I should write from the mere yearning and fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night's labours should be burnt every morning, and no eye ever shine upon them."

In a letter to his brother George, October, 1818, he mentions a lady of noble form, refined manners, and superior intellect, as simply admiring her—this admiration in time ripened into a passion which ceased only with his existence. However warmly the devotion of Keats may have been returned, his outward circumstances soon became in so uncertain a state as to render a union for some years at least impossible. Poverty and sickness overtook him; these he met, and for a time successfully baffled, with strong hope and consciousness of his own mighty power of intellect; but they at length overcame him, and the very intensity of his passion was, in a certain sense, accessory

to his death. Had he lived *less* he might, possibly, have lived *longer*.

When in December, Keats was left alone by the death of his brother Tom, (who had long been in consumption,) he accepted the invitation of Mr. Brown to reside with him. The cheerful society of his friend had a beneficial effect on his spirits, and stimulated him to renewed poetic exertions. It was then he began "Hyperion," that noble fragment full "of the large utterance of the early gods," of which Shelley said the scenery and drawing of Saturn, dethroned by the fallen Titans, surpassed those of Satan and his rebellious angels in "Paradise Lost."

"Hyperion" is, without doubt, the most mature of his poems, and contains more of the sublime than any other, which is relieved and softened by imagery of the most exquisite and fiery hue.

Take, for example, the following fragmentary passage:—

As when upon a trance a summer-night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust,
Which comes upon the silence and dies off,
As if the chilling air had but one wave:
So came these words and went.

A simile of more unearthly haunting majesty than the following, the intellect of man could hardly create:—

There is a roaring in the bleak grown pines
When winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to loam
His tongue with the full weight of utterless
thought,
With thunder and with music and with pomp.
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines
Which when it ceases in this mountain'd world,
No other sound succeeds.

The "Eve of St. Agnes" was begun in 1819 in Hampshire, and finished on his return to Hampstead—there is a certain Spenserian handling about it, but with a striking improvement in diction and versification. Lord Jeffrey justly remarks, "The glory and charm of the poem is the description of the fair maiden's antique chamber and of all that passes in that sweet and angel-guarded sanctuary, every part of which is touched with colour at once rich and delicate, and the whole chastened and harmonized in the midst of its gorgeous distinctness by a pervading grace and purity, that indicate not less clearly the exaltation than the refinement of the author's fancy." We find the following critical observations in Leigh Hunt's

delightful work on "Imagination and Fancy":—"The Eve of St. Agnes" is young, but full-grown poetry of the rarest description; graceful as the beardless Apollo; glowing and gorgeous with the colours of romance—in addition to felicity of treatment, its subject is in every respect a happy one, and helps to 'paint' this our bower of 'poetry with delight.' In all the luxury of the poem there is nothing of the conventional craft of artificial writers; no heaping up of words or similes for their own sakes or the rhyme's sake; no gaudy common places; no borrowed airs of earnestness; no tricks of inversion; no substitution of reading or of ingenious thoughts for feeling or spontaneity, no irrelevancy or unfitness of any sort. All flows out of sincerity and passion. The writer is as much in love with his heroine as his hero is; his description of the painted window, however gorgeous, has not an untrue or superfluous word; and the only speck of a fault in the whole poem arises from an excess of emotion."

Keats spent the greater part of the summer at Shanklin in company with his friend Brown. Here they attempted a combination of intellectual power as was hardly likely to prove successful, they were to write a drama between them. Brown was to supply the characters, incident and dramatic plot, while Keats translated them into rich and glowing verse—this was no doubt an amusing diversion, but it requires no profound æsthetic knowledge to understand that this singular mode of composition was not likely to be successful—for the unity of form and emotion must receive an injury hard to be compensated by any apparent improvement in the several parts, and a certain inferiority is often more agreeable than an attempt at entire completeness, at the sacrifice of that unity of feeling and character, which in the drama most especially should be preserved—"the story is confused and unreal, and the personages are mere embodied passions, the heroine and her brother walk through the whole piece like the demons of an old romance, and the historical character which gives his name to the play (Otho the Great) is almost excluded and made a part of the pageantry—passages, however, of great beauty and power are continually recurring—there is scarce a page without some touch of the great

poet, and the contrast between the glory of the diction and the poverty of invention is very striking.

Keats now began to find himself in somewhat straightened circumstances, from various causes. His volumes of poems had not sold so well as he had hoped they would. Then it is possible he possessed no overplus of prudence and economy in money matters—a quality which is not usually found to exist in excess in men of high literary talent. Certainly there is no *reason* why common practical sense should not be combined with intellectual superiority, though it rarely is. To meet his present wants, he determined to write for the periodicals, although he formerly entertained strong objections to magazine writing; he subdued his proud feelings, and there are several letters which relate to this subject, but it does not appear that he ever carried out his intentions, for it was in the early part of 1820, that symptoms first appeared of that disease which was soon to close his bright, though not unclouded, career.

One night, about eleven o'clock he returned home in a state of great physical excitement—to those who did not know him, it might appear in a state of fierce intoxication. He told his friend that he had been outside a coach, had received a severe chill and was a little fevered, but added, "I don't feel it now." He was easily persuaded to go to bed, and as he leaped into the cold sheets, he slightly coughed, and said, "That is blood from my mouth, bring me the candle, let me see this blood." He gazed stedfastly, for some moments, at the crimson stain, and then, looking into his friend's face with an expression of sudden calmness never to be forgotten, remarked, "I know the colour of that blood—it is arterial blood—I cannot be deceived in that colour; that drop is my death warrant. I must die."

A surgeon was immediately called in, and after being bled, Keats fell into a quiet sleep. The medical man declared the lungs to be sound and the rupture unimportant; but Keats was of a different opinion, and with the frequent self-presence of disease, added to his scientific knowledge, he was not to be persuaded out of his forebodings; his love of life did at times, however, get the better of his gloom.

The advancing year brought with it

such an improvement in health and strength, as amounted almost in the estimation of many of his most sanguine friends, to recovery. Gleams of his old cheerfulness returned. In a letter (February, 1820) he remarks, with exquisite delicacy and feeling, "how astonishingly does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us. I think of green fields; I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known since my infancy, their shapes and colours are as new to me as if I had just created them with a superhuman fancy. It is because they are connected with the most thoughtless and the happiest moments of our lives. I have seen foreign flowers, in hot-houses, of the most beautiful natures, but I do not care a straw for them. *The simple flowers of spring are what I want to see again.*"

In May, Keats went to Kentish Town to be near his friend, Leigh Hunt, but soon returned to Hampstead, and remained with the family of the lady to whom he was attached. But as the summer and autumn advanced all the delusive hopes which his apparent recovery had fostered died away, for the disease was making visible progress, and in September, as a last forlorn hope, he was recommended to try the genial climate of Italy. His friend Severn, nobly regardless of his fair prospects for the future, (the gold medal for the best historical painting had just been awarded to him) at once offered to accompany Keats into Italy. Such a companionship was everything to him, and though he reproached himself on his deathbed with permitting Severn to make the sacrifice, it no doubt afforded all the alleviation of which his sad condition was capable.

The voyage was begun on the 20th of September, for a fortnight they were delayed in the Channel by contrary winds. He landed once more on the Dorchester coast; the bright beauty of the day and the scene revived the poet's drooping heart, it was then that he composed that sonnet of solemn tenderness,

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching with eternal lips apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,

Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

which was the last he ever wrote.

A violent storm in the Bay of Biscay lasted thirty hours. After the tempest had subsided, Keats was reading the description of the storm in Don Juan, and cast the book on the floor in a transport of indignation—"How horrible an example of human nature," he cried, "is this man, who has no pleasure left him, but to gloat over and jeer at the most awful incidents of life. Oh! this is a paltry originality, which consists in making solemn things gay, and gay things solemn, and yet it will fascinate thousands, by the very diabolical outrage of their sympathies. Byron's perverted education makes him assume to feel, and try to impart to others, those depraved sensations which the want of any education excites in many."

The invalid's sufferings increased during the latter part of the voyage, and a miserable ten days quarantine at Naples. But when once fairly settled in comfortable quarters, his spirits appeared somewhat to revive, and the glorious scenery to bring back at moments his old sense of delight; these transitory gleams of hope were only remarkable as contrasting painfully with the gloom of melancholy and despair, which overcame all his feelings, even those of love.

Little things which might have passed at other times unobserved, now struck his exquisitely susceptible feelings with intense disgust. He could not bear to go to the Opera, on account of the sentinels who were stationed continually on the stage. "We will go at once to Rome," he said, "I know my end approaches, and the continual visible tyranny of this government prevents me from having any peace of mind—I could not lie quietly here—I will not leave even my bones in the midst of this despotism."

He had received at Naples a most kind letter from Shelley, anxiously enquiring after his health, and concluding with a pressing invitation to Pisa, where he could ensure him every comfort and attention. It is unfortunate this invitation was not accepted, as it might have spared the sufferer much annoyance, and relieved the mind of his friend from much painful responsi-

bility and distress. On arriving at Rome he delivered the letter of introduction to Dr. (now Sir James) Clarke, from whom he received all the attention which skill and knowledge can confer, and all that sympathy and delicate thoughtfulness which could lighten the dark passages of mortal sickness, and soothe the pillow of the forlorn stranger. Dr. Clarke procured Keats a lodging in the Piazza di Spagna, opposite to his own dwelling; it was in the first house on your right hand as you ascend the steps of the "Trinita del Monte." The desolation and gloom of Keats's state were alone alleviated by the love and care of his faithful friend Severn and Dr. Clarke. Once during his illness he requested that on his grave stone might be this inscription:—

Here lies one whose name was writ in water;

he also wished that a purse of his sister's together with an unopened letter, which he was unable to read, and some hair should be placed in his coffin. This request Severn fulfilled with his own hand. He continued to linger in a state of extreme suffering and weakness. The lowering clouds of gloom and foreboding which, during the first part of his illness, hung so heavily and thickly around him, happily passed away, and left a beautiful calm of quietness and peace. On the 27th February, 1821, Mr. Severn wrote a letter to a friend,—"He is gone; he died with the most perfect ease—he seemed to go to sleep. On the 23rd, about four, the approaches of death came on. 'Severn—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy; don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come.' I lifted him up in my arms. The phlegm seemed boiling in his throat, and increased until eleven, when he gradually sunk into death, so quiet that I still thought he slept. I cannot say more now. I am broken down by four nights watching, no sleep

since, and my poor Keats gone. Three days since the body was opened, the lungs were completely gone. The doctors could not imagine how he had lived these two months. I followed his dear body to the grave on Monday, with many English. The letters I placed in the coffin with my own hand."

Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, one of the most beautiful spots on which the eye or heart of man can rest. It is a grassy slope, amid the verdurous ruins of the Honorian walls of the diminished city, and surrounded by the pyramidal tomb which Petarch attributed to Remas, but which antiquarian truth has ascribed to the humbler man of Caius Cestius, a tribune of the people only remembered by his sepulchre. In one of those mental voyages into the past, which often precede death, Keats had told Severn that "he thought the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers;" and another time, after lying awhile still and peaceful, he said, "I feel the flowers growing over me." And there they do grow, even all the winter long—violets, and daisies, mingling with the fresh herbage, and in the words of *Shelley*, "making one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

To the memory of John Keats, *Shelley* inscribed his exquisitely beautiful poem, "Adonais"—"truly one of the fairest monuments ever raised, and the sweetest tribute of love that has ever been offered on the altar of departed genius." And a few years after this was written, in the extended burying-ground, a little above the grave of Keats, was placed another tombstone, recording that below rested the passionate and world-worn heart of *Shelley* himself—"Cor Cordium."

P. B. S.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THERE are times in the histories of all nations which are strangely productive of great minds. After a long dark winter of sluggish inactivity, a spring time comes upon the mind of the world as

well as upon the earth. The sun of knowledge and the dews of faith soften the clods and warm them into life, and then the seeds which have been dropped on the soil of humanity begin to ger-

minate and prepare to put forth their harvest. Such a period in the history of England was that which preceded the Commonwealth. Up to the reign of the eighth Henry, superstition had dominated over art, set limits to science, confined intellect within a narrow circle, and banned free thought. The world's heart and brain were as though they were dead, so faint was the action of one, under the shadow of the hood of the monk—so faint the pulsation of the other beneath its ecclesiastical shroud. Philosophers were fain to hide their lore within the recesses of their studies, for fear that it might offend the dogmas of the Church—and men spake of the thoughts which began to beam in upon their souls as though truth were a crime. But there were men who, like Galileo, spake with the voices which echoed to them out of the recesses of nature, and braved the dungeon—there were martyrs who like the Lollards, proclaimed the faith which was in them, and dared the stake and the flame. The first blow at a system thoroughly rotten, seals its fate. Its end may be delayed or put off—but from that moment it is written on the page of the future, for

Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bloodier sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Human thought often errs, but it has this godlike quality, that in the end it always tends to the right. Keep it still, silent, immovable—shut it in an exhausted receiver from which the air of knowledge is thoroughly excluded, it will remain latent—let but a breath enter its prison-house, and it begins to wake—it ceases to be compressible—it grows, and puts a firm grasp on power. It is a beautiful story, that in the Arabian Nights' Tales where the fisherman draws up in his net the vessel sealed with the magic signet of Solomon. When he opened it there arose from it a cloud—that cloud became a giant threatening him with destruction. That is how thought was imprisoned; but when once the seal was off its prison-house, it grew so rapidly that it was beyond the power of man to force it back into the narrow cell from which it had emerged.

It has been said that great men make great times. Invert the sentence and it is still true—great times make great men. Those who recognise the

providential government of the world, note its workings in this, that a crisis brings the men fitted to meet it; close upon the heels of the danger ever follows the means of safety. If it were our task to trace the progress of humanity, we might show how, with the spirit of enquiry which marked the era of the Reformation, came intellectual power from which rose Shakspeare and his contemporaries, and how the two blended to produce the pure, earnest, unwavering, stern faith of the puritans. But that is not our purpose. We may only so far touch history as to observe the general circumstances which preceded and accompanied a particular life—only so far indulge in speculation as to trace the connection of the wide-spread cause with the one effect which forms our subject. That we have attempted to do as briefly as may be; and now to the matter in hand.

At the town of Kingston-on-Hull, where the broad Humber floats between verdant banks to the sea, stands a monument bearing the following inscription: "Near this place lyeth the body of Andrew Marvell, Esq., a man so endowed by nature, so improved by education, study, and travel, so consummated by experience, that joining the peculiar graces of wit and learning with a singular penetration and strength of judgment; and exercising all these in the whole course of his life with an uninterable steadiness in the ways of virtue, he became the ornament and example of his age, beloved by good men, feared by bad, admired by all, though imitated by few, and scarce paralleled by any. But a tombstone can neither contain his character, nor is marble necessary to transmit it to posterity; it is engraved in the minds of this generation, and will always be legible in his inimitable writings, nevertheless. He having served twenty years in Parliament, and that with such wisdom, dexterity, and courage, as becomes a true patriot, the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, from whence he was deputed to that assembly, lamenting in his death the public loss, have erected this monument of their grief and their gratitude, 1688."

It has been observed by a satirist, that if the testimony of tombstones is to be taken, the living have sadly degenerated from the virtues of the dead. Monuments are so infected with the vice of flattery, that monumental in-

scriptions are not often to be depended upon; but this tombstone is as much a verity as the man whom it commemorates. Andrew Marvell was one of the worthiest of the old English worthies. The friend of Oliver Cromwell and of John Milton, he shared the firm adherence to a settled purpose of the one, and the stern truthfulness of the other, to which he added those lighter qualities which make men as lovable in private life as high virtue makes them estimable in public.

It is worth while to try to look into the heart of such a man; to know what he thought and how he lived—to distinguish from the broad stream of life the current of his existence, and to trace in the great web of history the threads which he wove into it. To begin at the beginning, then, ANDREW MARVELL was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, in the year 1620. His parents were in good circumstances, and his boyhood passed off without distinction. Quick, versatile, and playful, he passed through the earlier stages of education with credit, but without exciting suspicion of coming greatness. The first stage of learning passed, Andrew Marvell, at the age of eighteen, entered Trinity College. At this time, the clergy of the Romish Church had somewhat revived from the stunning-blow they received at their overthrow. They looked for brighter times, when kings should bow their heads beneath the pastoral crook, and princes walk bare-headed in their processions. With that startling vitality which has ever marked the propagandists of that faith, abrogated by our forefathers, they had risen from their defeat like a cork, for a moment submerged by the whelming waves. With that persevering, self-devoting energy which has ever characterized their efforts, they were seeking to weave their meshes round the young minds of the age. Moving stealthily, under one disguise or another, the Jesuits were in the universities spreading their snares around. The agents of this society fastened upon Andrew Marvell; and, in youth, his was a nature fitted for them to act upon. Joined to a clear intellect he had a sensitive temperament and an impulsive nature. His devotional feelings were strong, and his poetic instincts led him to love that which was venerable. Young, ardent, and inexperienced, they infused doubts

into his mind before which his soul trembled. They pointed to erring wisdom in order to elevate infallible authority. They worked on the modest sense of his own weakness, to induce him to repose upon the bosom of the Church which had endured for ages. They painted the new form of worship as a dark cloud which would pass away from the sky of faith and leave it bright and serene as ever; and they appealed to the chivalrous feeling of which he was full, colouring the sacrifice which would attend a change of religion, with the tinge of noble self-devotedness to right. It was probably this last consideration which proved most effective. Not that Andrew Marvell had not doubts as to the paths in which he was treading. Every earnest, inquiring spirit has had them. Few who have thought on such subjects, but have propounded questions to their own hearts to which they could give no satisfactory answer. Few but have shrunk before the mysteries hidden among Revelation, and longed for some oracle which could not err, to interpret their hidden meaning. But, in his case, we refer the success of the followers of Loyola rather to that charm which self-sacrifice has for the impulsive and generous; for it was certain that Marvell's change was one resting upon sentiment rather than upon reason.

The conversion of the young proselyte was not made public. It was the policy of the Jesuits to work in the dark, and to keep the results of their efforts secret till they had gathered power enough to brave the Protestant spirit of England. Young Marvell silently left the college, abandoned his studies, and entered upon the discipline of the order. Upon how fine a thread hang the destinies of individuals and of the world. When Cromwell had embarked on board a ship in the Thames to join the pilgrim fathers of America, if Charles had suffered that then obscure man to depart in peace, he might never have bared his neck to the axe at Whitehall. If Marvell's father had not sought him out and found him among the neophytes of Rome, instead of standing in the front of freedom's battle, he would have wasted his energies in the ineffectual attempt to rechain the liberated souls of men. Thus it is that small circumstances are to great events, what the rudder is to the ship—they serve to guide the bark of time over the ocean of progress.

Great was the grief of old Marvell, at Hull, over the loss of his son, and earnest were the efforts made to track him out. At last a clue was discovered and the father proceeded to the place of his concealment. It does not seem that any stern exercise of parental authority was necessary to reclaim the youth. Andrew had already learned a lesson which told upon his future life. He had been taught that in his new vocation, he must smother those deep sentiments which bound him to his kind, and make the human bond of sympathy which binds man to man, an instrument to serve a coldly-calculated end. He had found too that to be rid of doubt he must give up freedom; that when he exchanged half-darkened reason for blind faith, he must cease to think. The safety that was offered to him was in a dungeon without light, and his was a mind to prefer danger beneath the open sky. In fact, he was disenchanted of the romance which prompted his change. He was like the traveller who looks from a distance upon the mountains bounding the horizon. They are tinged with the blue of the firmament. The setting sun casting on them his slanting rays bathes them in liquid gold. They seem an earthly paradise. He reaches them, and instead of verdant dells and embowered groves, vast chasms yawn and jagged peaks raise up their barren heads. He learns that imagination clothes the remote with unreal attractiveness.

So young Marvell had seen both aspects. He had been drawn through distance and repelled by closeness. He left the Jesuits without a pang, and, like a man who wakes from a benumbing dream, returned to his old studies with an added zest. His college course ended, young Marvell went upon the Continent to enlarge his knowledge of men and manners. It is believed that it was in Italy he first met Milton, and began that friendship which lasted throughout his life. The first literary event of Marvell's life took place in Rome, and it serves to show that he had become more than indifferent to the Jesuits; that he was inimical to them. His first effort was a satire upon Richard Flecknoe, an English Jesuit of some notoriety. It is a critique full of wit, but humour and biting sarcasm, and it was gained for him the undying great men, those from whose toils he had

escaped. This satire was followed by another, also upon an ecclesiastic. The pursuits of the graphiologists of our day only illustrate the adage, that, "there is nothing new under the sun." The Abbot de Manitan, of Paris, like the gentlemen and ladies of to-day who discover firmness in a down-stroke, instability in an up-stroke, and levity in a long-tailed letter, pretended to prognosticate people's dispositions from their hand-writings, and Marvell lashed him much as the satirical writers of *Punch* do the impostors of our own day.

At this period there is a dark space in the life of Marvell. For some years we know nothing certain of him. An uncertain rumour fills up the blank by saying that he accompanied a mission to the Turks, as secretary, but reliable evidence is wanting. What is known is that he reappeared in 1652, he was appointed tutor to a nephew, and in 1657 was post of Latin secretary. Shortly after this Andrew he said to have commenced life. In 1658, when he eight years old, he was elected sent his native town in 1 and now having fairly got him open stage of life, let us try to what manner of man he was, both physically and intellectually. Nature had written her letter of recommendation upon his person. His appearance was altogether in his favour. With a thin graceful figure, he had a handsome face. The brow was open. The nose and chin classic and finely cut. The mouth softly sensuous, rather than firm; the dark eyes bright and full of vivacity; the dark hair in keeping with a clear brown complexion, curled gracefully down to his shoulders. In him there was perceived none of those tokens of stern determination which sits on the rugged features of Cromwell; none of that rigid self-command, which marks the intellectually beautiful face of Milton. He had not

That vast girth of chest and limb, assigned
So oft to those who subjugate their kind.

The body was, as it often is, the correct indicator of the nature of the mind it enshrined—He gained much of the harder portions of his character from the circumstances in which he was placed. His was no hand to lift itself first against a monarchy. His was a mind which sought for gradual reform

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rather than violent revolution. He looked to gentle means rather than to force, and had it not been that there was at the bottom of his kindly nature a fixed regard for right, he would have been more likely to have clung to the fallen fortunes of the monarchy, than the rising hopes of the Republic. That which stronger men regarded as capable of being prevented, he sometimes regarded with the eye of the fatalist as inevitable, and thought, to quote his own words,—

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame.

But though he could not have emulated Cromwell's deeds, and would not have imitated them if he could, he looked with that admiration which most men accord to the powerful, as one who

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould.

He evidently views strength as the arbiter, when he says,

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain;
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

And looks upon its successes as a consequence of incurring natural law—

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

Apart from this, however, he regarded the triumph of Republican principles as the triumph of right, and while he looked upon the death of the First Charles as necessary, accorded to the fallen monarch his pity and respect.

He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try:

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right!
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

If we may take Marvell's ode on Cromwell's return from Ireland, from which we have quoted, as an authority, we may presume that in some minds there was an expectation that Cromwell would carry "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" into other countries, in defence of the persecuted Protestants.

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy as Hannibal,
And to all states not free,
Shall climacteric be.

And there are some other lines which seem to settle a disputed point in history, about which rival writers are even now contending. When Charles escaped to Carisbrooke Castle, and these fell into the hands of an adherent of the Protector's, it is asserted on one hand that Cromwell so intrigued as to give the King an opportunity of apparently escaping, and so planned as that he should be led to direct his flight to Carisbrooke, where preparations were already made for his capture. The motive assigned is that he wished to irritate the army and the nation against Charles. On the other side the tale is regarded as a fabrication, not to be charged against Cromwell's memory. Whichever may be true, Marvell who was in the secret of the time, gives ground for inferring the truth of the accusation. In the same poem (referring to Cromwell) he says—

And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;

Where twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrooke's narrow case.

That hence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands
Did clasp their bloody hands.

Here then we have an avowal, in poetry it is true—but still an *express* avowal by a republican, who was at once Cromwell's Latin Secretary, admirer, and friend, that he prompted Charles to escape so that he might come to the block. That one would think would almost suffice to settle the controversy. The admirers of Cromwell will regret to see this dark stain of treachery fixed upon his character, but regard for historic truth is of more consequence than partiality for an individual, however great he may be.

We have already said that Marvell was sent to parliament in 1658, and with the exception of three years, when he was Secretary to the Embassy to Russia, he continued to represent Hull till 1675, when the parliament was prorogued. It was not until after the death of Cromwell and the restoration of the monarchy, that Marvell's true character fully shone out. Then, when so many of the adherents of the Protector paid their court to the restored Prince, his consistency would not allow him to change, nor his integrity to deny, the principles he con-

scientiously held. He was as he had been a republican, and despite the danger of persecution and a threatened assassination, he gloried in and avowed the fact, and stood boldly forth for the people's rights. Macaulay speaks bitterly of that time as "a day of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier and the *Anathema Marantha* of every fawning dean." In bright relief against the dark background of this pandemonium stands the figure of Andrew Marvell in bright relief, looking at the darkness of the period, he seems like one of a few, very few, glorious stars gemming a sky of murky blackness. His adherence to his principles rebuked the political corruption which festered around him, and the blameless purity of his life cast added shame upon the hideous profligacy which, nurtured in the court, spread downward, demoralizing all ranks. He fully deserved the name he won, of the "British Aristides." The boldness with which he reproved wrong in the highest quarter, and incurred no small danger, may be inferred from the fact that the finest of his satirical writings is a parody on the speeches of Charles II., in which he exposed, with no sparing hand, and in no measured terms, the private vices of the king, and his gross violation of public pledges. Most other men would have suffered for this, but Marvell had a personal as well as political interest. The elegance of his manners, the amiability of his demeanour, his polished wit, and his finished education, procured for him consideration and respect even from a debauched king and a profligate court, and though Charles deeply felt the sting of his pen, he could do nothing but join in the laugh against himself.

Marvell was not, however, suffered to pursue his honest course unmolested. What those whom he opposed dare not compass by persecution was attempted by temptation. Many efforts were made to win him over. The king complimented him, Rochester praised him, the frail beauties of the courts offered him their blandest smiles and their most honied flatteries, but "Aristides" was proof against all. Little money as

Charles's extravagant expenditure left him to spare, £1,000 was found to bribe Marvell. The Treasurer went with it where he lodged at the top of a house down a court in the Strand, and placed it before him. Marvell was poor, he had that very morning been compelled to borrow a guinea of a friend to satisfy present necessities. What comforts and luxuries there were in that heap of gold. But no, his virtue was not to be shaken—he went on as he had begun, claiming religious liberty for all, denouncing the excise, which he alleged was fettering industry and enterprise, and demanding that parliaments should be held frequently and the people fairly represented. In the reaction of that period, when the strictness of puritanism had given way to the gross demoralization of an age without faith, it is owing mainly to Andrew Marvell that any traces of public or private morality were preserved. And his example was all the more effectual as he was devoid of that overstraining pretension to sanctity and affectation of austerity of life, which had done so much to bring discredit upon puritanism.

As a controversialist, Marvell was perhaps in his day held in higher estimation than Milton himself. It is possible that, while he never neglected principle, he dealt in a spirit of biting satire with the men he opposed. The satirist seldom lives much beyond his own age, because the persons whom he satirizes are forgotten, and his gibes lose the application which gives them point. The game of the controversialist is often equally short lived, but the pamphlets of Milton have, apart from their immediate objects, so much dignity of style and depth of argument, bearing upon the highest principles, that the world is not likely to let them die. One of Marvell's works of that kind is still, however, much admired. Dr. Parker, the high churchman, who led the persecution of the non-conformists, supported the power of Government to stereotype a faith, and impose it upon a people on the ground that "princes may with less hazard give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries than to their consciences." Marvell answered this with a cutting satire. The Dr. replied, and the reply drew forth a rejoinder in which, while the argument was completely disposed of, the poor Doctor was handled with such savage wit, that he was glad to retire

town to escape the ridicule which showered upon him from all sides. brought upon Marvell a threat of censure from one of Dr. Parker's friends. So great was the rage of party that there is little doubt Marvell's life was in danger; but he heeded not as little as he had the blandishments of the Court. He was as much in fear, as he was above prudence. Content on his way ever ready to defend the right, and as his monument is—"beloved by good men, feared by bad."

The end of Andrew Marvell did not alter his life. Up to the last he was in the performance of his public duties. He died "with harness on his back." In 1768, being then forty-eight years of age, he attended a popular meeting of his constituents at Hull. At that meeting he died. His health had been remarkably good, and there was nothing to account for his sudden decease. Suspicion pointed to the cause of his death. There is no proof that it was brought about by that means; but the character of his age, his own prominence and popularity as a champion of the people, the envy and hatred of his enemies, and the selfishness of the event, all lend a force of truth to the supposition. We are tempted to touch upon the character of Marvell as a poet. His poems were rather an amusement than an occupation, and written in hurried moments snatched from the bustle of busy political life. Nevertheless some of them have considerable merit, and are full of beautiful thoughts and apt images enough to set up a whole host of small modern poetasters. From

a poem entitled "Eyes and Tears" we take the following stanzas, which are characteristic of the tender, thoughtful nature of the man.

How wisely nature did agree,
With the same eyes to weep and see,
That having viewed the object vain,
They might be ready to complain,
And since the self-deluding sight
In a false angle takes each height;
These tears, which better measure all,
Like watery lines and planets fall.

Happy are they whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less;
And to preserve their sight more true,
Bathes still their eyes in their own dew;
So Magdalen, in tears more wise,
Dissolved those captivating eyes
Whose liquid chains could flowing, meet
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drench'd in those tears doth lose its fire.

Yea, oft the Thunderer pity takes,
And there his hissing lightning slakes,
The incense is to heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear;
And stars shine lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light,
Ope then mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practice to your noblest use;
For others, too, can see and sleep,
But only human eyes can weep.

Such were the works of Andrew Marvell—such was his life—such was his sudden, early death, before the prime of manhood was past. Fearless of danger—not to be tempted or bought—keen of perception, and strong in argument, pure in life, and ever ready to stand nobly for the right, he is one of England's noblest worthies—a man whose works and acts are wedded,

Like perfect music unto noblest words.

If there have been greater men, there have not been many better; and he does what few do—he justifies the eulogy which his tomb-stone records.

R. H.



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